

THE
TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
THE SECOND VOLUME OF
DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

VOL. XXIII.

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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-THIRD.

L O N D O N :

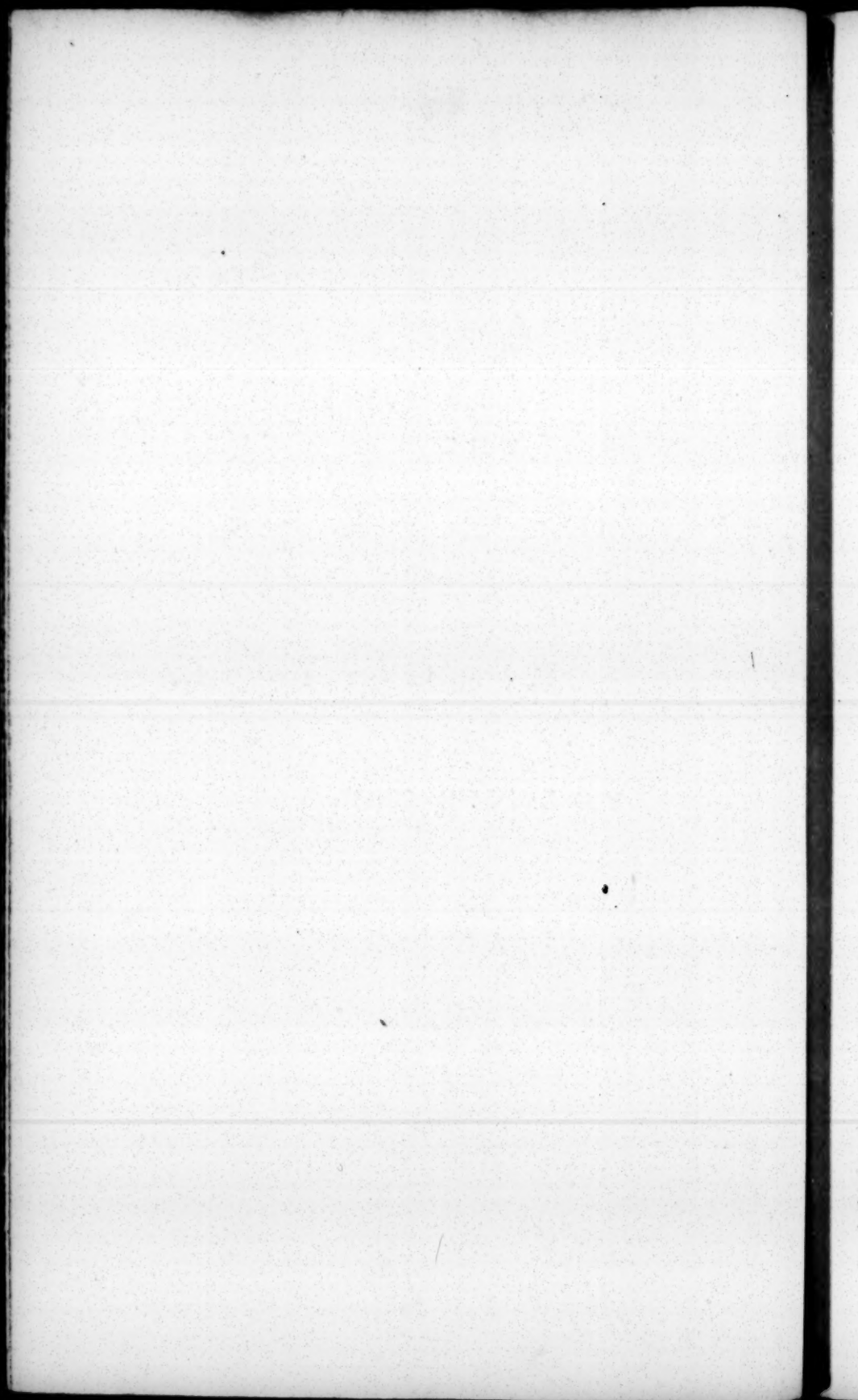
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THE
W O R K S
OF
V I R G I L.

VOLUME XXIII.



THE
SECOND BOOK

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy was taken, after a ten years siege, by the treachery of Sinon, and the stratagem of a wooden horse. He declares the fixed resolution he had taken, not to survive the ruins of his country, and the various adventures he met with in the defence of it: at last, having been before advised by Hector's ghost, and now by the appearance of his mother Venus, he is prevailed upon to leave the town, and settle his household gods in another country. In order to this, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son by the hand, his wife following him behind. When he comes to the place appointed for the general rendezvous, he finds a great confluence of people, but misses his wife, whose ghost afterwards appears to him, and tells him the land which was designed for him.

VOL. XXIII.

B

ALL

ALL were attentive to the god-like man,
 When, from his lofty couch, he thus began:
 Great queen! what you command me to relate,
 Renews the sad remembrance of our fate,
 An empire from its old foundations rent, 5
 And every woe the Trojans underwent:
 A peopled city made a desert place;
 All that I saw, and part of which I was:
 Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,
 Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear. 10
 And now the latter watch of wasting night,
 And setting stars, to kindly rest invite.
 But, since you take such interest in our woe,
 And Troy's disastrous end desire to know,
 I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell 15
 What in our last and fatal night befel.

By destiny compell'd, and in despair,
 The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war:
 And, by Minerva's aid, a fabric rear'd,
 Which, like a steed of monstrous height, appear'd; 20
 The sides were plank'd with pine, they feign'd it made
 For their return, and this the vow they paid.
 Thus they pretend; but in the hollow side
 Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
 With inward arms the dire machine they load, 25
 And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
 In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
 (While fortune did on Priam's empire smile)

Renown'd

Renown'd for wealth; but since a faithless bay,
 Where ships expos'd to winds and weather lay. 30
 There was their fleet conceal'd: we thought for Greece
 The sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
 The Trojans, coop'd within their walls so long,
 Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
 Like swarming bees, and, with delight, survey 35
 The camp deserted where the Grecians lay:
 The quarters of the several chiefs they show'd,
 Here Phœnix, here Achilles made abode, }
 Here join'd the battles, there the navy rode. }
 Part on the pile their wondering eyes employ 40
 (The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy).
 Thymates first ('tis doubtful whether hir'd,
 Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
 Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
 To lodge the monster fabric in the town. 45
 But Capys; and the rest of sounder mind,
 The fatal present to the flames design'd;
 Or to the watery deep: at least to bore
 The hollow fides, and hidden frauds explore:
 The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide, 50
 With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
 Laocoon, followed by a numerous crowd,
 Ran from the fort; and cry'd, from far, aloud;
 O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
 What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
 Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone,
 And are Ulysses' arts no better known?

This hollow fabric either must inclose,
 Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
 Or 'tis an engine rais'd above the town, 60
 T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
 Somewhat is sure design'd; by fraud or force;
 Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.
 Thus having said, against the steed he threw
 His forceful spear, which, hissing as it flew, 65
 Pierc'd through the yielding planks of jointed wood,
 And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
 The sides transpierc'd return a rattling sound,
 And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing through
 the wound.

And had not heaven the fall of Troy design'd, 70 }
 Or had not men been fated to be blind, }
 Enough was said and done, t' inspire a better mind: }
 Then had our lances pierc'd the treacherous wood,
 And Illian towers and Priam's empire stood.
 Mean time, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
 A captive Greek in bands, before the king:
 Taken, to take; who made himself their prey,
 T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray.
 Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
 To die undaunted, or to circumvent. 80
 About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
 All press to see, and some insult the foe.
 Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd,
 Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
 Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound;
 He star'd, and roll'd his hagard eyes around;

Then

Then said, Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me!
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends! 90
He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We cheer the youth to make his own defence,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart, we long to know, 95
And what to credit from a captive foe.

His fear at length dismiss'd, he said, whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
I neither can, nor dare, my birth disclaim;
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name: 100
Though plung'd by fortune's power in misery,
'Tis not in fortune's power to make me lye.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who suffer'd from the malice of the times; 105
Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes:
Because the fatal wars he would prevent;
Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament;
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
Of other means, committed to his care: 110
His kinsman and companion in the war.
While fortune favour'd, while his arms support
The cause, and rul'd the counsels of the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame. 115

But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
 Had made impression in the peoples' hearts;
 And forg'd a treason in my patron's name
 (I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame),
 My kinsman fell; then I, without support, 120
 In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
 Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
 With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state:
 And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
 'Twas told again, and hence my ruin rose. 125
 I threaten'd, if indulgent heaven once more
 Would land me safely on my native shore,
 His death with double vengeance to restore. }
 This mov'd the murderer's hate, and soon ensu'd
 Th' effects of malice from a man so proud. 130
 Ambiguous rumours through the camp he spread,
 And fought, by treason, my devoted head:
 New crimes invented, left unturn'd no stone,
 To make my guilt appear, and hide his own.
 Till Calchas was by force and threatening wrought:
 But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?
 If on my nation just revenge you seek,
 And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
 Already you my name and country know,
 Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow: 140
 My death will both the kingly brothers please,
 And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.
 This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,
 Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts;
 Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts, 145 }

His

His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus pursu'd:

Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
And weary'd with an unsuccessful war)
Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town; 150

And, had the gods permitted, they had gone.
But oft the wintry seas and southern winds
Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their minds.

Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd: 155

Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
And thunders rattled through a sky serene:

Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypylus, t'enquire their fate, was sent;

He from the gods this dreadful answer brought; 160

O Grecians! when the Trojan shores you fought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought! }

So must your safe return be bought again,
And Grecian blood once more atone the main!

The spreading rumour round the people ran; 165

All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man.

Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;

Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open fight:

Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate

The public victim, to redeem the state. 170

Already some presag'd the dire event,

And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.

For twice five days the good old seer withstood

The intended treason, and was dumb to blood,

Till, tir'd with endless clamours, and pursuit 175
 Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute:
 But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
 Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die!
 All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall
 On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all. 180
 The dismal day was come, the priests prepare
 Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
 I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
 I broke my bonds, and fled the fatal blow.
 Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay, 185
 Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
 But now what further hopes for me remain,
 To see my friends or native soil again?
 My tender infants, or my careful sire,
 Whom they returning will to death require? 190
 Will perpetrate on them their first design,
 And take the forfeit of their heads for mine!
 Which, O, if pity mortal minds can move,
 If there be faith below, or gods above,
 If innocence and truth can claim desert, 195
 Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.
 False tears true pity move: the king commands
 To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
 Then adds these friendly words; Dismiss thy fears,
 Forget the Greeks, be mine as thou wert theirs: 200
 But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
 Or some religious end, you rais'd this pile
 Thus said the king. He, full of fraudulent arts,
 This well-invented tale for truth imparts:

Ye

Ye lamps of heaven! he said, and lifted high 205
 His hands now free, thou venerable sky,
 Inviolable powers, ador'd with dread,
 Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head,
 Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled,
 Be all of you abjur'd; and grant I may, 210
 Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray!
 Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
 And justly punish whom I justly hate!
 But you, O king! preserve the faith you gave,
 If I, to save myself, your empire save. 215
 The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
 Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
 But from the time when impious Diomede,
 And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
 Her fatal image from the temple drew, 220
 The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
 Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
 Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands:
 From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
 And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before: 225
 Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd,
 And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.
 Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
 Her alter'd mind, and alienated care:
 When first her fatal image touch'd the ground, 230
 She sternly cast her glaring eyes around;
 That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
 Her heavenly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.

Thrice

Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
 Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield! 235
 Then Calchas bade our host for flight prepare,
 And hope no conquest from the tedious war:
 Till first they sail'd for Greece; with prayers besought
 Her injur'd power, and better omens brought.
 And now their navy ploughs the watery main, 240
 Yet, soon expect it on your shores again,
 With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain. }
 But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid,
 For her stolen statue, and her tower betray'd;
 Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name 245
 We rais'd, and dedicate this wondrous frame:
 So lofty, left through your forbidden gates
 It pass, and intercept our better fates.
 For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;
 And Troy may then a new Palladium boast. 250
 For so religion and the gods ordain;
 That if you violate with hands profane
 Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,
 (Which omen, O ye gods, on Græcia turn)!
 But if it climb, with your assisting hands, 255
 The Trojan walls, and in the city stands,
 Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenæ burn,
 And the reverse of fate on us return.

With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
 Too prone to credit his perfidious arts, 260
 What Diomede, nor Thetis' greater son,
 A thousand ships, nor ten years siege had done: }
 False tears and fawning words the city won.

A greater

A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment:
Concurring to produce the dire event. 265 }

Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer.
When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spy'd
Two serpents rank'd abreast, the seas divide, 270 }
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.

Their flaming crests above the waves they show,
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below:
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And, on the sounding shore, the flying billows force.
And now the strand, and now the plain they held,
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd:
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws that sputter'd flame.

We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take, 280
And to Laocoon and his children make:
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies
grind.

The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade: 285
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest, thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
And, towering o'er his head, in triumph ride.

With both his hands he labours at the knots, 290
His holy fillets the blue venom blots:

His

His roaring fills the flitting air around.
 Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
 He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
 And, with loud bellowings, breaks the yielding skies.
 Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
 And to the tower of Pallas make their way:
 Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there,
 By her large buckler, and protended spear.
 Amazement seizes all; the general cry 300
 Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
 Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
 And dar'd to violate the sacred wood.
 All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid,
 And incense offer'd, to th' offended maid. 305
 A spacious breach is made, the town lies bare,
 Some hoisting levers, some the wheels prepare,
 And fasten to the horses feet: the rest
 With cables hawl along th' unwieldy beast.
 Each on his fellow for assistance calls: 310
 At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
 Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
 And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
 Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
 It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town. 315
 O sacred city! built by hands divine!
 O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
 Four times he stuck; as oft the clashing sound
 Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
 Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate, 320
 We hawl along the horse in solemn state;

Then

Then place the dire portent within the tower.
 Cassandra cry'd, and curs'd the unhappy hour;
 Foretold our fate; but, by the gods decree,
 All heard, and none believ'd, the prophecy. 325
 With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste
 In jollity the day ordain'd to be the last.
 Mean time the rapid heavens roll'd down the light,
 And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night:
 Our men secure, nor guards nor centries held, 330
 But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
 The Grecians had embark'd their naval powers
 From Tenedos, and fought our well-known shores:
 Safe under covert of the silent night,
 And guided by th' imperial galley's light. 335
 When Sinon, favour'd by the partial gods,
 Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
 Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
 Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
 Tyfander bold, and Sthenelus their guide, 340
 And dire Ulysses, down the cable slide:
 Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste;
 Nor was the Podalyrian hero last:
 Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the fam'd
 Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd. 345
 A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
 T' invade th' town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
 Those few they find awake, first meet their fate,
 Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.
 'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs 350
 Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
 When

When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
 A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears.
 Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
 Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain. 335
 Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
 Through the bor'd holes, his body black with dust.
 Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
 Of war triumphant, in Æacian spoils:
 Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire, 360
 And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
 His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
 And all the wounds, he for his country bore,
 Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran:
 I wept to see the visionary man: 365 }
 And, while my trance continu'd, thus began:
 O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
 Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
 O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
 Art thou so late return'd for our defence? 370
 Do we behold thee, weary'd as we are,
 With length of labours, and with toils of war?
 After so many funerals of thy own,
 Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?
 But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace
 Deforms the manly features of thy face?
 To this the spectre no reply did frame;
 But answer'd to the cause for which he came:
 And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
 This warning, in these mournful words, express'd:
 O god-

O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes, already, have possess'd the wall,
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.

Enough is paid to Priam's royal name, 385
More than enough to duty and to fame.

If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 'twas by mine alone:

Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate: 390

From their assistance happier walls expect,
Which, wandering long, at last thou shalt erect.

He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
The venerable statues of the gods:

With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir 395
The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.

Now peals of shouts come thundering from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war!

The noise approaches, though our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood. 400

Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms!

Fear broke my slumbers: I no longer stay,

But mount the terrass, thence the town survey:

And hearken what the fruitful sounds convey! 405

Thus when a flood of fire by wind is born,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn:

Or deluges, descending on the plains,

Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains

Of labouring oxen, and the peasant's gains: 410
Unroot

Unroot the orest oaks, and bear away
 Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey!
 The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees, from far,
 The wasteful ravage of the watery war.
 Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd; 415
 And Grecian frauds in open light appear'd!
 The palace of Deïphobus ascends
 In smoaky flames, and catches on his friends.
 Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright
 With splendor not their own; and shine with Trojan
 light. 420
 New clamours and new clangors now arise,
 The sound of trumpets mix'd with fighting cries!
 With frenzy seiz'd, I run to meet th' alarms,
 Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms!
 But first to gather friends, with them to oppose, 425
 If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes.
 Spurr'd by my courage, by my country fir'd;
 With sense of honour, and revenge inspir'd!
 Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
 Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame;
 With relics loaden, to my doors he fled,
 And, by the hand, his tender grandson led.
 What hope, O Pantheus! whither can we run?
 Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?
 Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a groan, 435
 Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
 The fatal day, th' appointed hour, is come,
 When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom

Transfers

Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands! 440
And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse!
Within the gates proud Sinon throws about
The flames, and foes for entrance press without.
With thousand others, whom I fear to name, 445
More than from Argos or Mycenæ came.
To several posts their parties they divide;
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide.
The bold they kill, th' unwary they surprize;
Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies.
The warders of the gate but scarce maintain
Th' unequal combat, and resist in vain.
I heard; and heaven, that well-born souls inspires,
Prompts me, through lifted swords and rising fires,
To run, where clashing arms and clamour calls, 455
And rush undaunted to defend the walls!
Ripheus and Iphitus by my side engage,
For valour one renown'd, and one for age.
Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
My motions and my mien, and to my party drew; 460
With young Choræbus, who by love was led
To win renown, and fair Cassandra's bed;
And lately brought his troops to Priam's aid:
Forewarn'd in vain by the prophetic maid.
Whom, when I saw, resolv'd in arms to fall, 465
And that one spirit animated all;
Brave souls, said I, but brave, alas! in vain:
Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.

You see the desperate state of our affairs;
 And heaven's protecting powers are deaf to prayers. 470
 The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
 Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
 Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
 To save a sinking town involv'd in fire.
 Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes: 475
 Despair of life, the means of living shows.
 So bold a speech encourag'd their desire
 Of death, and added fuel to their fire!

As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
 Scour through the fields, nor fear the stormy night, 480
 Their whelps at home expect the promis'd food,
 And long to temper their dry chaps in blood,
 So rush'd we forth at once, resolv'd to die,
 Resolv'd in death the last extremes to try!
 We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare 485
 Th' unequal combat in the public square:
 Night was our friend, our leader was Despair.
 What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night!
 What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright!
 An ancient and imperial city falls, 490
 The streets are fill'd with frequent funerals:
 Houses and holy temples float in blood,
 And hostile nations make a common flood.
 Not only Trojans fall, but, in their turn,
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors mourn. 495
 Ours take new courage from despair and night;
 Confus'd the fortune is, confus'd the fight.

All

All parts resound with tumults, complaints, and fears,
 And grisly death in sundry shapes appears!
 Androgeos fell among us, with his band, 500
 Who thought us Grecians newly come to land:
 From whence, said he, my friends, this long delay?
 You loiter, while the spoils are borne away.
 Our ships are laden with the Trojan store,
 And you, like truants, come too late ashore. 505
 He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
 Found by the doubtful answers which we make:
 Amaz'd he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight,
 But we, more numerous, intercept his flight.
 As when some peasant, in a bushy brake, 510
 Has, with unwary footing, press'd a snake,
 He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
 His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
 So from our arms surpriz'd Androgeos flies!
 In vain; for him and his we compass round, 515
 Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground;
 And of their lives an easy conquest found.
 Thus fortune on our first endeavour smil'd;
 Choræbus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
 Swoln with success, and of a daring mind, 520
 This new invention fatally design'd.
 My friends, said he, since fortune shows the way,
 'Tis fit we should th' auspicious guide obey.
 For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,
 But their destruction, and the Trojans good? 525
 Then change we shields, and their devices bear,
 Let fraud supply the want of force in war.

They find us arms. This said, himself he dress'd
 In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
 His painted buckler, and his plummy crest. 530
 Thus Rypheus, Dymas, all the Trojain train,
 Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
 Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
 Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage:
 Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet, 535
 And strew, with Grecian carcases, the street.
 Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,
 Some to the shore and safer ships retreat:
 And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear,
 Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there. 540
 But ah! what use of valour can be made,
 When heaven's propitious powers refuse their aid!
 Behold the royal prophets, the fair
 Cassandra, dragg'd by her dishevel'd hair;
 Whom not Minerva's shrine, nor sacred bands, 545
 In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:
 On heaven she cast her eyes, she sigh'd, she cry'd,
 ('Twas all she could), her tender arms were ty'd.
 So sad a sight Chorcæbus could not bear;
 But, fir'd with rage, distracted with despair, 550
 Amid the barbarous ravishers he flew;
 Our leader's rash example we pursue;
 But storms of stones, from the proud temple's height,
 Pour down, and on our batter'd helms alight:
 We from our friends receiv'd this fatal blow, 555
 Who thought us Grecians, as we seem'd in show.

They

They aim at the mistaken crests, from high,
And ours beneath the ponderous ruin lie.
Then, mov'd with anger and disdain, to see
Their troops dispers'd, the royal virgin free: 560
The Grecians rally, and their powers unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.

The brother-kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.

Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try, 565
Contending for the kingdom of the sky,

South, east, and west, on airy coursers borne,
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:

Then Nereus strikes the deep, the billows rise,
And, mix'd with ooze and sand, pollute the skies. 570

The troops we squander'd first, again appear
From several quarters, and inclose the rear.

They first observe, and to the rest betray,
Our different speech; our borrow'd arms survey.

Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Chorcæbus first, 575
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.

Then Rypheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
Just of his word, observant of the right:

Heaven thought not so: Dymas their fate attends,
With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends. 580

Nor Pantheus, thee, thy mitre nor the bands
Of awful Phœbus, sav'd from impious hands.

Ye Trojan flames, your testimony bear
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there:

No sword avoiding in the fatal strife, 585
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life.

Witness, ye heavens! I live not by my fault;
 I strove to have deserv'd the death I fought.
 But when I could not fight, and would have dy'd,
 Borne off to distance by the growing tide, 590
 Old Iphitus and I were hurry'd thence,
 With Pelias wounded, and without defence.
 New clamours from th' invested palace ring;
 We run to die, or disengage the king.
 So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose, 595
 While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose,
 As all the Dardan and Argolic race
 Had been contracted in that narrow space:
 Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
 And tumult, war, and slaughter only there. 600
 Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes
 Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
 Some mount the scaling-ladders; some, more bold,
 Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold:
 Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent, 605
 While with the right they seize the battlement.
 From the demolish'd towers the Trojans throw
 Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe:
 And heavy beams and rafters from the sides
 (Such arms their last necessity provides): 610
 And gilded roofs come tumbling from on high,
 The marks of state and ancient royalty.
 The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
 The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
 Renew'd in courage, with recover'd breath, 615
 A second time we ran to tempt our death:

To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
 The weary living, and revenge the dead.
 A postern-door, yet unobserv'd and free,
 Join'd by the length of a blind gallery, 620
 To the king's closet led, a way well known
 To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne:
 Through which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
 To cheer his grandfire and his grandfire's queen.
 Through this we pass, and mount the tower from whence,
 With unavailing arms, the Trojans make defence.
 From this the trembling king had oft descry'd
 The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
 Beams from his lofty height with swords we hew;
 Then, wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew.
 And, where the rafters on the columns meet,
 We push them headlong with our arms and feet:
 The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,
 Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
 Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath 635
 Are piece-meal torn, or pounded into death.
 Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;
 We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
 Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threatening loud,
 With glittering arms conspicuous in the crowd. 640
 So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
 Who slept the winter in a thorny brake:
 And, casting off his slough, when spring returns,
 Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns:
 Restor'd with poisonous herbs, his ardent sides 645
 Reflect the sun, and, rais'd on spires, he rides;

High o'er the grafs, hissing he rolls along,
 And brandishes, by fits, his forky tongue.
 Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
 His father's charioteer, together run 650
 To force the gate: the Scyrian infantry
 Rush on in crouds, and the barr'd passage free.
 Entering the court, with shouts the skies they rend,
 And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
 Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows, 655
 And, with his ax, repeated strokes bestows
 On the strong doors: then all their shoulders ply,
 Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
 He hews apace, the double bars at length
 Yield to his ax, and unresisted strength. 660
 A mighty breach is made; the rooms conceal'd
 Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd.
 The halls of audience, and of public state,
 And where the lonely queen in secret fate.
 Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen, 665
 With not a door, and scarce a space between.
 The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
 And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies.
 The fearful matrons run from place to place,
 And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace. 670
 The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
 And all his father sparkles in his eyes.
 Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain;
 The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
 In rush the Greeks, and all th' apartments fill; 675
 Those few defendants whom they find they kill.

Not

Not with so fierce a rage, the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood:
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away. 680

These eyes beheld him, when he march'd between
The brother-kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
To stain his hallow'd altar with his blood.
The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
So large a promise of a progeny). 685

The posts of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter, and possess the place. 690

Perhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire:
He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his entering foes,
On every side inevitable woes;

In arms diffus'd, invests his limbs decay'd 695
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.

His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain:
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain;
Despairing of success: ambitious to be slain! }
Uncover'd but by heaven, there stood in view 700

An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain. 705
Driven

Driven like a flock of doves along the sky,
 Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
 The queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
 And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
 What rage, she cry'd, has seiz'd my husband's mind;
 What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
 These times want other aids: were Hector here,
 Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
 With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
 Or in one common fate with us be join'd. 715
 She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
 The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
 Behold Polites, one of Priam's sons,
 Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
 Through swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt he flies 720
 Through empty courts, and open galleries:
 Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
 And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
 The youth transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
 Expires, before his wretched parents' eyes. 725
 Whom, gasping at his feet, when Priam saw,
 The fear of death gave place to nature's law.
 And, shaking more with anger than with age,
 The gods, said he, requite thy brutal rage:
 As sure they will Barbarian! sure they must, 730
 If there be gods in heaven, and gods be just:
 Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight,
 With a son's death t' infect a father's fight.
 Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
 To call thee his: not he, thy vaunted fire, 735

Thus

Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
 The laws of nature and of nations heard.
 He chear'd my sorrows, and, for fums of gold,
 The bloodless carcase of my Hector sold.
 Pity'd the woes a parent underwent, 740
 And sent me back in safety from his tent.

This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
 Which, fluttering, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
 Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
 And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield. 745

Then Pyrrhus thus: Go thou from me to fate;
 And to my father my foul deeds relate.
 Now die: with that he dragg'd the trembling fire,
 Sliddering through clotted blood and holy mire
 (The mingled paste his murder'd son had made),
 Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
 And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid. }
 His right hand held his bloody fauchion bare;
 His left he twisted in his hoary hair:

Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:
 The lukewarm blood came rushing through the }
 wound,

And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground. }

Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
 With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state:

He, who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd, 760
 Whom monarchs, like domestic slaves, obey'd,
 On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,

* A headless carcase, and a nameless thing.

Then

* This whole line is taken from Sir John Denham.

Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood
 Congeal with fear, my hair with horror stood: 765
 My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
 Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
 Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
 And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
 I look'd about, but found myself alone, 770
 Deserted at my need, my friends were gone.
 Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
 Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames consum'd
 the rest.

Thus, wandering in my way, without a guide,
 The graceless Helen in the porch I spy'd 775
 Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
 Muffled she sate, and, what she could, unknown:
 But, by the flames, that cast their blaze around,
 That common bane of Greece and Troy, I found.
 For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan's sword;
 More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
 Ev'n by those gods, who refug'd her, abhorr'd. }
 Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard;
 Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.
 Shall she triumphant sail before the wind, 785
 And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
 Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
 In state attended with a captive crew;
 While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
 And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls? 790
 For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood
 Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood!
 'Tis

'Tis true, a foldier can small honour gain,
 And boast no conquest from a woman slain;
 Yet shall the fact not pass without applause, 795
 Of vengeance taken in so just a cause.
 The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease:
 And murmuring manes of my friends appease.
 Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasant light
 Spread o'er the place, and, shining heavenly bright, }
 My mother stood reveal'd before my sight.
 Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
 Nor her own star confess'd a light so clear.
 Great in her charms, as when the gods above
 She looks, and breathes herself into their love. 805
 She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break:
 Then, from her rosy lips, began to speak:
 My son, from whence this madness, this neglect
 Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
 Why this unmanly rage? recal to mind 810
 Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
 Look if your hapless father yet survive;
 Or if Ascanius, or Creüsa, live.
 Around your house the greedy Grecians err;
 And these had perish'd in the nightly war, 815 }
 But for my presence and protecting care.
 Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault:
 But by the gods was this destruction brought.
 Now cast your eyes around; while I dissolve
 The mists and films that mortal eyes involve: 820
 Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
 The shape of each avenging deity.

Enlighten'd

Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil:
 Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
 Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies, 825
 Stones rent from stones, where clouds of dust arise,
 Amid that smother, Neptune holds his place:
 Below the wall's foundation drives his mace:
 And heaves the building from the solid base. }
 Look where, in arms, imperial Juno stands, 830 }
 Full in the Scæan gate, with loud commands,
 Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands. }
 See Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,
 Bestrides the tower, refulgent through the cloud:
 See Jove new courage to the foe supplies, 835
 And arms against the town the partial deities.
 Hasten hence, my son; this fruitless labour end:
 Hasten where your trembling spouse and fire attend: }
 Hasten, and a mother's care your passage shall befriend. }
 She said: and swiftly vanish'd from my sight, 840
 Obscure in clouds, and gloomy shades of night.
 I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful sounds I hear;
 And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
 Troy sunk in flames I saw, nor could prevent;
 And Ilium from its old foundations rent. 845
 Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds;
 And stood the sturdy strokes of labouring hinds:
 About the roots the cruel ax resounds,
 The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds.
 The war is felt on high, the nodding crown 850
 Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honours down.

To their united force it yields, though late;
And mourns, with mortal groans, th' approaching fate:
The roots no more their upper load sustain;
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin through the plain.

Descending thence, I 'scape through foes, and fire:
Before the goddesses, foes and flames retire.

Arriv'd at home, he for whose only sake,
Or most for his, such toils I undertake,
The good Anchises, whom, by timely flight, 860
I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,
Refus'd the journey; resolute to die,
And add his funerals to the fate of Troy:
Rather than exile and old age sustain.

Go you, whose blood runs warm in every vein: 865
Had heaven decreed that I should life enjoy,
Heaven had decreed to save unhappy Troy.

'Tis sure enough, if not too much for one,
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor remaining crew; 870
And give this useless corpse a long adieu.

These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath:
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my spoils: and leave my body bare:
As for my sepulchre let heaven take care. 875

'Tis long since I, for my celestial wife,
Loath'd by the gods, have dragg'd a lingering life:
Since every hour and moment I expire,

Blasted from heaven by Jove's avenging fire.

This oft repeated, he stood fix'd to die: 880 }
Myself, my wife, my son, my family, }
Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry.

What,

What, will he still persist, on death resolve,
 And in his ruin all his house involve?
 He still persists his reasons to maintain; 88;
 Our prayers, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.

Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
 The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die.
 What hope remains, but what my death must give?
 Can I without so dear a father live? 890

You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
 Could such a word from such a parent fall?
 If fortune please, and so the gods ordain,
 That nothing should of ruin'd Troy remain;
 And you conspire with fortune, to be slain; 895
 The way to death is wide, th' approaches near:

For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
 Reeking with Priam's blood: the wretch who slew
 The son (inhuman) in the father's view,
 And then the fire himself to the dire altar drew. }

O goddess-mother, give me back to fate;
 Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late.
 Did you for this, unhappy me convey
 Through foes and fires to see my house a prey?
 Shall I, my father, wife, and son, behold 905
 Weltering in blood, each other's arms infold?
 Haste! gird my sword, though spent and overcome:
 'Tis the last summons to receive your doom.

I hear thee, fate, and I obey thy call:
 Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall. 910
 Restore me yet to the unfinish'd fight:
 My death is wanting to conclude the night.

Arm'd

Arm'd once again, my glittering sword I wield!
While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield:
And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field. 915 }

I went; but sad Creüsa stopp'd my way,
And, cross the threshold, in my passage lay;
Embrac'd my knees; and when I would have gone,
Shew'd me my feeble fire, and tender son.

If death be your design, at least, said she, 920
Take us along to share your destiny.

If any further hopes in arms remain,
This place, these pledges of your love maintain.
To whom do you expose your father's life,
Your son's, and mine, your now-forgotten wife! 925
While thus she fills the house with clamorous cries,

Our hearing is diverted by our eyes;
For while I held my son, in the short space,
Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace,
Strange to relate, from young Iulus' head 930 }
A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed. }

Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
To quench the sacred fire, and flake his hair;
But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd 935
His hand to heaven, and this request preferr'd:

If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend
Thy will, if piety can prayers commend,
Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd to
send. }

Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear 940
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:

There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
 Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly;
 From o'er the roof the blaze began to move;
 And trailing vanish'd in th' Idean grove. 945
 It swept a path in heaven, and shone a guide;
 Then in a steaming stench of sulphur dy'd.

The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd
 The gods protection, and their star ador'd.
 Now, now, said he, my son, no more delay, 950
 I yield, I follow where heaven shews the way.
 Keep (O my country gods) our dwelling-place,
 And guard this relick of the Trojan race:
 This tender child; these omens are your own;
 And you can yet restore the ruin'd town. 955
 At least accomplish what your signs foreshow:
 I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.

He said; the crackling flames appear on high,
 And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
 With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire; 960
 And near our palace rolls the flood of fire.
 Haste, my dear father ('tis no time to wait,)
 And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
 Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care,
 One death, or one deliverance, we will share. 965
 My hand shall lead our little son; and you,
 My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
 Next, you, my servants, heed my strict commands:
 Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
 To Ceres hallow'd once; a cypress nigh 970
 Shoots up her venerable head on high;

By

By long religion kept: there bend your feet;
 And, in divided parties, let us meet.
 Our country gods, the relicks, and the bands,
 Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands: 975
 In me 'tis impious holy things to bear,
 Red as I am with slaughter, new from war:
 Till, in some living stream, I cleanse the guilt
 Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.
 Thus, ordering all that prudence could provide, 980
 I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide,
 And yellow spoils: then, on my bending back,
 The welcome load of my dear father take.
 While, on my better hand, Ascanius hung,
 And, with unequal paces, tript along. 985
 Creüsa kept behind: by choice we stray
 Through every dark and every devious way.
 I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
 The Grecian darts and shocks of lances bore,
 At every shadow now am seiz'd with fear: 990
 Not for myself, but for the charge I bear.
 Till near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
 Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
 A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear;
 My father, looking through the shades with fear, 995
 Cry'd out, Haste, haste, my son, the foes are nigh;
 Their swords and shining armour I descry.
 Some hostile god, for some unknown offence,
 Had sure bereft my mind of better sense:
 For while, through winding ways, I took my flight,
 And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,

Alas! I lost Creüsa: hard to tell
 If by her fatal destiny she fell,
 Or weary fate, or wander'd with affright;
 But she was lost for ever to my sight. 1005
 I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
 My friends, at Ceres' now-deserted seat:
 We met: not one was wanting, only she
 Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.
 What mad expressions did my tongue refuse! 1010
 Whom did I not of gods or men accuse!
 This was the fatal blow, that pain'd me more
 Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
 Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
 Abandoning my now-forgotten care, 1015
 Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
 My fire, my son, my country gods, I left.
 In shining armour once again I sheath
 My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
 Then headlong to the burning walls I run, 1020
 And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.
 I tread my former tracks: through night explore
 Each passage, every street I cross'd before.
 All things were full of horror and affright,
 And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night. 1025
 Then to my father's house I make repair,
 With some small glimpse of hope to find her there:
 Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met:
 The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
 Driven on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
 Through air transported, to the roofs aspire.

From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
 And search the citadel, and desert court.
 Then, unobserv'd, I pass'd by Juno's church;
 A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch: 1035
 There Phoenix and Ulysses watch the prey,
 And thither all the wealth of Troy convey.
 The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,
 And golden bowls from burning altars caught.
 The tables of the gods, the purple vests, 1040
 The peoples' treasure, and the pomp of priests.
 A rank of wretched youths, with pinion'd hands,
 And captive matrons in long order stands.
 Then, with ungovern'd madness, I proclaim,
 Through all the silent streets, Creüsa's name. 1045
 Creüsa still I call: at length she hears;
 And, sudden, through the shades of night appears.
 Appears no more Creüsa, nor my wife,
 But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
 Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear, 1050
 I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair,
 Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief:
 Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief;
 Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain:
 You bear no more than what the gods ordain. 1055
 My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
 Nor he, the great comptroller of the sky.
 Long wandering ways for you the powers decree:
 On land hard labours, and a length of sea.
 Then, after many painful years are past, 1060
 On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast:

Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
 The flowery meadows, and the feeding folds,
 There end your toils: and there your fates provide
 A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride: 1065
 There fortune shall the Trojan line restore;
 And you for lost Creüsa weep no more.
 Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
 Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame:
 Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace 1070
 My goddess-mother, or my royal race.
 And now, farewell: the parent of the gods
 Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes:
 I trust our common issue to your care.
 She said: and gliding pass'd unseen in air. 1075
 I strove to speak, but horror ty'd my tongue;
 And thrice about her neck my arms I flung:
 And thrice, deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung. }
 Light as an empty dream at break of day,
 Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away. 1080
 Thus, having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,
 I to my longing friends return again.
 Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
 Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old:
 A wretched exil'd crew together brought, 1085
 With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught.
 Resolv'd, and willing under my command,
 To run all hazards both of sea and land.
 The morn began, from Ida, to display
 Her rosy cheeks, and Phosphor led the day: 1090
 Before

Before the gates the Grecians took their post:
And all pretence of late relief were lost.
I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my fire.

THE
T H I R D B O O K
OF THE
Æ N E I S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneis proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he sailed, and the success of his first voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his course to Delos, and asks the oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his habitation? By a mistake of the oracle's answer, he settles in Crete: his household Gods give him the true sense of the oracle in a dream: he follows their advice, and makes the best of his way for Italy: he is cast on several shores, and meets with very surprizing adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his father Anchises dies. This is the place he was sailing from, when the tempest rose, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coast.

WHEN heaven had overturn'd the Trojan state,
And Priam's throne, by too severe a fate:
When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians prey,
And Ilium's lofty towers in ashes lay:

Warn'd

Warn'd by celestial omens, we retreat, 5
 To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.
 Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
 The timber of the sacred groves we cut;
 And build our fleet: uncertain yet to find
 What place the gods for our repose assign'd. 10
 Friends daily flock, and scarce the kindly spring
 Began to cloathe the ground, and birds to sing:
 When old Anchises summon'd all to sea:
 The crew, my father and the fates obey.
 With sighs and tears I leave my native shore, 15
 And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.
 My fire, my son, our less, and greater gods,
 All sail at once; and cleave the briny floods.
 Against our coast appears a spacious land,
 Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command: 20
 Thracia the name; the people bold in war;
 Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care.
 A hospitable realm, while fate was kind;
 With Troy in friendship and religion join'd.
 I land, with luckless omens; then adore 25
 Their gods, and draw a line along the shore:
 I lay the deep foundations of a wall:
 And Enos, nam'd from me, the city call.
 To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
 And all the powers that rising labours aid; 30
 A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.
 Not far, a rising hillock stood in view;
 Sharp myrtles, on the sides, and cornels grew,

There

There, while I went to crop the sylvan scenes,
 And shade our altar with their leafy greens, 35
 I pull'd a plant (with horror I relate
 A prodigy so strange, and full of fate);
 The rooted fibres rose; and from the wound,
 Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.
 Mute, and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood; 40
 Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood:
 Man'd once again, another plant I try,
 That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
 Then, fearing guilt for some offence unknown,
 With prayers and vows the Dryads I atone; 45
 With all the sisters of the woods, and most
 The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coast:
 That they, or he, these omens would avert;
 Release our fears, and better signs impart.
 Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length 50
 To learn the cause, I tugg'd with all my strength:
 I bent my knees against the ground; once more
 The violated myrtle ran with gore.
 Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb
 Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb, 55
 A groan as of a troubled ghost renew'd
 My fright, and then these dreadful words ensued:
 Why dost thou thus my bury'd body rend?
 O spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend!
 Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood: 60
 The tears distil not from the wounded wood;
 But every drop this living tree contains
 Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins:

O fly

O fly from this unhospitable shore,
Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!
Here loads of lances, in my blood embrued,
Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.

My faltering tongue and shivering limbs declare
My horror, and in bristles roïe my hair.

When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent, 70

Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,

This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent.

Loaded with gold, he sent his darling far

From noise and tumults, and destructive war:

Committed to the faithless tyrant's care:

Who, when he saw the power of Troy decline,

Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join:

Broke every bond of nature, and of truth:

And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.

O sacred hunger of pernicious gold, 80

What bands of faith can impious lucre hold!

Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,

I call my father, and the Trojan peers:

Relate the prodigies of heaven, require

What he commands, and their advice desire. 85

All vote to leave that execrable shore,

Polluted with the blood of Polydore.

But ere we sail, his funeral rites prepare;

Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.

In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round: 90

With baleful cypress and blue fillets crown'd;

With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.

Then

Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.

Now when the raging storms no longer reign; 95
But southern gales invite us to the main;
We launch our vessels, with a prosperous wind;
And leave the cities and the shores behind.

An island in th' Ægean main appears;
Neptune and watery Doris claim it theirs. 100
It floated once, till Phœbus fix'd the fides
To rooted earth, and now it braves the tides.
Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,
With needful ease our weary limbs restore:
And the sun's temple and his town adore. 105

Anius the priest, and king, with laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who saw my fire the Delian shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend:
Invites him to his palace: and in sign 110
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.
Then to the temple of the god I went;
And thus before the shrine my vows present:
Give, O Thymbræus, give a resting-place
To the sad relicks of the Trojan race: 115
A seat secure, a region of their own,
A lasting empire, and a happier town.
Where shall we fix, where shall our labours end,
Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?
Let not my prayers a doubtful answer find, 120
But in clear auguries unveil thy mind.

Scarce

Scarce had I said ; he shook the holy ground,
 The laurels, and the lofty hills around :
 And from the tripos rush'd a bellowing sound.
 Prostrate we fell, confess'd the present god ;
 Who give this answer from his dark abode :
 Undaunted youths, go seek that mother earth
 From which your ancestors derive their birth,
 The soil that sent you forth, her ancient race,
 In her old bosom, shall again embrace.
 Through the wide world th' Æneian house shall reign,
 And childrens children shall the crown sustain.
 Thus Phœbus did our future fates disclose :
 A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.

125

130

135

140

145

150

In

All are concern'd to know what place the god
 Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.
 My father, long revolving in his mind
 The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
 Thus answer'd their demands: he princes, hear
 Your pleasing fortune; and dispel your fear.
 The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to fame,
 Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,
 In the mid ocean lies with large command;
 And on its plains a hundred cities stand.
 Another Ida rises there; and we
 From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.
 From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,
 To the Rhætean shores old Teucer came:
 There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,
 Ere Ilium and the Trojan towers arose.

In humble vales they built their soft abodes :
 Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
 With tinkling cymbals, charm'd th' Idean woods. }
 She secret rites and ceremonies taught,
 And to the yoke the savage lions brought. 155
 Let us the land, which heaven appoints, explore;
 Appease the winds, and seek the Gnosian shore.
 If Jove assist the passage of our fleet,
 The third propitious dawn discovers Crete.
 Thus having said, the sacrifices laid 160
 On smoking altars, to the gods he paid.
 A bull to Neptune, an oblation due,
 Another bull to bright Apollo slew :
 A milk-white ewe the western winds to please :
 And one coal black to calm the stormy seas. 165
 Ere this, a flying rumour had been spread,
 That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled;
 Expell'd and exil'd; that the coast was free
 From foreign or domestic enemy :
 We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea. 170
 By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way :
 Then green Donyssa pass; and sail in sight
 Of Paros isle, with marble quarries white.
 We pass the scatter'd isles of Cyclades,
 That, scarce distinguish'd seem to stud the seas, 175
 The shouts of sailors double near the shores;
 They stretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.
 All hands aloft, for Crete, for Crete they cry,
 And swiftly through the foamy billows fly.

Full on the promis'd land at length we bore, 180
 With joy descending on the Cretan shore.
 With eager haste a rising town I frame,
 Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
 The name itself was grateful; I exhort
 To found their houses, and erect a fort. 185
 Our ships are haul'd upon the yellow strand.
 The youth begin to till the labour'd land.
 And I myself new marriages promote,
 Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot.
 When rising vapours choke the wholesom air, 190
 And blasts of noisom winds corrupt the year:
 The trees, devouring caterpillars burn:
 Parch'd was the grass, and blighted was the corn.
 Nor scape the beasts: for Sirius from on high
 With pestilential heat infects the sky: 195 }
 My men, some fall, the rest in fevers fry.
 Again my father bids me seek the shore
 Of sacred Delos and the god implore:
 To learn what end of woes we might expect,
 And to what clime our weary course direct. 200
 'Twas night, when every creature, void of cares,
 The common gift of balmy slumber shares:
 The statues of my gods (for such they seem'd)
 Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
 Before me stood; majestically bright, 205
 Full in the beams of Phœbe's entering light.
 Then thus they spoke; and eas'd my troubled mind:
 What from the Delian god thou go'st to find,
 He

He tells thee here; and sends us to relate:
 Those powers are we, companions of thy fate, 210
 Who from the burning town by thee were brought;
 Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.
 Through seas and lands as we thy steps attend,
 So shall our care thy glorious race befriend.
 An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain; 215
 A town, that o'er the conquer'd world shall reign.
 Thou mighty walls for mighty nations build;
 Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:
 But change thy seat; for not the Delian god,
 Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our abode. 220
 A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old,
 The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold.
 Th' Oenotrians held it once; by later fame,
 Now call'd Italia from the leader's name.
 Jafius there, and Dardanus were born: 225
 From thence we came, and thither must return.
 Rise, and thy fire with these glad tidings greet;
 Search Italy, for Jove denies thee Crete.
 Astonish'd at their voices, and their sight,
 (Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night; 230
 I saw, I knew their faces, and descry'd
 In perfect view their hair with fillets ty'd);
 I started from my couch, and clammy sweat
 On all my limbs and shivering body fate.
 To heaven I lift my hands with pious haste, 235
 And sacred incense in the flames I cast.
 Thus to the-gods their perfect honours done,
 More chearful to my good old fire I run,

And

And tell the pleasing news: in little space
 He found his error of the double race. 240
 Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;
 No more deluded by the doubtful feat.
 Then said, O son! turmoil'd in Trojan fate,
 Such things as these Cassandra did relate;
 This day revives within my mind, what she 245
 Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
 And Latian lands: but who could then have
 thought
 That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought? }
 Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught? }
 Now let us go, where Phœbus leads the way, 250
 He said, and we with glad consent obey:
 Forsake the feat; and, leaving few behind,
 We spread our sails before the willing wind.
 Now from the sight of land our gallies move,
 With only seas around, and skies above. 255
 When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,
 And night, with sable clouds, involves the main;
 The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise;
 The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to several ways;
 The face of heaven is ravish'd from our eyes, 260
 And, in redoubled peals, the roaring thunder flies.
 Cast from our course, we wander in the dark;
 No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
 Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found
 Betwixt the night and day, such darkness reign'd
 around.

Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays
 Without distinction, and three sunless days.
 The fourth renews the light, and, from our shrouds,
 We view a rising land like distant clouds:
 The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight, 270
 And curling smoke ascending from their height.
 The canvass falls, their oars the sailors ply,
 From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.
 At length I land upon the Strophades,
 Safe from the danger of the stormy seas: 275
 Those isles are compass'd by th' Æonian main,
 The dire abode where the foul harpies reign:
 Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair
 To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.
 Monsters more fierce, offended heaven ne'er sent 280
 From hell's abyfs, for human punishment.
 With virgin-faces, but with wombs obscene,
 Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean:
 With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean. }
 We landed at the port, and soon beheld 285
 Fat herds of oxen graze the flowery field:
 And wanton goats without a keeper stray'd;
 With weapons we the welcome prey invade.
 Then call the gods for partners of our feast:
 And Jove himself the chief invited guest. 290
 We spread the tables on the greenfword ground:
 We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round:
 When from the mountain tops, with hideous cry,
 And clattering wings, the hungry harpies fly:

They snatch the meat, defiling all they find; 295
 And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.
 Close by a hollow rock again we sit,
 New dress the dinner, and the beds refit;
 Secure from fight, beneath a pleasing shade,
 Where tufted trees a native arbour made. 300
 Again the holy fires on altars burn,
 And once again the ravenous birds return:
 Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
 Or from another quarter of the sky;
 With filthy claws their odious meal repeat, 305
 And mix their loathsome ordures with their meat.
 I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
 And with the hellish nation wage the war.
 They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
 And in the grass their glittering weapons hide: 310
 Then, when along the crooked shore we hear
 Their clattering wings, and saw the foes appear,
 Misenus sounds a charge: we take th' alarm,
 And our strong hands with swords and bucklers arm. 315
 In this new kind of combat all employ
 Their utmost force the monsters to destroy.
 In vain; the fated skin is proof to wounds:
 And, from their plumes, the shining sword rebounds.
 At length, rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
 And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display. 320
 Yet one remain'd the messenger of Fate,
 High on a craggy cliff Celæno fate,
 And thus her dismal errand did relate:

What, not contented with our oxen slain,
 Dare you with heaven an impious war maintain, 325 }
 And drive the harpies from their native reign?
 Heed, therefore, what I say, and keep in mind
 What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has design'd:
 And I, the Fury's queen, from both relate:
 You seek th' Italian shores, foredoom'd by fate: 330
 Th' Italian shores are granted you to find,
 And a safe passage to the port assign'd.
 But know, that ere your promis'd walls you build,
 My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.
 Fierce famine is your lot, for this misdeed, 335
 Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.
 She said, and to the neighbouring forest flew:
 Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
 Hopeless to win by war, to prayers we fall,
 And on th' offended harpies humbly call. 340
 And whether gods or birds obscene they were,
 Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.
 But old Anchises, offering sacrifice,
 And lifting up to heaven his hands and eyes,
 Ador'd the greater gods: Avert, said he, 345 }
 These omens; render vain this prophecy;
 And, from th' impending curse, a pious people free. }
 Thus having said, he bids us put to sea;
 We loose from shore our haufers and obey,
 And soon, with swelling sails, pursue our watery way. }
 Amidst our course Zacynthian woods appear;
 And next by rocky Neritos we steer:

We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,
 And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore.
 At length Leucate's cloudy top appears, 355
 And the sun's temple, which the sailor fears.
 Resolv'd to breathe a while from labour past,
 Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast.
 And joyful to the little city haste. }
 Here safe, beyond our hopes, our vows we pay 360
 To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.
 The customs of our country we pursue,
 And Trojan games on Actian shores renew.
 Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil, 365
 And exercise the wrestlers noble toil.
 Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,
 And left so many Grecian towns behind.
 The sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
 And Boreas on the seas display'd his force:
 I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door 370
 The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore:
 The verse beneath my name and action speaks,
 These arms Æneas took from conquering Greeks.
 Then I command to weigh; the seamen ply
 Their sweeping oars, the smoking billows fly. 375
 The fight of high Phæacia soon we lost,
 And skim'd along Epirus' rocky coast.
 Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
 And, landed, to Buthrotus, heights ascend.
 Here wondrous things were loudly blaz'd by fame, 380
 How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,

And reign'd in Greece: That Priam's captive son
 Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne.
 And fair Andromache, restor'd by fate,
 Once more was happy in a Trojan mate. 38;
 I leave my gallies riding in the port,
 And long to see the new Dardanian court.
 By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
 Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.
 Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts she crown'd
 And sacred priests in order stand around,
 And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound. }
 The grove itself resembles Ida's wood,
 And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled flood.
 But when, at nearer distance, she beheld 39;
 My shining armour, and my Trojan shield,
 Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
 Forsakes her limbs, her veins no longer beat:
 She faints, she falls; and, scarce recovering strength,
 Thus, with a faltering tongue, she speaks at length:
 Are you alive, O goddess-born! she said,
 Or if a ghost, then where is Hector's shade?
 At this she cast a loud and frightful cry:
 With broken words I made this brief reply:
 All of me that remains appears in fight. 40;
 I live; if living be to loath the light.
 No phantom; but I drag a wretched life;
 My fate resembling that of Hector's wife.
 What have you suffer'd since you lost your lord?
 By what strange blessings are you now restor'd? 41;
 Still

Still are you Hector's, or is Hector fled,
 And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus' bed?
 With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
 After a modest pause, she thus begun:
 Oh only happy maid of Priam's race, 415
 Whom death deliver'd from the foes embrace!
 Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,
 Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity;
 Or in a haughty master's arms to lie. }
 In Grecian ships unhappy we were borne: 420
 Endur'd the victor's lust; sustain'd the scorn:
 Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
 Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
 Cloy'd with possession, he forsook my bed,
 And Helen's lovely daughter sought to wed. 425
 Then me to Trojan Helenus resign'd:
 And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd.
 Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair,
 And longing to redeem the promis'd fair, }
 Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher. 430 }
 By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd:
 At least one half with Helenus remain'd;
 Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls:
 And names, from Pergamus, his rising walls.
 But you, what Fates have landed on our coast, 435
 What gods have sent you, or what storms have
 tofs'd?

Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
 Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?

O tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
 What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,
 How much of Hector in his face appears? }
 She spoke: and mix'd her speech with mournful cries:
 And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.
 At length her lord descends upon the plain,
 In pomp attended with a numerous train: 445
 Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
 And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds,
 Proceeding on, another Troy I see;
 Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.
 A rivulet by the name of Xanthus ran: 450
 And I embrace the Scæan gate again.
 My friends in porticos were entertain'd,
 And feasts and pleasures through the city reign'd.
 The tables fill'd the spacious hall around,
 And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crown'd.
 Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
 Blown from the south, supply'd our swelling sails.
 Then to the royal seat I thus began:
 O thou who know'st, beyond the reach of man,
 The laws of heaven, and what the stars decree, 460
 Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,
 From his own tripod, and his holy tree: }
 Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
 What auspices their notes and flights declare:
 O say; for all religious rites portend 465
 A happy voyage, and a prosperous end;
 And every power and omen of the sky
 Direct my course for destin'd Italy.

But

But only dire Celæno, from the gods,
A dismal famine fatally forebodes: 470

O say what dangers I am first to shun,
What toils to vanquish, and what course to run.

The prophet first with sacrifice adores
The greater gods; their pardon then implores:
Unbinds the fillet from his holy head; 475 }
To Phœbus next my trembling steps he led,
Full of religious doubts and awful dread. }

Then, with his god possess'd, before the shrine,
These words proceeded from his mouth divine:
O goddess-born (for heaven's appointed will,
With greater auspices of good than ill,
Fore-shows thy voyage, and thy course directs;
Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects):
Of many things, some few I shall explain,
Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main, 485 }
And how at length the promis'd shore to gain. }

The rest the Fates from Helenus conceal;
And Juno's angry power forbids to tell.
First then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh,
Will far from your deluded wishes fly: 490 }
Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy. }

For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
And stem the currents with your struggling oars:
Then round th' Italian coast your navy steer,
And, after this, to Circe's island veer. 495

And last, before your new foundations rise,
Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether skies.
Now

Now mark the signs of future ease and rest,
And bear them safely treasur'd in thy breast.

When in the shady shelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,

500

Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
With thirty sucking young encompass'd round;

The dam and offspring white as falling snow:

These on thy city shall their name bestow,

505

And there shall end thy labour and thy woe.

Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind,

For Phœbus will assist, and fate the way will find.

Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,

Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent;

510

Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd:

The savage Locrians here the shores infest.

There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,

And guards, with arms, the Salentinian fields.

And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands,

515

Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.

Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the shore,

And priests with holy vows the gods adore;

Then with a purple veil involve your eyes;

Let hostile faces blast the sacrifice.

520

These rites and customs to the rest commend,

That to your pious race they may descend.

When parted hence, the wind that ready waits

For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits:

Where proud Pelorus opens a wider way,

525

Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea:

Veer

Veer starboard sea and land. Th' Italian shore,
 And fair Sicilia's coast were one, before
 An earthquake caus'd the flaw, the roaring tides
 The passage broke, that land from land divides: 530
 And where the lands retir'd, the rushing ocean rides. }
 Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
 Now rising cities in long order stand,
 And fruitful fields (so much can time invade
 The mouldering work that beauteous nature made). 535
 Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides:
 Charybdis roaring on the left presides; }
 And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides:
 Then spouts them from below; with fury driven,
 The waves mount up, and wash the face of heaven.
 But Scylla from her den, with open jaws, 540
 The sinking vessel in her eddy draws;
 Then dashes on the rocks: a human face,
 And virgin-bosom, hides her tail's disgrace.
 Her parts obscene below the waves descend, 545
 With dogs inclos'd, and in a dolphin end.
 'Tis safer, then, to bear aloof to sea,
 And coast Pachynus, though with more delay;
 Than once to view mishapen Scylla near,
 And the loud yell of watery wolves to hear. 550
 Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,
 And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,
 Do not this precept of your friend forget:
 Which therefore more than once I must repeat.
 Above the rest, great Juno's name adore: 555
 Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.
 Let

Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd;
 And mollify with prayers her haughty mind,
 Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,
 And you shall safe descend on Italy.

560

Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the flood
 Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,
 The mad prophetic sibyl you shall find,
 Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.

She sings the fates, and, in her frantic fits,
 The notes and names inscrib'd, to leaves commits.

565

What she commits to leaves, in order laid,
 Before the cavern's entrance are display'd:
 Unmov'd they lie: but if a blast of wind
 Without, or vapours issue from behind,

570

The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air,
 And she resumes no more her museful care:
 Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse:
 Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.

Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid
 The madness of the visionary maid;
 And, with loud curses, leave the mystic shade,

575

Think it not loss of time a while to stay;
 Though thy companions chide thy long delay:
 Though summon'd to the seas, though pleasing gales
 Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails,
 But beg the sacred priestess to relate
 With swelling words, and not to write thy fate.

The fierce Italian people she will show;

And all thy wars and all thy future woe;

585

And what thou may'st avoid, and what must undergo.

She

She shall direct thy course; instruct thy mind;
And teach thee how the happy shores to find.

This is what heaven allows me to relate:

Now part in peace; pursue thy better fate, 590 }
And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state;

This when the priest with friendly voice declar'd,
He gave me license, and rich gifts prepar'd:

Bounteous of treasure, he supply'd my want

With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant. 595

Then Dodonæan caldrons put on board,

And every ship with sums of silver stor'd.

A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,

Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament:

The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest, 600

Then flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.

Nor was my fire forgotten, nor my friends:

And large recruits he to my navy sends;

Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores:

Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars. 605

Mean time my fire commands to hoist our sails;

Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.

The prophet blest the parting crew: and last,

With words like these, his ancient friend embrac'd.

Old happy man, the care of gods above, 610

Whom heavenly Venus honour'd with her love,

And twice preserv'd thy life when Troy was lost,

Behold from far the wish'd Ausonian coast:

There land; but take a larger compass round;

For that before is all forbidden ground. 615
The

'The shore that Phœbus has design'd for you,
 At farther distance lies, conceal'd from view.
 Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes;
 Blest in a son, and favour'd by the gods:
 For I with useles words prolong your stay; 620
 When southern gales have summon'd you away.

Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor'd;
 Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.
 A noble present to my son she brought,
 A robe with flowers on golden tissue wrought; 625
 A Phrygian vest; and loads, with gifts beside
 Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.
 Accept, she said, these monuments of love;
 Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:
 Regard these trifles for the giver's sake; 630
 'Tis the last present Hector's wife can make.

Thou call'st my lost Astyanax to mind:
 In thee his features and his form I find.
 His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame;
 Such were his motions, such was all his frame; 635
 And, ah! had heaven so pleas'd, his years had been
 the same.

With tears I took my last adieu, and said,
 Your fortune, happy fair, already made,
 Leaves you no farther wish: my different state,
 Avoiding one, incurs another fate. 640
 To you a quiet feat the gods allow,
 You have no shores to search, no seas to plow,
 Nor fields of flying Italy to chase:
 (Deluding visions, and a vain embrace!)

You

You see another Simois, and enjoy
 The labour of your hands, another Troy;
 With better auspice than her ancient towers,
 And less obnoxious to the Grecian powers.
 If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
 Conduct my steps to Tiber's happy shore: 645
 If ever I ascend the Latian throne,
 And build a city I may call my own,
 As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
 So let our kindred lines in concord live;
 And both in acts of equal friendship strive. 655
 Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same,
 The double Troy shall differ but in name:
 That what we now begin, may never end;
 But long, to late posterity descend.

Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore 660
 (The shortest passage to th' Italian shore).

Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,
 And hills were hid in dusky shades of night,
 We land: and, on the bosom of the ground,
 A safe retreat and a bare lodging found;
 Close by the shore we lay; the sailors keep
 Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.

The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
 Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
 Her steepy rise, and her declining race. 670

Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
 The face of heaven, and the nocturnal sky;
 And listen'd every breath of air to try;

Observes

Observes the stars, and notes their sliding course,
 The Pleiads, Hyads, and their watery force; 675
 And both the bears is careful to behold;
 And bright Orion arm'd with burnish'd gold.
 Then, when he saw no threatening tempest nigh,
 But a sure promise of a settled sky;
 He gave the sign to weigh: we break our sleep; 680
 Forake the pleasing shore, and plow the deep.
 And now the rising morn, with rosy light,
 Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight:
 When we from far, like bluish mists, descry
 The hills, and then the plains of Italy. 685
 Achates first pronounc'd the joyful sound;
 Then Italy the chearful crew rebound;
 My sire Anchises crown'd a cup with wine,
 And offering, thus implor'd the powers divine:
 Ye gods, presiding over lands and seas, 690
 And you who raging winds and waves appease,
 Breathe on our swelling sails a prosperous wind,
 And smoothe our passage to the port assign'd.
 The gentle gales their flagging force renew;
 And now the happy harbour is in view. 695
 Minerva's temple then salutes our sight;
 Plac'd as a land-mark, on the mountain's height;
 We furl our sails, and turn the prows to shore;
 The curling waters round the galleys roar;
 The land lies open to the raging east, 700
 Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compress'd,
 Shuts out the storms; the winds and waves complain,
 And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.

The

The port lies hid within; on either side
 Two towering rocks the narrow mouth divide. 705
 The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
 To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.
 Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld
 Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flowery field.
 War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground, 710
 (My father cry'd) where warlike steeds are found.
 Yet, since reclaim'd to chariots they submit,
 And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
 Peace may succeed to war. Our way we bend
 To Pallas, and the sacred hills ascend. 715
 There prostrate to the fierce virago pray;
 Whose temple was the land-mark of our way.
 Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head;
 And all commands of Helenus obey'd;
 And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid. 720
 These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails, and stand
 To sea, forsaking that suspected land.
 From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view;
 For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
 Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands: 725
 Caulonian towers, and Scylacæan strands
 For shipwrecks fear'd: Mount Ætna thence we spy,
 Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky.
 Far off we hear the waves with furly sound
 Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound. 730
 The billows break upon the sounding strand;
 And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.

Then thus Anchises, in experience old,
'Tis that Charybdis which the feer foretold:
And those the promis'd rocks; bear off to sea:
With haste the frighted mariners obey.

First Palinurus to the larboard veer'd;
Then all the fleet by his example steer'd.
To heaven aloft on ridgy waves we ride;
Then down to hell descend, when they divide. 740
And thrice our gallies knock'd the stony ground,
And thrice the hollow rocks return'd the sound,
And thrice we saw the stars, that stood with dews
around.

The flagging winds forfook us with the fun;
And, weary'd, on Cyclopean shores we run. 745
The port capacious, and secure from wind,
Is to the foot of thundering Ætna join'd.

By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high;
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly;
And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the sky.
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
And shiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.
Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove,

With blasted limbs came trembling from above:
And where he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw:
As often as he turns his weary sides,
He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens hides.

In shady woods we pass the tedious night,
Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls affright;
Of which no cause is offer'd to the fight. }

For not one star was kindled in the sky;
Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply: 765
For misty clouds involv'd the firmament;

The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.

Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd;

Scarce had his heat the pearly-dews dispell'd;

When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,

Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a spright.

So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,

So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.

This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore

Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore. 775

We look behind; then view his shaggy beard;

His cloaths were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his limbs
besmear'd;

The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,

Appear'd a Greek, and such indeed he was.

He cast on us, from far, a frightful view, 780

Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew:

Stood still, and paus'd; thence all at once began

To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.

Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,

And thus, with tears and sighs, for pity calls: 785

Now by the powers above, and what we share

From nature's common gift, this vital air,

O Trojans, take me hence; I beg no more,

But bear me far from this unhappy shore!

'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own, 790
 Among your foes besieg'd th' imperial town;
 For such demerits if my death be due,
 No more for this abandon'd life I sue:
 This only favour let my tears obtain,
 To throw me headlong in the rapid main: 795
 Since nothing more than death my crime demands:
 I die content, to die by human hands.
 He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
 I bade him boldly tell his fortune past;
 His present state, his lineage, and his name; 800
 Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.
 The good Anchises rais'd him with his hand;
 Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our demand:
 From Ithaca my native soil I came
 To Troy, and Achæmenides my name. 805
 Me, my poor father with Ulysses sent;
 (Oh had I stay'd with poverty content!)
 But, fearful for themselves, my countrymen
 Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den.
 The cave, though large, was dark; the dismal floor
 Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
 Our monstrous host, of more than human size,
 Erects his head, and stares within the skies,
 Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.
 Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view! 815
 The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food:
 And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.
 These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand
 He seiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;
 Stretch'd

Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones 820
 Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones :
 With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,
 While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.

Not unreveng'd, Ulysses bore their fate
 Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state; 825
 For, gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with human wine,
 While fast asleep the giant lay supine :
 Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
 His indigested foam, and morsels raw :

We pray, we cast the lots, and then surround 830
 The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground :

Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand
 To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand :
 Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye
 (For only one did the vast frame supply); 835

But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,
 Like the sun's disk, or like a Grecian shield.
 The stroke succeeds; and down the pupil bends;
 This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd friends.
 But haste, unhappy wretches, haste to fly; 840

Your cables cut, and on your oars rely.
 Such and so vast as Polypheme appears,
 A hundred more this hated island bears:

Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep;
 Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep; 845
 Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from sleep
 to sleep.

And now three moons their sharpen'd horns renew,
 Since thus in woods and wilds, obscure from view,

I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright;
 And, in deserted caverns, lodge by night. 850
 Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
 Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
 From far I hear his thundering voice resound;
 And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
 Cornels and savage berries of the wood, 855
 And roots and herbs, have been my meagre food.

While all around my longing eyes are cast,
 I saw your happy ships appear at last:
 On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run,
 'Tis all I ask, this cruel race to shun: 860
 What other death you please yourselves, bestow.
 Scarce had he said, when, on the mountain's brow,
 We saw the giant-shepherd stalk before
 His following flock, and leading to the shore.
 A monstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of sight, 865
 His staff a trunk of pine to guide his steps aright.
 His ponderous whistle from his neck descends;
 His woolly care their pensive lord attends: }
 This only solace his hard fortune sends.

Soon as he reach'd the shore, and touch'd the waves,
 From his bor'd eye the guttering blood he laves:
 He gnash'd his teeth and groan'd; through seas he
 strides,

And scarce the topmast billows touch his sides.

Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we run to sea,
 The cables cut, and silent haste away: 875
 The well-deserving stranger entertain;
 Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the main.
 The

The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound:
 But when our vessels out of reach he found,
 He strided onward; and in vain essay'd 880
 Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.
 With that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
 Shakes earth, and air, and seas; the billows fly,
 Before the bellowing noise, to distant Italy. }
 The neighbouring Ætna trembling all around: 885
 The winding caverns echo to the sound.
 His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar;
 And, rushing down the mountains, croud the shore.
 We saw their stern distorted looks from far.
 And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war. 890
 A dreadful council with their heads on high;
 The misty clouds about their foreheads fly:
 Not yielding to the towering tree of Jove,
 Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.
 New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail, 895 }
 We tug at every oar, and hoist up every sail;
 And take th' advantage of the friendly gale. }
 Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun
 Charybdis' gulph, nor dare to Scylla run.
 An equal fate on either side appears; 900
 We, tacking to the left, are free from fears:
 For from Pelorus' point, the north arose,
 And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.
 His rocky mouth we pass, and make our way
 By Thapsus, and Megara's winding bay; 905
 This passage Achæmenides had shown,
 Tracing the course which he before had run.

Right o'er against Plemmyrium's watery strand
 There lies an isle, once call'd th' Ortygian land:
 Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found 910
 From Greece a secret passage under ground:
 By love to beauteous Arethusa led,
 And mingling here, they roll in the same sacred bed,
 As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
 Diana's name, protectress of the shore. 915
 With prosperous gales we pass the quiet sounds
 Of still Elorus, and his fruitful bounds.
 Then doubling Cape Pachynus, we survey
 The rocky shore extended to the sea.
 The town of Camarine from far we see: 920
 And fenny lake undrain'd by fates decree.
 In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
 And the large walls, where mighty Gela was:
 Then Agragas with lofty summits crown'd;
 Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd: 925
 We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
 And widely shun the Lilybean strand,
 Unsafe, for secret rocks, and moving sand.
 At length on shore the weary fleet arriv'd:
 Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd. 930
 Here, after endless labours, often tost
 By raging storms, and driven on every coast,
 My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost.
 Ease of my cares and solace of my pain,
 Sav'd through a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain. 935
 The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
 Yet this, the greatest and the worst conceal'd.

And

And dire Celæno, whose foreboding skill
Denounc'd all else, was silent of this ill:
This my last labour was. Some friendly god
From thence convey'd us to your blest abode.

940

Thus, to the listening queen, the royal guest
His wandering course, and all his toils express'd,
And here concluding, he retir'd to rest.

}

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ÆNEAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him: she prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage: Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage: Dido finds out his design; and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's intreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover: when nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT

BUT anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
 She fed within her veins a flame unseen:
 The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire
 Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
 His words, his looks imprinted in her heart, 5
 Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
 Now when the purple morn had chas'd away
 The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
 Her sister first with early care she sought,
 And thus, in mournful accents, eas'd her thought: 10
 My dearest Anna, what new dreams affright
 My labouring soul; what visions of the night
 Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
 With strange ideas of our Trojan guest?
 His worth, his actions, and majestic air, 15
 A man descended from the gods declare.
 Fear ever argues a degenerate kind,
 His birth is well asserted by his mind.
 Then what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd,
 What brave attempts for falling Troy he made! 20
 Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
 That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
 Of hapless marriage, never to be curs'd
 With second love, so fatal was my first,
 To this one error I might yield again: 25
 For since Sichæus was untimely slain,
 This only man is able to subvert
 The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
 And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
 Somewhat I find within, if not the same, 30 }
 Too like the sparkles of my former flame.

But

But first, let yawning earth a passage rend,
 And let me through the dark abyſs deſcend:
 Firſt let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
 Drive down this body to the nether ſky, 35
 Condemn'd with ghoſts in endleſs night to lie,
 Before I break the plighted faith I gave:
 No; he who had my vows, ſhall ever have;
 For whom I lov'd on earth, I worſhip in the grave. }

She ſaid: the tears ran guſhing from her eyes, 40
 And ſtopp'd her ſpeech. Her ſiſter thus replies:
 O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
 Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath?
 Condemn'd to waſte in woes your lonely life,
 Without the joys of mother or of wife?
 Think you theſe tears, this pompous train of woe,
 Are known or valued by the gholt below?
 I grant, that while your ſorrows yet were green,
 It well became a woman and a queen
 The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
 To ſcorn Iärbas, and his love reject;
 With all the Libyan lords of mighty name;
 But will you fight againſt a pleaſing flame?
 This little ſpot of land, which heaven beſtows,
 On every ſide is hemm'd with warlike foes: 55
 Getulian cities here are ſpread around;
 And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;
 Here lies a barren waſte of thirſty land,
 And there the Syrtes raiſe the moving ſand:
 Barcæan troops beſiege the narrow ſhore, 60
 And from the ſea Pygmalion threatens more.

Propitious heaven, and gracious Juno, lead
 This wandering navy to your needful aid;
 How will your empire spread, your city rise
 From such an union, and with such allies! 65
 Implore the favour of the powers above,
 And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
 Continue still your hospitable way,
 And still invent occasions of their stay;
 Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat, 70
 And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet.
 These words, which from a friend and sister came,
 With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
 And added fury to the kindled flame. }
 Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue; 75
 On every altar sacrifice renew:
 A chosen ewe of two-years old they pay
 To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day:
 Preferring Juno's power: for Juno ties
 The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage joys. 80
 The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
 And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
 A milk-white heifer she with flowers adorns,
 And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
 And while the priests with prayer the gods invoke, 85
 She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke.
 With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
 And anxiously the panting entrails views.
 What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
 What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!

A gentle

A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.

Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving Dido roves.
So when the watchful shepherd from the blind, 95
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods;
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart. 100
And now she leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
Displays her Tyrian wealth and rising town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
This pomp she shows to tempt her wandering
guest; 105

Her faltering tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight:
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate: 110
He tells it o'er and o'er: but still in vain;
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends;
And thus the tragic story never ends.

Thus, when they part, when Phœbe's paler light 115
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
She last remains, when every guest is gone,
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;

Absent

Absent, her absent hero sees and hears,
Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears:
And seeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.

Mean time the rising towers are at a stand:
No labours exercise the youthful band:
Nor use of arts nor toils of arms they know; 125
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe.
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height that seem'd to threat the
sky.

But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love; 130
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,
With soothing words to Venus she begun:
High praises, endless honours you have won,
And mighty trophies with your worthy son: 135
Two gods a silly woman have undone.
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands erect:
But shall celestial discord never cease?
'Tis better ended in a lasting peace. 140

You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd;
Poor Dido, with consuming love, is fir'd:
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join,
So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine:
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dower convey.

Then

Then Venus, who her hidden fraud descry'd,
 (Which would the sceptre of the world misguide
 To Libyan shores), thus artfully reply'd:
 Who but a fool would wars with Juno choose,
 And such alliance and such gifts refuse?
 If Fortune with our joint desires comply:
 The doubt is all from Jove, and Destiny;
 Lest he forbid with absolute command,
 To mix the people in one common land.
 Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
 In lasting leagues and sure succession join?
 But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
 May move his mind; my wishes are your own.
 Mine, said imperial Juno, be the care;
 Time urges now to perfect this affair:
 Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
 When next the sun his rising light displays,
 And gilds the world below with purple rays;
 The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
 Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game, resort.
 There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around.
 And chearful horns, from side to side, resound,
 A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain
 With hail and thunder, and tempestuous rain:
 The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
 Dispers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night:
 One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
 To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.
 I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
 If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there:

So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
And Hymen shall be present at the rites.
The queen of love consents, and closely smiles 180
At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.

The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
They issue early through the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait, 185
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.

The Tyrian peers and officers of state
For the slow queen in anti-chambers wait:
Her lofty courser in the court below 190
(Who his majestic rider seems to know),
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam
around.

The queen at length appears: on either hand
The brawny guards in martial order stand. 195
A flower'd cymarr, with golden fringe she wore;
And at her back a golden quiver bore:
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains;
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace, 200
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chace.

But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins:
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wintry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast: 205
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When to his native Delos he resorts,
 Ordains the dances, and renews the sports:
 Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
 Before the joyful altars join their hands.
 Himself, on Cynthus walking, fees below 210
 The merry madness of the sacred show.
 Green wreaths of bays his length of hair inclose;
 A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
 His quiver sounds: not less the prince is seen
 In manly presence, or in lofty mien. 215

Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the seat
 Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat:
 The cry pursues the mountain-goats; they bound
 From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
 Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train, 220
 In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain;
 And a long chace, in open view, maintain. }
 The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
 Spurs through the vale, and these and those outrides.
 His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel 225
 The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.
 Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
 Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way;
 And rather would the tusky boar attend,
 Or see the tawny lion downward bend. 230

Mean time the gathering clouds obscure the skies:
 From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
 The rattling thunder rolls: and Juno pours
 A wintery deluge down, and founding showers.

The

The company dispers'd, to coverts rise, 235
 And seek the homely cots, or mountains hollow side.
 The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
 To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
 The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
 One common cavern in her bosom hides. 240
 Then first the trembling earth the signal gave;
 And flashing fires enlighten all the cave:
 Hell from below, and Juno from above,
 And howling nymphs were conscious to their love.
 From this ill-omen'd hour, in time arose 245
 Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.
 The queen, whom sense of honour could not move,
 No longer made a secret of her love;
 But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
 To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame. 250
 The loud report through Libyan cities goes;
 Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows.
 Swift from the first; and every moment brings
 New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her
 wings.
 Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size; 255
 Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies:
 Inrag'd against the gods revengeful earth
 Produc'd her last of the Titanian birth.
 Swift in her walk, more swift her winged haste:
 A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast; 260
 As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
 So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:

Millions of opening mouths to fame belong;
 And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue:
 And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung. }

She fills the peaceful universe with cries;

No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes.

By day from lofty towers her head she shews:

And spreads, through trembling crouds, disastrous news.

With court-informers haunts, and royal spies, 270

This done relates, nor done she feigns; and mingles
 truth with lies.

Talk is her business; and her chief delight

To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.

She fills the people's ears with Dido's name;

Who, lost to honour, and the sense of shame, 275

Admits into her throne and nuptial bed

A wandering guest, who from his country fled:

Whole days with him she passes in delights;

And wastes in luxury long winter nights.

Forgetful of her fame, and royal trust; 280

Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust.

The goddess widely spreads the loud report;

And flies at length to king Hiarba's court.

When first possess'd with this unwelcome news,

Whom did he not of men and gods accuse? 285

This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,

A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,

In Ammon's honour his celestial fire,

A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;

And through his vast dominions priests ordain'd, 290

Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.

The

The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beasts enrich the ground.

He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love; 295
His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire;
Mad with despair, impatient with desire.

Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with prayers implor'd his fire divine:
Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish race, 300

Who feast on painted beds, with offerings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy power divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine;
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain

Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign? 305
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance,
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance;

A wandering woman builds, within our state,
A little town, bought at an easy rate;
She pays me homage, and my grants allow 510

A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough.
Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed:

And now this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign!
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess;
Their locks with oil perform'd, their Libyan dress:)

He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name.

His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd, 320
And held his altars horns: the mighty thunderer heard,

Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
 The lustful pair, in lawless pleasure drown'd,
 Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
 And both forgetful of their better fame. 325
 He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends;
 By whom his menacing command he sends:
 Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;
 Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:
 There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days 330
 In slothful riot and inglorious ease,
 Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate;
 To him this message from my mouth relate:
 Not so, fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
 Thy life with prayers; nor promis'd such a son. 335
 Her's was a hero, destin'd to command
 A martial race; and rule the Latian land.
 Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw;
 And, on the conquer'd world, impose the law.
 If glory cannot move a mind so mean, 340
 Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
 Yet why should he defraud his son of fame;
 And grudge the Romans their immortal name!
 What are his vain designs? what hopes he more,
 From his long lingering on a hostile shore? 345
 Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
 And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast!
 Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake;
 With this command the slumbering warrior wake.
 Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds 350
 His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:

And

And whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps, within his awful hand,
The mark of sovereign power, his magic wand: 355
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves,
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful fight;
And eyes, though clos'd in death, restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race, 360
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space.
Now sees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies;
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapours bound. 365
Snows hide his shoulders; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breast depends:
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends:
Then, rested thus, he from the towering height 370
Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight:
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood:
As water-fowl, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show,
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below: 375
Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
And near the surface of the water flies:
Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands:
Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds, 380
Now towers within the clouds advance their heads.

Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
 New ramparts raising for the town's defence:
 A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er
 (Queen Dido's gift), about his waste he wore; 385
 A sword with glittering gems diversify'd,
 For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
 Then thus, with winged words, the god began
 (Resuming his own shape): Degenerate man,
 Thou woman's property, what mak'st thou here, 390
 These foreign walls and Tyrian towers to rear?
 Forgetful of thy own? All-powerful Jove,
 Who sways the world below, and heaven above,
 Has sent me down, with this severe command:
 What means thy lingering in the Libyan land? 395
 If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
 Nor future praise, from sitting pleasure wean,
 Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir;
 The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear;
 To whom th' Ausonian sceptre and the state 400
 Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by fate.
 So spoke the god; and speaking took his flight,
 Involv'd in clouds; and vanish'd out of sight.

The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear;
 Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair; 405
 Revolving in his mind the stern command,
 He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
 What should he say, or how should he begin,
 What course, alas! remains, to steer between
 Th' offended lover, and the powerful queen! 410

This

This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
 And all expedients tries and none can find:
 Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means;
 After long thought to this advice he leans:
 Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair 415
 The fleet, and ship their men with silent care:
 Some plausible pretence he bids them find, —
 To colour what in secret he design'd.

Himself, meantime, the softest hours would choose,
 Before the love-sick lady heard the news; 420
 And move her tender mind, by slow degrees,
 To suffer what the sovereign power decrees:
 Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.
 They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.

But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise: 425
 (What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)

She was the first to find the secret fraud,
 Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad,
 Love the first motions of the lover hears,
 Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears. 430

Nor impious fame was wanting, to report
 The ships repair'd; the Trojans thick resort,
 And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court. }

Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
 And impotent of mind, she roves the city round: 435

Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
 When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
 And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy spear. }

At length she finds the dear perfidious man;
 Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began: 440
 Base

Base and ungrateful, could you hope to fly,
 And undiscover'd 'scape a lover's eye?
 Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
 Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
 Or is the death of a despairing queen 445
 Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?
 Ev'n when the wintry winds command your stay,
 You dare the tempest, and defy the sea.
 False as you are, suppose you were not bound
 To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to found; 450
 Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
 Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
 See whom you fly; am I the foe you shun?
 Now, by those holy vows so late begun,
 By this right hand (since I have nothing more 455
 To challenge, but the faith you gave before),
 I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
 By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
 If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
 Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
 By these my prayers, if prayers may yet have place;
 Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
 For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate;
 Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
 For you alone I suffer in my fame; 465
 Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame:
 Whom have I now to trust? (ungrateful guest!
 That only name remains of all the rest!)
 What have I left, or whither can I fly;
 Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty? 470

Or till Hiarbas shall in triumph lead
 A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?
 Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
 And left behind some pledge of our delight,
 445 Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight;
 Some young Æneas to supply your place;
 Whose features might express his father's face;
 I should not then complain, to live bereft
 Of all my husband, or be wholly left!

Here paus'd the queen; unmov'd he holds his eyes,
 By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
 Though heaving in his heart; and thus at length
 replies:

Fair queen, you never can enough repeat,
 Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;
 Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
 While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
 This only let me speak in my defence;
 I never hop'd a secret flight from hence:
 Much less pretended to the lawful claim
 Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.

490

For if indulgent heaven would leave me free,
 And not submit my life to fate's decree,
 My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
 Those relics to review, their dust adore;
 And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.

495

But now the Delphian oracle commands,
 And fate invites me to the Latian lands.
 That is the promis'd place to which I steer,
 And all my vows are terminated there.

If you, a Tyrian, and a stranger born,
 With walls and towers a Libyan town adorn;
 Why may not we, like you a foreign race,
 Like you seek shelter in a foreign place?
 As often as the night obscures the skies
 With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
 Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
 Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears;
 And young Ascanius justly may complain,
 Of his defrauded fate, and destin'd reign.
 Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd,
 Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
 From Jove he came commission'd, heavenly bright
 With radiant beams, and manifest to sight.
 The sender and the sent, I both attest,
 These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd: 515
 Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command;
 Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.

Thus while he spoke, already she began,
 With sparkling eyes, to view the guilty man:
 From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,
 Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore:
 False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn;
 Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
 But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock;
 And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck. 525
 Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
 Did he once look, or lent a listening ear;
 Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?

50 All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
 So foul, that which is worse, 'tis hard to find. 530
 Of man's injustice, why should I complain?
 The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
 Triumphant treason, yet no thunder flies:
 50 Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;
 Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies! 535 }
 Justice is fled, and truth is now no more;
 I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore:
 With needful food his hungry Trojans fed:
 510 I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
 Fool that I was!—'tis little to repeat 540
 The rest, I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
 I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads!
 And makes heaven accessory to his deeds.
 515 Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
 Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode, 545
 To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
 Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate!
 But go; thy flight no longer I detain;
 20 Go seek thy promis'd kingdom through the main:
 Yet, if the heavens will hear my pious vow, 550
 The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
 Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
 To thy proud vessels and their perjur'd lord.
 25 Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
 Dido shall come, in a black sulphury flame; 555 }
 When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame:
 Shall

Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep;
 Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
 Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
 At least my shade thy punishment shall know;
 And fame shall spread the pleasing news below.

Abruptly here she stops: then turns away
 Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
 Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
 What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
 Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led;
 And softly laid her on her ivory bed.

But good Æneas, though he much desir'd
 To give that pity, which her grief requir'd,
 Though much he mourn'd and labour'd with his love,
 Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove:
 Reviews his forces; they with early care
 Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
 The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride:
 And well-caulk'd gallies in the harbour ride.
 Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,
 Of its green arms despoil'd the growing woad,
 Studious of flight: the beach is cover'd o'er
 With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:
 On every side are seen, descending down,
 Thick swarms of soldiers loaden from the town.
 Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
 Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
 T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
 The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.

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The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
 Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
 Some set their shoulders on the ponderous grain;
 Some guard the spoil; some lash the lagging train;
 All ply their several tasks, and equal toil sustain. 590
 What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
 When, from the tower, she saw the cover'd shore;
 And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
 Mix'd with the murmurs of the watery war!
 All-powerful love, what changes canst thou cause 595
 In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
 Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends;
 To prayers and mean submissions she descends.
 No female arts or aids she left untry'd,
 Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she dy'd. 600
 Look, Anna, look; the Trojans crowd to sea:
 They spread their canvases, and their anchors weigh:
 The shouting crew, their ships with garlands bind,
 Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind.
 Could I have thought this threatening blow so near, 605
 My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
 But do not you my last request deny,
 With yon perfidious man your interest try;
 And bring me news, if I must live or die.
 You are his favourite, you alone can find 610
 The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
 In all his trusty secrets you have part,
 And know the soft approaches to his heart.
 Hasten then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
 Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go; 615
 Nor

Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
 Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy;
 Nor mov'd with hands prophane his father's dust;
 Why should he then reject a suit so just!
 Whom does he shun, and whither would he fly? 620
 Can he this last, this only prayer deny!
 Let him at least his dangerous flight delay,
 Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
 The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more;
 Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore. 625
 A short delay is all I ask him now,
 A pause of grief, an interval from woe:
 Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
 Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
 If you in pity grant this one request, 630
 My death shall glut the hatred of his breast.
 This mournful message pious Anna bears,
 And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears:
 But all her arts are still employ'd in vain;
 Again she comes, and is refus'd again. 635
 His harden'd heart nor prayers nor threatenings move;
 Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.
 As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
 Justling from every quarter of the sky,
 This way and that the mountain oak they bend, 640
 His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
 With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground,
 The hollow valleys echo to the sound;
 Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
 Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks: 645

Far as he shoots his towering head on high,
 So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie:
 No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
 Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
 And bandy'd words still beating on his ears. 650
 Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains,
 But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursu'd by cruel fate,
 Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,
 And loaths to live: then dire portents she sees, 655
 To hasten-on the death her soul decrees;
 Strange to relate: for when, before the shrine,
 She pours, in sacrifice, the purple wine,
 The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
 And the white offer'd milk converts to mud. 660
 This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
 From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.
 A marble temple stood within the grove,
 Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
 That honour'd chapel she had hung around 665
 With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
 Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
 Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb:
 She thought she heard him summon her away,
 Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay. 670
 Hourly 'tis heard, when, with a boding note,
 The solitary screech-owl strains her throat:
 And on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
 With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.

Besides, old prophecies augment her fears,
 And stern Æneas in her dreams appears
 Disdainful as by day: she seems alone
 To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
 Guideless and dark: or, in a desert plain,
 To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain. 680
 Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,
 He saw two suns, and double Thebes appear:
 Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
 Full in his face infernal torches toss'd;
 And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight, 685
 Flies o'er the stage, surpriz'd with mortal fright;
 The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight. }

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
 From death alone she seeks her last relief:
 The time and means resolv'd within her breast, 690
 She to her mournful sister thus address'd
 (Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
 And a false vigour in her eyes appears):
 Rejoice, she said, instructed from above,
 My lover I shall gain, or lose my love. 695
 Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
 Long tracts of Æthiopian climates run:
 There a Massylian princess I have found,
 Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd;
 Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care; 700
 'Twas she supply'd the wakeful dragon's fare.
 She poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep,
 Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.

She watch'd the golden fruit; her charms unbind
 The chains of love, or fix them on the mind. 705
 She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry;
 Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
 The yawning earth rebellows to her call,
 Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.
 Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part, 710
 How loath I am to try this impious art!
 Within the secret court with silent care,
 Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air;
 Hang on the topmost part the Trojan vest,
 Spoils, arms and presents of my faithless guest. 715
 Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
 Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:
 All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire,
 For so the priestess and her charms require.
 Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears; 720
 A mortal paleness in her face appears:
 Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
 The secret funeral in these rites design'd,
 Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind. }
 Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well, 725
 She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell:
 Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear
 Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
 The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high;
 And garlands on the hollow spaces lie. 730
 Sad cypresses, vervain, eugh, compose the wreath,
 And every baleful green denoting death.

The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
 The spoils and sword he left, in order spread:
 And the man's image on the nuptial bed.

735

And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)
 The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,
 And thrice invokes the powers below the ground.
 Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims,
 And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names, 740
 And three Dianas: next she sprinkles round,
 With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground:
 Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,
 With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night.
 Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl, 745
 And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal;
 Robbing the mother's love. The destin'd queen.
 Observes, assisting at the rites obscene:
 A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
 She holds, and next the highest altar stands:
 One tender foot was shod, her other bare, 750
 Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
 Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying
 breath,

The heavens and planets, conscious of her death;
 And every power, if any rules above, 755
 Who minds, or who revenges, injur'd love.

'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
 Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
 The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
 Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods. 760
 The

The stars in silent order mov'd around,
And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the
ground.

The flocks and herds, and particolour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth securely lay, 765
Forgetting the past labours of the day.

All else of nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find;
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind. 770

Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart:
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind:
What shall I do; what succour can I find?
Become a suppliant to Hiarba's pride, 775
And take my turn, to court and be deny'd!

Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forfake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd;
'Tis true: but am I sure to be receiv'd? 780

Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place?
Laomedon still lives in all his race!
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
And with my fleet their flying sails pursue?

What force have I but those, whom scarce before 785
I drew reluctant from their native shore?

Will they again embark at my desire,
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre?

H 3

Rather

Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
 And take the fortune thou thyself hast made. 790
 Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind;
 Or seconded too well what I design'd.
 These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
 Had I continued free, and still my own;
 Avoiding love, I had not found despair:
 But shar'd, with savage beasts, the common air;
 Like them a lonely life I might have led,
 Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.
 These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast;
 On board, the Trojan found more easy rest. 800
 Resolv'd to fail, in sleep he pass'd the night;
 And order'd all things for his early flight.
 To whom once more the winged god appears:
 His former youthful mien and shape he wears, }
 And, with this new alarm, invades his ears: 805 }
 Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born! and canst thou drown
 Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town,
 Beset with foes? nor hear'st the western gales
 Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails? 810
 She harbours in her heart a furious hate;
 And thou shalt find the dire effects too late;
 Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die;
 Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast power to fly.
 The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er, 815
 And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
 Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;
 And sail before the purple morn arise.

Who

Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
 Woman's a various and a changeful thing. 820
 Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,
 Aloft in air unseen; and mix'd with night.

Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
 The pious prince arose with hasty fear:
 Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay,
 Hasten to your banks; your crooked anchors weigh; }
 And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea.
 A god commands; he stood before my sight;
 And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
 O sacred power, what power so'er thou art, 830
 To thy blest orders I resign my heart:

Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
 And prosper the design thy will commands.
 He said, and, drawing forth his flaming sword,
 His thundering arm divides the many-twisted cord:
 An emulating zeal inspires his train;
 They run, they snatch; they rush into the main.
 With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
 And brush the liquid seas with labouring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed, 840
 And beams of early light the heavens o'erspread,
 When from a tower the queen, with wakeful eyes,
 Saw day point upward from the rosy skies:
 She look'd to seaward, but the sea was void,
 And scarce in ken the sailing ships descry'd:
 Stung with despair, and furious with despair,
 She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.

And shall th' ungrateful traitor go, she said,
 My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
 Shall we not arm, not rush from every street, 850
 To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?
 Haste; haul my gallies out; pursue the foe:
 Bring flaming brands; set sail, and swiftly row.
 What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns
 My brain, and my distemper'd bosom burns. 855
 Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
 This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
 See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
 The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
 Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore 860
 The burden of his feeble father bore!
 I should have torn him piece-meal; strow'd in floods
 His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods:
 Destroy'd his friends and son; and, from the fire,
 Have set the reeking boy before the fire. 865
 Events are doubtful which on battle wait;
 Yet where's the doubt to souls secure of fate!
 My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
 Had tofs'd their fires amid the Trojan band:
 At once extinguish'd all the faithless name; 870
 And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
 Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the funeral flame. }
 Thou sun, who view'st at once the world below,
 Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow,
 Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes; 875
 Ye furies, fiends, and violated gods,

All

All powers invoc'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses, and avenge her death.
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands, 880
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd;
Let him for succour sue from place to place, 885
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace:
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace. 890
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unbury'd on the barren sand.
These are my prayers, and this my dying will:
And you, my Tyrians, every curse fulfil; 895
Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim
Against the prince, the people, and the name.
These grateful offerings on my grave bestow,
Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know:
Now, and from hence in every future age, 900
When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies
the rage,
Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood;
With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood:
Our arms, our seas, our shores oppos'd to theirs,
And the same hate descend on all our heirs. 905
This

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
 The means of cutting short her odious days.
 Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said
 (For when she left her country her's was dead),
 Go, Barce, call my sister; let her care 910
 The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare:
 The sheep, and all the atoning offerings bring,
 Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
 With living drops: then let her come, and thou
 With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow. 915
 Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
 And end the cares of my disastrous love.
 Then cast the Trojan image on the fire,
 And, as that burns, my passion shall expire.
 The nurse moves onward, with officious care, 920
 And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
 But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
 Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
 With livid spots distinguish'd was her face,
 Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace:
 Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew her breath,
 And nature shiver'd at approaching death.
 Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
 And mounts the funeral pile, with furious haste:
 Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind 930
 (Not for so dire an enterprize design'd).
 But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
 Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,

She

She paus'd, and, with a sigh, the robes embrac'd;
 Then on the couch her trembling body cast, 935 }
 Repres'd the ready tears, and spoke her last:
 Dear pledges of my love, while heaven so pleas'd,
 Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd:
 My fatal course is finish'd, and I go,
 A glorious name, among the ghosts below. 940
 A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
 Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
 What could my fortune have afforded more,
 Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?
 Then kiss'd the couch; and must I die, she said, 945
 And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
 Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive;
 On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
 These flames from far may the false Trojan view;
 These boding omens his base flight pursue. 950
 She said, and struck. Deep enter'd in her side
 The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd:
 Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
 The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
 Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke, 955
 And, with loud cries, the sounding palace shook.
 Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,
 And through the town the dismal rumour spread.
 First from the frightened court the yell began,
 Redoubled thence from house to house it ran: 960
 The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
 Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.

Not

Not less the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
 Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire,
 The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes, 965
 Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.
 Her sister hears, and, furious with despair,
 She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair:
 And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
 Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd,
 Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,
 These fires, this funeral pile, these altars rear'd?
 Was all this train of plots contriv'd, said she,
 All only to deceive unhappy me?
 Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend 975
 To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend?
 Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend, had come;
 One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb.
 Was I to raise the pile, the powers invoke,
 Not to be present at the fatal stroke? 980
 At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me;
 Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
 Bring water, bathe the wound; while I in death
 Lay close my lips to her's, and catch the flying breath.
 This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste, 985
 And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd:
 Her temples chaf'd, and her own garments tore,
 To staunch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
 Thrice Dido try'd to raise her drooping head,
 And fainting thrice, fell groveling on the bed. 990

Thrice

Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light,
But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.

}

Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
A death so lingering, and so full of pain, 995

Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of labouring nature, and dissolve her life.
For, since she dy'd, not doom'd by heaven's decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty,

And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair, 1000

The sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Proserpine and they can only know,
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.

Downward the various goddesses took her flight,
And drew a thousand colours from the light: 1005

Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said, I thus devote thee to the dead.

This offering to th' infernal gods I bear:

Thus while she spoke she cut the fatal hair:

The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd in
air. }

THE
F I F T H B O O K
OF THE
Æ N E I S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Æneas, setting sail from *Afric*, is driven, by a storm, on the coast of *Sicily*: where he is hospitably received by his friend *Acestes*, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours: and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, *Juno* sends *Iris* to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships; who, upon her instigation, set fire to them, which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not *Jupiter*, by a miraculous shower, extinguished it. Upon this *Æneas*, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for *Italy*: *Venus* procures of *Neptune* a safe voyage for him

him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

MEANTIME the Trojan cuts his watery way,
Fix'd on his voyage through the curling sea:

Then, casting back his eyes, with dire amaze,
Sees, on the Punic shore, the mounting blaze.

The cause unknown; yet his presaging mind

The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd:

He knew the stormy souls of woman-kind,

What secret springs their eager passions move,

How capable of death for injur'd love.

Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw,

Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw.

Now seas and skies their prospect only bound,

An empty space above, a floating field around.

But soon the heavens with shadows were o'erspread;

A swelling cloud hung hovering o'er their head: 15

Livid it look'd, the threatening of a storm;

Then night and horror ocean's face deform.

The pilot, Palinurus, cry'd aloud,

What gusts of weather from that gathering cloud

My thoughts presage! Ere yet the tempest roars 20

Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars;

Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind:

The frighted crew perform the task assign'd.

Then, to his fearless chief, Not heaven, said he,

Though Jove himself should promise Italy,

Can stem the torrent of this raging sea!

Mark

Mark how the shifting winds from west arise,
 And what collected night involves the skies!
 Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea;
 Much less against the tempest force their way; 30 }
 'Tis fate diverts our course, and fate we must obey.
 Not far from hence, if I observ'd aright
 The southing of the stars, and polar light,
 Sicilia lies; whose hospitable shores
 In safety we may reach with struggling oars. 35
 Æneas then reply'd, Too sure I find,
 We strive in vain against the seas and wind:
 Now shift your sails: what place can please me more
 That what you promise, the Sicilian shore;
 Whose hallow'd earth Anchises' bones contains, 40
 And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns!
 The course resolv'd, before the western wind
 They scud amain, and make the port assign'd.

Meantime Acestes, from a lofty stand,
 Beheld the fleet descending on the land; 45
 And, not unmindful of his ancient race,
 Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace, }
 And held the hero in a strict embrace.
 Of a rough Libyan bear the spoils he wore;
 And either hand a pointed javelin bore. 50
 His mother was a dame of Dardan blood;
 His fire Crinifus, a Sicilian flood;
 He welcomes his returning friends ashore
 With plenteous country cates, and homely store.

Now, when the following morn had chac'd away 55
 The flying stars, and light restor'd the day,

Æneas

Æneas call'd the Trojan troops around,
 And thus bespoke them from a rising ground :
 Offspring of heaven, divine Dardanian race,
 The sun revolving through th' ethereal space, 60
 The shining circle of the year has fill'd,
 Since first this isle my father's ashes held :
 And now the rising day renews the year
 (A day for ever sad, for ever dear).
 This would I celebrate with annual games, 65
 With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
 Though banish'd to Getulia's barren sands,
 Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands :
 But since this happy storm our fleet has driven
 (Not, as I deem, without the will of heaven) 70
 Upon these friendly shores and flowery plains,
 Which hide Anchises, and his blest remains,
 Let us with joy perform his honours due,
 And pray for prosperous winds, our voyage to renew.
 Pray, that in towns and temples of our own, 75
 The name of great Anchises may be known,
 And yearly games may spread the god's renown. }
 Our sports, Acestes, of the Trojan race,
 With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace :
 Two steers on every ship the king bestows ; 80
 His gods and ours shall share your equal vows.
 Besides, if nine days hence, the rosy morn
 Shall, with unclouded light, the skies adorn,
 That day with solemn sports I mean to grace :
 Light gallies on the seas shall run a watery race. 85

Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend,
 And others try the twanging bow to bend:
 The strong with iron gauntlets arm'd shall stand,
 Oppos'd in combat on the yellow sand.

Let all be present at the games prepar'd,
 And joyful victors wait the just reward.

90

But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd;
 He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.

Then Helymus, by his example led,

And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head;

95

Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
 His temples ty'd, and all the Trojan race.

Æneas then advanc'd amidst the train,

By thousands follow'd through the flowery plain,

To great Anchises' tomb: which, when he found, 100

He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd ground,

Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,

And two from offer'd bulls of purple gore.

With roses then the sepulchre he strow'd;

And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud:

105

Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again

Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!

The gods permitted not that you, with me,

Should reach the promis'd shores of Italy;

Or Tyber's flood, what flood foe'er it be. 110

Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,

A serpent from the tomb began to glide;

His huge bulk on seven high volumes roll'd;

Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly
 gold:

Thus

Thus, riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
A rolling fire along, and singe the grass. 115

More various colours through his body run,
Than Iris, when her bow imbibes the fun:
Betwixt the rising altars, and around,

The sacred monster shot along the ground; 120

With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
And, with his lolling tongue, assay'd the taste:
Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous guest
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.

The pious prince, surpriz'd at what he view'd, 125

The funeral honours with more zeal renew'd:

Doubtful if this the place's genius were,

Or guardian of his father's sepulchre.

Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew,

As many swine, and steers of sable hue; 130

Now generous wine he from the goblets pour'd,

And call'd his father's ghost, from hell restor'd.

The glad attendants in long order come,

Offering their gifts at great Anchises' tomb;

Some add more oxen; some divide the spoil; 135 }

Some place the chargers on the grassy soil;

Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil. }

Now came the day desir'd: the skies were bright

With rosy lustre of the rising light:

The bordering people, rous'd by sounding fame 140

Of Trojan feasts, and great Acestes' name,

The crowded shore with acclamations fill,

Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.

And first the gifts in public view they place,
 Green laurel wreaths, and palm (the victor's grace):
 Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
 Ingots of gold, and silver heap'd on high,
 And vests embroider'd of the Tyrian dye. }
 The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims,
 And all prepare for their appointed games. 150
 Four gallies first, with equal rowers bear,
 Advancing, in the watery lists appear.
 The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the wind,
 Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind:
 Gyas the vast Chimæra's bulk commands, 155
 Which rising like a towering city stands:
 Three Trojans tug at every labouring oar;
 Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore;
 Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar. }
 Sergesthus, who began the Sergian race, 160
 In the great Centaur took the leading place:
 Cloanthus on the sea-green Scylla stood,
 From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.
 Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
 There stands a rock; the raging billows roar. 165
 Above his head in storms; but, when 'tis clear,
 Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
 In peace below the gentle waters run;
 The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.
 On this the hero fix'd an oak in fight, 170
 The mark to guide the mariners aright.
 To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars;
 Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former
 shores.

The

The lots decide their place: above the rest,
 Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest: 175
 The common crew, with wreaths of poplar boughs,
 Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows.
 Besmear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine:
 All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign.
 They gripe their oars, and every panting breast 180
 Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear de-
 press'd.

The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign;
 At once they start advancing in a line.
 With shouts the sailors rend the starry skies;
 Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise; 185 }
 Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries. }
 Exact in time, with equal strokes they row: }
 At once the brushing oars and brazen prow }
 Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths below. }
 Not fiery courfers, in a chariot race, 190
 Invade the field with half so swift a pace.
 Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
 The sounding lash; and, ere the stroke descends, }
 Low to the wheels his pliant body bends. }
 The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide, 195
 And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd side.
 Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
 From woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound.

Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,
 Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before; 200
 Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast;
 But his o'er-masted galley check'd his haste.

The Centaur, and the Dolphin brush the brine
 With equal oars, advancing in a line:
 And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead, 205
 And now the speedy Dolphin gets a-head:
 Now board to board the rival vessels row;
 The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans below.
 They reach'd the mark: proud Gyas and his train
 In triumph rode the victors of the main: 210
 But steering round, he charg'd his pilot stand
 More close to shore, and skim along the sand.
 Let others bear to sea. Menætes heard,
 But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd:
 And, fearing, fought the deep; and still aloof he
 steer'd. 215

With louder cries the captain call'd again;
 Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main.
 He spoke, and, speaking at his stern, he saw
 'The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw:
 Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla stood, 220
 And, in a closer compass, plow'd the flood:
 He pass'd the mark, and wheeling got before:
 Gyas blasphem'd the gods, devoutly swore,
 Cry'd out for anger, and his hair he tore. }
 Mindless of others lives (so high was grown 225
 His rising rage) and careless of his own,
 'The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
 And hoisted up, and over-board he threw:
 'This done he seiz'd the helm, his fellows cheer'd,
 'Turn'd short upon the shelves,, and madly steer'd. 230
 Hardly

Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
 Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his years:
 Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain;
 The crowd, that saw him fall, and float again,
 Shout from the distant shore, and loudly laugh'd, 235
 To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny draught.
 The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
 Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew:
 While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,
 To reach the mark: Sergesthus takes the place: 240
 Mnestheus pursues; and, while around they wind,
 Comes up, not half his galley's length behind.
 Then on the deck amidst his mates appear'd,
 And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd:
 My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore, 245
 Exert your vigour; tug the labouring oar;
 Stretch to your strokes, my still-unconquer'd crew,
 Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.
 In this, our common interest, let me find
 That strength of hand, that courage of the mind, 250
 As when you stemm'd the strong Malæan flood,
 And o'er the Syrtes broken billows row'd.
 I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
 Though yet—But ah, that haughty wish is vain! }
 Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain. 255 }
 But to be last, the lags of all the race,
 Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace.
 Now one and all, they tug amain; they row
 At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow.

The sea beneath them sinks: their labouring sides 260
 Are swell'd, and sweat runs guttering down in tides.
 Chance aids their daring with unhop'd success;
 Sergesthus, eager with his beak, to press
 Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
 Shuts th' unwieldy Centaur in the lock. 265
 The vessel struck; and, with the dreadful shock,
 Her oars she shiver'd, and her head she broke.
 The trembling rowers from their banks arise,
 And, anxious for themselves, renounce the prize.
 With iron poles they heave her off the shores; 270
 And gather, from the sea, their floating oars.
 The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,
 Urge their success, and call the willing winds:
 Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
 In larger compass on the roomy sea. 275
 As when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,
 Rouz'd in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes,
 The cavern rings with clattering; out she flies,
 And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies;
 At first she flutters; but at length she springs. 280
 To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings;
 So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the sea,
 And, flying with a force, that force assists his way.
 Sergesthus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,
 Wedg'd in the rocky shoals, and sticking fast. 285
 In vain the victor he with cries implores,
 And practises to row with shatter'd oars.
 Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and out-flies:
 The ship without a pilot yields the prize.

Unvanquish'd

Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains; 290
 Her he pursues, and all his vigour strains.
 Shouts from the favouring multitude arise,
 Applauding echo to the shouts replies;
 Shouts, wishes, and applause, run rattling through
 the skies. }

These clamours with disdain the Scylla heard, 295
 Much grudg'd the praise, but more the robb'd reward:
 Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace;
 All obstinate to die, or gain the race.

Rais'd with success, the Dolphin swiftly ran
 (For they can conquer who believe they can): 300

Both urge their oars, and fortune both supplies,
 And both perhaps had shar'd an equal prize:
 When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,
 And succour from the watery powers demands:

Gods of the liquid realms, on which I row, 305
 If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
 Assist to make me guilty of my vow. }

A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain,
 His offer'd entrails cast into the main:

And ruddy wine, from golden goblets thrown, 310
 Your graceful gift and my return shall own.

The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus from below,
 With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;

And old Portunos, with his breadth of hand,
 Push'd on, and sped the galley to the land. 315

Swift as a shaft, on winged wind, she flies;

And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.

The

The herald summons all, and then proclaims
 Cloanthus conqueror of the naval games.
 The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head, 320
 And three fat steers are to his vessel led;
 The ship's reward: with generous wine beside,
 And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
 The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest,
 The victor honour'd with a nobler vest: 325
 Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,
 And needle-work its happy cost bestows.
 There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,
 Chacing through Ida's groves the trembling hart;
 Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue:
 When from aloft descends, in open view,
 The bird of Jove; and, fousing on his prey,
 With crooked talons bears the boy away.
 In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes, }
 His guards behold him soaring through the skies,
 And dogs pursue his flight, with imitated cries. }
 Mnestheus the second victor was declar'd;
 And summon'd there, the second prize he shar'd:
 A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
 More brave Æneas from his shoulders tore, 340 }
 In single combat on the Trojan shore.
 This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess,
 In war for his defence; for ornament in peace:
 Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold;
 But yet, so ponderous with its plates of gold, 345

That

That scarce two servants could the weight sustain,
 Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
 Pursued, and lightly seiz'd the Trojan train.
 The third succeeding to the last reward,
 Two goodly bowls of massy silver shar'd; 350
 With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
 And two brass cauldrons from Dodona brought.

Thus, all rewarded by the hero's hands,
 Their conquering temples bound with purple bands.
 And now Sergesthus, clearing from the rock, 355
 Brought back his galley shatter'd with the shock.
 Forlorn she look'd without an aiding oar,
 And, hooted by the vulgar, made to shore.
 As when a snake, surpriz'd upon the road,
 Is crush'd athwart her body by the load 360
 Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
 Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground,
 In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls along,
 Yet fierce above, she brandishes her tongue:
 Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales, 365
 But, groveling in the dust, her parts unsound she trails!
 So slowly to the port the Centaur tends,
 But what she wants in oars with sails amends:
 Yet, for his galley fav'd, the grateful prince
 Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompense. 370
 Pholoe, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,
 Beauteous herself, with lovely twins, as fair.
 From thence his way the Trojan hero bent,
 Into the neighbouring plain, with mountains pent,

Whose

Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood: 375
 Full in the midst of this fair valley stood
 A native theatre, which rising slow,
 By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
 High on a sylvan throne the leader sat,
 A numerous train attend in solemn state; 380
 Here those, that in the rapid course delight,
 Desire of honour and the prize invite:
 The rival runners without order start'd,
 The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band,
 First Nisus with Euryalus appears,
 Euryalus a boy of blooming years; 385
 With sprightly grace, and equal beauty crown'd:
 Nisus, for friendship to the youth renown'd.
 Dioreas next, of Priam's royal race,
 Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place: 390
 But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
 And Salius his from Acarnanian earth.
 Then two Sicilian youths, the names of these
 Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes,
 Both jolly huntsmen, both in forest bred, 395
 And owning old Acestes for their head.
 With several others of ignobler name,
 Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.

To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd:
 In words, which general approbation gain'd: 400
 One common largess is for all design'd;
 The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd.
 Two darts of polish'd steel and Gnosian wood,
 A silver-studded ax alike bestow'd,

375 The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed; 405
 The first of these obtains a stately steed
 Adorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,
 The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
 With feather'd Thracian arrows well supply'd;
 385 A golden belt shall gird his manly side, 410 }
 Which with a sparkling diamond shall be ty'd:
 The third this Grecian helmet shall content,
 He said: to their appointed base they went:
 With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,
 And, starting ail at once, the barrier leave. 415
 385 Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,
 And seiz'd the distant goal with greedy view.
 Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'er-pas'd;
 Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.
 90 The next, but though the next yet far disjoin'd, 420
 Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
 Then Helymus, whom young Diorez ply'd,
 Step after step, and almost side by side:
 His shoulders pressing, and in longer space
 Had won, or left at least a dubious race. 425
 Now spent, the goal they almost reach at last;
 When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,
 Slipp'd first, and, slipping fell upon the plain,
 Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly slain:
 The careless victor had not mark'd his way; 430
 But, treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
 His heels flew up; and on the grassy floor,
 He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.

Not

Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
 Nor of the sacred bonds of amity, 435
 He strove th' immediate rival's hope to cross,
 And caught the foot of Salius as he rose:
 So Salius lay extended on the plain;
 Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,
 And leaves the crowd: applauding peals attend 440
 The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his friend.
 Next Helymus, and then Diores came,
 By two misfortunes made the third in fame.

But Salius enters; and, exclaiming loud
 For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd: 445
 Urges his cause may in the court be heard;
 And pleads, the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
 But favour for Euryalus appears;
 His blooming beauty, with his tender years,
 Had brib'd the judges for the promis'd prize; 450
 Besides, Diores fills the court with cries:
 Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
 If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.
 Then thus the prince: Let no disputes arise:
 Where fortune plac'd it, I award the prize: 455
 But fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
 At least to pity my deserving friend.
 He said: and, from among the spoils, he draws
 (Ponderous with shaggy mane and golden paws)
 A lion's hide, to Salius this he gives; 460
 Nisus with envy sees the gift, and grieves.
 If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due,
 He said, and falling is to rise by you,

What prize may Nifus from your bounty claim,
 Who merited the first rewards and fame? 465
 In falling, both an equal fortune try'd;
 Would fortune for my fall so well provide!
 With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
 His hands, and all his habit smear'd with blood.
 Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd, 470
 And caus'd to be produc'd an ample shield
 Of wondrous art by Didymaon wrought,
 Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
 This giv'n to Nifus, he divides the rest;
 And equal justice, in his gifts express'd. 475
 The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,
 Once more the prince bespeaks the attentive crowd:
 If there be here, whose dauntless courage dare
 In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,
 His opposite sustain in open view, 480
 Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.
 Two prizes I propose, and thus divide;
 A bull with gilded horns, and fillets ty'd,
 Shall be the portion of the conquering chief;
 A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief. 485
 Then haughty Dares in the lists appears;
 Stalking he strides, his head erected bears:
 His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield,
 And loud applauses echo through the field.
 Dares alone in combat us'd to stand, 490
 The match of mighty Paris hand to hand;
 The same at Hector's funerals undertook
 Gigantic Butes, of th' Amician stock;
 And,

And, by the stroke of his resistless hand,
 Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand. 495
 Such Dares was; and such he strode along,
 And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.
 His brawny back, an ample breast he shows;
 His lifted arms around his head he throws;
 And deals in-whistling air his empty blows. 500
 His match is fought; but through the trembling band,
 Not one dares answer to the proud demand.
 Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes,
 Already he devours the promis'd prize.
 He claims the bull with awless insolence; 505
 And, having seiz'd his horns, accosts the prince:
 If none my matchless valour dares oppose,
 How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes?
 Permit me, chief, permit without delay,
 To lead this uncontended gift away. 510
 The crowd assents; and, with redoubled cries,
 For the proud challenger demands the prize.
 Acestes, fir'd with just disdain, to see
 The palm usurp'd without a victory,
 Reproach'd Entellus thus, who fate beside, 515
 And heard, and saw unmov'd, the Trojan's pride:
 Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
 So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown?
 A prize in triumph, borne before your fight,
 And shun for fear the danger of the fight; 520
 Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name,
 The god who taught your thundering arm the game?
 Where

Where now your baffled honour, where the spoil
 That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd our isle?
 Entellus, thus: My soul is still the same; 525
 Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame:
 But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
 And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
 Oh, could I turn to that fair prime again,
 That prime, of which this boaster is so vain! 530
 The brave who this decrepit age defies,
 Should feel my force, without the promis'd prize.
 He said, and, rising at the word, he threw
 Two ponderous gauntlets down, in open view;
 Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield, 535
 And sheath his hands with in the lifted field.
 With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
 The gloves of death, with seven distinguish'd folds
 Of tough bull hides; the space within is spread
 With iron, or with loads of heavy lead. 540
 Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
 Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
 Astonish'd at their weight the hero stands,
 And pois'd the ponderous engines in his hands.
 What had your wonder, said Entellus, been, 545 }
 Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen, }
 Or view'd the stern debate on this unhappy green!
 These which I bear, your brother Eryx bore,
 Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
 With these he long sustain'd th' Herculean arm;
 And these I wielded while my blood was warm:

This languish'd frame while better spirits fed,
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd my
head.

But, if the challenger these arms refuse,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use; 555
If great Æneas and Acestes join

In his request, these gauntlets I resign:
Let us with equal arms perform the fight,
And let him leave to fear, since I resign my right.

This said, Entellus for the strife prepares; 560
Stript of his quilted coat, his body bares:
Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn he stands,
A goodly towering object on the sands.

Then just Æneas equal arms supply'd,
Which round their shoulders to their wrists they ty'd;
Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent;

Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;
Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.

One on his youth and pliant limbs relies; 570
One on his sinews and his giant size.

The last is stiff with age, his motion slow, }
He heaves for breath: he staggers to and fro;
And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils loudly blow. }

Yet, equal in success, they ward, they strike; 575
Their ways are different, but their art alike.

Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps rebound:
A storm of strokes well-meant with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes: 580
Ner

Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws
A sweeping stroke, along the crackling jaws.
Heavy with age, Entellus stands his ground,
But, with his warping body, wards the wound:

His hand and watchful eye keep even pace; 585

While Dares traverses, and shifts his place;

And, like a captain, who beleaguers round

Some strong-built castle, on a rising ground,

Views all th' approaches with observing eyes,

This, and that other part, in vain he tries; 590 }

And more on industry than force relies.

With hands on high, Entellus threatens the foe;

But Dares watch'd the motion from below,

And slipt aside, and shunn'd the long-descending }
blow.

Entellus wastes his forces on the wind; 595

And thus deluded of the stroke design'd,

Headlong and heavy fell: his ample breast,

And weighty limbs, his ancient mother press'd.

So falls a hollow pine, that long had stood

On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood, 600

Torn from the roots: the differing nations rise,

And shouts, and mingled murmurs, rend the skies.

Acestes runs, with eager haste, to raise

The fall'n companion of his youthful days:

Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd, 605

With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury
burn'd:

Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast,

And, with redoubled force, his foe he press'd.

He lays on load with either hand, amain,
 And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain, 610
 Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest nor breath allows,
 But storms of strokes descend about his brows; }
 A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows.
 But now the prince, who saw the wild increase
 Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease: 615 }
 And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.
 First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he came,
 And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd shame.
 What fury seiz'd my friend? the gods, said he,
 To him propitious, and averse to thee,
 Have giv'n his arm superior force to thine; 620
 'Tis madness to contend with strength divine.
 The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the shore
 His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore:
 His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood; 625
 And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
 Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing throng;
 And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
 The sword and casque are carry'd by his train;
 But with his foe the palm and ox remain. 630
 The champion, then, before Æneas came;
 Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame:
 O goddess-born! and you Dardanian host,
 Mark with attention, and forgive my boast:
 Learn what I was, by what remains; and know 635
 From what impending fate, you sav'd my foe.

Sternly

Sternly he spoke; and then confronts the bull;
 And, on his ample forehead, aiming full,
 The deadly stroke descending, pierc'd the skull. }
 Down drops the beast; nor needs the second wound;
 But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.
 Then thus. In Dares' stead I offer this;
 Eryx, accept a nobler sacrifice:

Take the last gift my wither'd arms can yield;
 Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field.

This done, Æneas orders, for the close,
 The strife of archers with contending bows.
 The mast, Sergesthus' shatter'd galley bore,
 With his own hands he raises on the shore:

A fluttering dove upon the top they tie, 650
 The living mark at which their arrows fly.

The rival archers in a line advance;
 Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.

A helmet holds their names. The lots are drawn;
 On the first scroll was read Hippocoon: 655

The people shout; upon the next was found
 Young Mnestheus, late with naval honours crown'd:

The third contain'd Eurytian's noble name,
 Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame:

Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound, 660
 And send among the Greeks a feather'd wound.

Acestes in the bottom last remain'd;
 Whom not his age from youthful sports restrain'd.

Soon all with vigour bend their trusty bows,
 And, from the quiver, each his arrow chose: 665

Hippocoon's was the first: with forceful sway
 It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
 Fix'd in the mast the feather'd weapon stands;
 The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands;
 And the tree trembled; and the shouting cries 670
 Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted skies.
 Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow drove,
 With lifted eyes, and took his aim above;
 But made a glancing shot, and mis'd the dove. }
 Yet mis'd so narrow, that he cut the cord 675
 Which fasten'd, by the foot, the sitting bird.
 The captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
 And beats, with clapping wings, the yielding skies.
 His bow already bent, Eurytian stood,
 And, having first invok'd his brother god, 680
 His winged shaft with eager haste he sped;
 The fatal message reach'd her as she fled:
 She leaves her life aloft: she strikes the ground,
 And renders back the weapon in the wound.
 Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains 685
 Without a prize to gratify his pains.
 Yet shooting upward, sends his shaft, to show
 An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
 The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent:
 And latter augurs judge from this event. 690
 Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
 A trail of following flames ascending drew:
 Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way
 Across the skies, as falling meteors play,
 And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay. 695 }
 The

The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare;
 And, trembling, turn their wonder into prayer.
 The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,
 And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace:
 Then, honouring him with gifts above the rest, 700
 Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.
 The gods, said he, this miracle have wrought;
 And order'd you the prize without the lot.
 Accept this goblet rough with figur'd gold,
 Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old: 705
 This pledge of ancient amity receive,
 Which to my second sire I justly give.
 He said, and, with the trumpet's chearful sound,
 Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.
 Nor good Eurytian envy'd him the prize; 710
 Though he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.
 Who cut the line, with second gifts was grac'd;
 The third was his, whose arrow pierc'd the mast.
 The chief, before the games were wholly done,
 Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son; 715
 And whisper'd thus: With speed Ascanius find,
 And if his childish troop be ready join'd,
 On horse-back let him grace his grandfire's day;
 And lead his equals arm'd in just array.
 He said, and, calling out, the cirque he clears: 720
 The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.
 And now the noble youths, of form divine,
 Advance before their fathers in a line:
 The riders grace the steeds; the steeds with glory
 shine.

Thus marching on, in military pride, 725
 Shouts of applause resound from side to side.
 Their casques, adorn'd with laurel wreaths, they wear,
 Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.
 Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore;
 Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before: 730
 Three graceful troops they form'd upon the green;
 Three graceful leaders at their head were seen;
 Twelve follow'd every chief, and left a space be-
 tween. }

The first young Priam led; a lovely boy,
 Whose grandfire was th' unhappy king of Troy: 735
 His race, in after-time, was known to fame,
 New honours adding to the Latian name;
 And well the royal boy his Thracian steed became. }
 White were the fetlocks of his feet before,
 And on his front a snowy star he bore: 740
 Then beauteous Atis, with Iulus bred,
 Of equal age, the second squadron led.
 The last in order, but the first in place,
 First in the lovely features of his face,
 Rode fair Ascanius on a fiery steed, 745
 Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
 Sure courfers for the rest the king ordains,
 With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.

The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts renew,
 And all the parents in the children view: 750
 Their make, their motions, and their sprightly grace:
 And hopes and fears alternate in their face.

Th' un-

Th' unfledg'd commanders, and their martial train,
 First make the circuit of the sandy plain,
 Around their fires: and, at th' appointed sign, 755
 Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.
 The second signal sounds: the troop divides
 In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd
 guides.

Again they close, and once again disjoin,
 In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line. 760
 They meet, they wheel, they throw their darts afar
 With harmless rage, and well-dissembled war.
 Then in a round the mingled bodies run;
 Flying they follow, and pursuing shun.
 Broken they break, and rallying, they renew 765
 In other forms the military shew.

At last, in order, undiscern'd they join;
 And march together, in a friendly line.
 And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
 With wandering ways, and many a winding fold, 770
 Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
 In a round error, which deny'd recess;

So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
 Turn'd, and return'd, and still a different way.
 Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chace, 775
 In circles, when they swim around the watery race.

This game, these caroufals, Ascanius taught;
 And, building Alba, to the Latins brought.
 Shew'd what he learn'd: the Latin fires impart,
 To their succeeding sons, the graceful art: 780
 From

From these imperial Rome receiv'd the game;
 Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they name,
 Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate:
 But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate:
 For while they pay the dead his annual dues, 785
 Those envy'd rites Saturnian Juno views;
 And sends the goddess of the various bow,
 To try new methods of revenge, below:
 Supplies the winds to wing her airy way;
 Where in the port secure the navy lay. 790
 Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends;
 And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
 She saw the gathering crowd; and gliding thence,
 The desert shore, and fleet without defence.
 The Trojan matrons on the sands alone, 795
 With sighs and tears, Anchises' death bemoan.
 Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
 Their pity to themselves, renews their cries.
 Alas! said one, what oceans yet remain
 For us to fail; what labours to sustain! 800
 All take the word; and, with a general groan,
 Implore the gods for peace; and places of their own.
 The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains;
 And, in a woman's form, her heavenly limbs restrains.
 In face and shape, old Beroë she became, 805
 Doriclus' wife, a venerable dame;
 Once blest'd with riches, and a mother's name.
 Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she ran,
 Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began:

O wretched

O wretched we, whom not the Grecian power, 810
Nor flames destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!

O wretched we, reserv'd by cruel fate,

Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!

Now seven revolving years are wholly run,

Since this prosperous voyage we begun: 815

Since tofs'd from shores to shores, from lands to lands,

Inhospitable rocks and barren sands;

Wandering in exile, through the stormy sea,

We search in vain for flying Italy.

Now cast by fortune on this kindred land, 820

What should our rest, and rising walls withstand;

Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band?

O, country lost! and gods redeem'd in vain,

If still in endless exile we remain!

Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew, 825

Or streams of some dissembled Simois view?

Haste, join with me, th' unhappy fleet consume:

Cassandra bids, and I declare her doom.

In sleep I saw her; she supply'd my hands

(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands:

With these, said she, these wandering ships destroy;

These are your fatal seats, and this your Troy.

Time calls you now, the precious hour employ.

Slack not the good presage, while heaven inspires

Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires. 835

See Neptune's altars minister their brands;

The god is pleas'd; the god supplies our hands.

Then, from the pile, a flaming fir she drew,

And, tofs'd in air, amidst the gallies threw.

Wrapp'd

Wrap'd in amaze, the matrons wildly stare: 840
 Then Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
 Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's numerous race,
 No Beroë this, though she belies her face:
 What terrors from her frowning front arise;
 Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes! 845
 What rays around her heavenly face are seen,
 Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal mien!
 Beroë but now I left; whom, pin'd with pain,
 Her age and anguish from these rites detain.
 She said; the matrons, seiz'd with new amaze, 850
 Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze:
 They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
 They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
 The goddess, having done her task below,
 Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted bow,
 Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with rage divine,
 The matrons prosecute their mad design:
 They shriek aloud, they snatch, with impious hands,
 The food of altars, firs, and flaming brands.
 Green boughs, and saplings, mingled in their haste;
 And smoking torches on the ships they cast.
 The flame, unstopp'd at first, more fury gains;
 And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins:
 Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,
 And seizes in his way the banks and crackling oars.
 Eumelus was the first the news to bear,
 While yet they crowd the rural theatre.
 Then what they hear, is witness'd by their eyes:
 A storm of sparkles and of flames arise.

Ascanius took th' alarm, while yet he led
His early warriors on his prancing steed. 870

And spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd,
Nor could his frightened friends reclaim his haste.

Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He sent his voice before him as he flew; 875

What madness moves you, matrons, to destroy
The last remainders of unhappy Troy?

Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes you burn,
And on your friends your fatal fury turn,

Behold your own Ascanius: while he said 880
He drew his glittering helmet from his head;

In which the youths to sportful arms he led.

By this, Æneas and his train appear;

And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,

Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight; 885

Abhor their actions, and avoid the light:

Their friends acknowledge, and their error find;

And shake the goddesses from their alter'd mind.

Not so the raging fires their fury cease;

But lurking in the seams, with seeming peace, 890

Work on their way, amid the smouldering tow,

Sure in destruction, but in motion flow.

The silent plague through the green timber eats,

And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.

Down to the keels, and upward to the sails, 895

The fire descends, or mounts; but still prevails:

Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,

Can the victorious element withstand.

The

The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
 To heaven his hands, and with his hands his vows;
 O Jove, he cry'd, if prayers can yet have place;
 If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan race;
 If any spark of pity still remain;
 If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
 Yet spare the relics of the Trojan train. 905
 Yet from the flames our burning vessels free:
 Or let thy fury fall alone on me.
 At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
 And send the willing sacrifice below.

Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise; 910
 From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
 Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain;
 Heaven bellies downward, and descends in rain;
 Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,
 Which, hissing through the planks, the flames prevent:
 And stop the fiery pest: four ships alone
 Burn to the waste, and for the fleet atone.

But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide;
 If he should still in Sicily reside,
 Forgetful of his fates; or tempt the main, . 920
 In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
 Then Nautes, old and wise, to whom alone
 The will of heaven by Pallas was fore-shown;
 Vers'd in portents, experienc'd and inspir'd
 To tell events, and what the Fates requir'd: 925
 Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
 With chearful words reliev'd his labouring mind:

O god-

O goddess-born, resign'd in every state,
 With patience bear, with prudence push your fate.
 By suffering well, our fortune we subdue; 930
 Fly when she frowns, and when she calls pursue.
 Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind;
 To him disclose the secrets of your mind:
 Trust in his hands your old and useless train,
 Too numerous for the ships which yet remain: 935
 The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease,
 The dames who dread the dangers of the seas,
 With all their dastard crew, who dare not stand
 The shock of battle with your foes by land;
 Here you may build a common town for all; 940
 And, from Acestes' name, Acesta call.
 The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,
 Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd his mind.
 'Twas dead of night; when to his slumbering eyes,
 His father's shade descended from the skies; 945
 And thus he spoke: O more than vital breath,
 Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death;
 O son, in various toils and troubles tost,
 The king of heaven employs my careful ghost
 On his commands; the God who sav'd from fire 950
 Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire:
 The wholesome counsel of your friend receive;
 And here the coward train, and women leave:
 The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare
 Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war. 955
 The stern Italians with their courage try;
 Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.
 But

But first to Pluto's palace you should go,
 And seek my shade among the blest below.
 For not with impious ghosts my soul remains, 960
 Nor suffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,
 But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains. }
 The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey;
 And blood of offer'd victims free the way;
 There shall you know what realms the gods assign;
 And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
 But now, farewell: I vanish with the night;
 And feel the blast of heaven's approaching light: }
 He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy }
 flight.

Whither so fast, the filial duty cry'd, 970
 And why, ah why, the wish'd embrace deny'd!
 He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,
 He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires.
 His country gods and Vesta then adores
 With cakes and incense; and their aid implores. 975
 Next for his friends and royal host he sent,
 Reveal'd his vision and the gods intent,
 With his own purpose. All, without delay,
 The will of Jove and his desires obey.
 They list with women each degenerate name, 980
 Who dares not hazard life, for future fame.
 These they cashier: the brave remaining few,
 Oars, banks, and cables half consum'd renew.
 The prince designs a city with the plough;
 The lots their several tenements allow. 985

This

This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
 And the new king ascends the throne with joy.
 A chosen senate from the people draws;
 Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
 Then on the top of Eryx, they begin 990
 A rising temple to the Paphian queen:
 Anchises, last, is honour'd as a god;
 A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd;
 And groves are planted round his blest abode. }
 Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples crown'd;
 And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.
 Then, from the south arose a gentle breeze,
 That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas:
 The rising winds a rustling gale afford,
 And call the merry mariners aboard. 1000

Now loud laments along the shores resound,
 Of parting friends in close embraces bound.
 The trembling women, the degenerate train,
 Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
 Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share 1005
 Of the rough passage, and the promis'd war.
 Whom good Æneas cheers; and recommends
 To their new master's care, his fearful friends.
 On Eryx' altars three fat calves he lays;
 A lamb new fallen to the stormy seas; 1010 }
 Then slips his haufers, and his anchors weighs.
 High on the deck the godlike hero stands;
 With olive crown'd; a charger in his hands;
 Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
 And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine, 1015

Fresh gales arise, with equal strokes they vie,
And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.

Meantime the mother goddess, full of fears,
To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears:
The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage, 1020
The malice which no sufferings can assuage,
Compel me to these prayers: since neither fate,
Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate.
Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife;
Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife. 1025
As if 'twere little to consume the town
Which aw'd the world, and wore th' imperial crown;
She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains;
And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last remains.
Let her the causes of her hatred tell; 1030
But you can witness its effects too well.

You saw the storms she rais'd on Libyan floods,
That mix'd the mounting billows with the clouds;
When, bribing Æolus, she shook the main;
And mov'd rebellion in your watery reign. 1035
With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames
To burn their fleet with execrable flames:
And forc'd Æneas, when his ships were lost,
To leave his followers on a foreign coast:
For what remains, your godhead I implore; 1040
And trust my son to your protecting power.
If neither Jove's nor fate's decree withstand,
Secure his passage to the Latian land.

Then thus the mighty ruler of the main:
What may not Venus hope, from Neptune's reign?

My kingdom claims your birth: my late defence
Of your indanger'd fleet, may claim your confidence.
Nor less by land than sea, my deeds declare,
How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.

Thee, Xanthus, and thee, Simois, I attest: 1050

Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles prefs'd,

And drove before him headlong on the plain,

And dash'd against their walls the trembling train,

When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain: }

When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way, 1055 }

Stood-up on ridges to behold the sea;

New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his way: }

When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds,

Of force unequal, and unequal gods;

I spread a cloud before the victor's fight,

1060

Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight.

Ev'n then secur'd him, when I fought with joy

The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.

My will's the same: fair goddess, fear no more,

Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore:

1065

Their lives are given; one destin'd head alone

Shall perish, and for multitudes atone.

Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,

His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd.

Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,

1070

And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.

High on the waves his azure car he guides;

Its axles thunder, and the sea subsides;

And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides. }

The tempests fly before their father's face; 1075
 Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
 And monster whales before their master play,
 And choirs of tritons crowd the watery way.
 The martial'd powers in equal troops divide
 To right and left: the gods his better side 1080
 Inclose, and on the worse the nymphs and nereids ride. }

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
 Within the hero's mind, his joys renew'd.
 He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;
 The chearful crew with diligence obey; 1085
 They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea. }

A-head of all the master pilot steers,
 And, as he leads, the following navy veers.
 The steeds of night had travel'd half the sky,
 The drowsy rowers on their benches lie; 1090
 When the soft god of sleep, with easy flight,
 Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.
 Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey;
 To thee alone he takes his fatal way.

Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep he bears; 1095
 And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas wears.

Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
 The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
 The ships, without thy care, securely fail. }

Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I 1100
 Will take the rudder, and thy room supply.
 To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep;
 Me dost thou bid to trust the treacherous deep!

The

The harlot-smiles of her dissembling face,
 And to her faith commit the Trojan race? 1105
 Shall I believe the fyren south again,
 And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main?
 He said, his fasten'd hands the rudder keep,
 And, fix'd on heaven, his eyes repel invading sleep.
 The god was wroth, and at his temples threw 1110
 A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian dew:
 The pilot, vanquish'd by the power divine,
 Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
 Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
 The god, insulting with superior strength, 1115
 Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
 And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
 Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,
 Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain:
 The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air; 1120
 While the ship fails without the pilot's care.
 On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:
 But what the man forsook, the god supplies;
 And o'er the dangerous deep secure the navy flies: }
 Glides by the fyren's cliffs, a shelfy coast, 1125
 Long infamous for ships and sailors lost;
 And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars;
 And rocks rebellow from the founding shores.
 The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found
 The tossing vessel fail'd on shoaly ground. 1130
 Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
 The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.

Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breast,
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain express'd:
For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flattering sky, 1135
Thy naked corpse is doom'd on shores unknown to lie,

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF THE
ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy: she attends him to hell: describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises: who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration: and shews him that glorious race of heroes which was to descend from him and his posterity.

HE said, and wept: then spread his sails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cuman
shore: }

Their anchors dropt, his crew the vessels moor.
'They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land;
And greet, with greedy joy, th' Italian strand. 5
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery feed;
Some gather sticks the kindled flames to feed;
Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
Or trace through vallies the discover'd floods.

L 4

Thus,

Thus, while their several charges they fulfil, 10
 The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
 Where Phœbus is ador'd; and seeks the shade
 Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
 Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
 Thence full of fate returns, and of the god. 15
 Through Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
 And enter now the temple roof'd with gold.
 When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
 His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore
 (The first who fail'd in air), 'tis sung by fame, 20
 To the Cumæan coast at length he came;
 And here alighting, built this costly frame.
 Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
 The steerage of his wings, that cuts the sky;
 Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd 25
 Androgeos' death, and offerings to his ghost:
 Seven youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
 The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
 And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
 In which the destin'd names by lots were cast: 30
 The mournful parents stand around in tears;
 And rising Crete against their shore appears.
 There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
 The mad affection of the Cretan queen:
 Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye: 35
 The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,
 The lower part a beast, a man above,
 The monument of their polluted love.

Not

Nor far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze;
 A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways; 40
 Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
 Not to be found but by the faithful clue:
 Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
 Lent to the loving maid this last relief;
 And all those erring paths describ'd so well, 45
 That Theseus conquer'd, and the monster fell.
 Here hapless Icarus had found his part;
 Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
 He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold;
 Twice from his hands he drop'd the forming mould. 50

All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd:
 Each varying object his delight renew'd.
 Eager to read the rest, Achates came,
 And by his side the mad divining dame;
 The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name. 55
 Time suffers not, she said, to feed your eyes
 With empty pleasures: haste the sacrifice.
 Seven bullocks yet unyok'd, for Phœbus choose,
 And for Diana seven unspotted ewes.
 This said, the servants urge the sacred rites; 60
 While to the temple she the prince invites.
 A spacious cave, within its farthest part,
 Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art
 Through the hill's hollow sides: before the place,
 A hundred doors, a hundred entries grace: 65
 As many voices issue; and the sound
 Of Sibyls' words as many times rebound.

Now

Now to the mouth they come: Aloud she cries,
 This is the time; enquire your destinies.
 He comes, behold the god! Thus while she said 70
 (And shivering at the sacred entry staid),
 Her colour chang'd, her face was not the same,
 And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
 Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
 Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her labouring breast,
 Greater than human-kind she seem'd to look:
 And, with an accent more than mortal, spoke.
 Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
 When all the god came rushing on her soul.
 Swiftly she turn'd, and foaming as she spoke, 80
 Why this delay? she cried; the powers invoke:
 Thy prayers alone can open this abode,
 Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god.
 She said no more: the trembling Trojans hear;
 O'erspread with a damp sweat, and holy fear. 85
 The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
 His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
 Indulgent god, propitious power to Troy,
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy;
 Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart 90
 Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
 Thus far, by fate's decrees, and thy commands,
 Through ambient seas, and through devouring sands,
 Our exil'd crew has fought th' Ausonian ground;
 And now, at length, the flying coast is found; 95
 Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
 With fury has pursued her wandering race:

Here

Here cease, ye powers, and let your vengeance
end;

Troy is no more, and can no more offend.

And thou, O sacred maid! inspir'd to see 100

Th' event of things in dark futurity,

Give me, what heaven has promis'd to my fate,

To conquer and command the Latian state:

To fix my wandering gods, and find a place

For the long exiles of the Trojan race. 105

Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear

To the twin gods, with vows and solemn prayer;

And annual rites, and festivals, and games,

Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names;

Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land, 110

For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,

Preserv'd in shrines: and every sacred lay,

Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey:

All shall be treasur'd, by a chosen train

Of holy priests, and ever shall remain. 115

But, Oh! commit not thy prophetic mind

To flitting leaves, the sport of every wind,

Lest they disperse in air our empty fate:

Write not, but, what the powers ordain, relate.

Struggling in vain, impatient of her load, 120

And labouring underneath the ponderous god,

The more she strove to shake him from her breast,

With more, and far superior force he press'd:

Commands his entrance, and, without control,

Usurps her organs, and inspires her soul. 125

Now,

Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars
Within the cave; and Sibyl's voice restores:

Escap'd the dangers of the watery reign,
Yet more and greater ills, by land remain;
The coast so long desir'd (nor doubt th' event)
Thy troops shall reach, but having reach'd, repent.
Wars, horrid wars I view; a field of blood;
And Tyber rolling with a purple flood.

Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there;
A new Achilles shall in arms appear:
And he, too, goddess-born: fierce Juno's hate,
Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
To what strange nations shalt not thou resort!
Driven to solicit aid at every court!

The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd,
A foreign mistress and a foreign guest:
But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose:
The dawns of thy safety shall be shown,
From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian town.

Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke,
And the resisting air the thunder broke:
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.
Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her labouring breast,
In these mysterious words his mind express'd:
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest.
At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.

Then

Then thus the chief: No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new:

155

Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,

The fates, without my power, shall be without my care.

This let me crave, since near your grove the road

To hell lies open, and the dark abode,

160

Which Acheron surrounds, th' innavigable flood:

Conduct me through the regions void of light,

And lead me longing to my father's sight:

For him, a thousand dangers I have fought;

And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,

Safe on my back the sacred burden brought.

He, for my sake, the raging ocean try'd,

And wrath of heaven; my still auspicious guide,

And bore beyond the strength decrepit age supply'd.

Oft since he breath'd his last, in dead of night,

170

His reverend image stood before my sight;

Enjoin'd to seek below his holy shade;

Conducted there by your unerring aid:

But you, if pious minds by prayers are won,

Oblige the father, and protect the son.

175

Yours is the power; nor Proserpine in vain

Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.

If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,

The ruthless king with pity could inspire,

And from the shades below redeem his wife;

180

If Pollux, offering his alternate life,

Could free his brother; and can daily go

By turns aloft, by turns descend below;

Why

Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
 Who trod the downward path, and upward could ascend!
 Not less than theirs, from Jove my lineage came:
 My mother greater, my descent the same.
 So pray'd the Trojan prince; and, while he pray'd,
 His hand upon the holy altar laid.
 Then thus reply'd the prophetess divine: 190
 O goddess-born! of great Anchises' line,
 The gates of hell are open night and day:
 Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
 But, to return, and view the chearful skies,
 In this the task and mighty labour lies. 195
 To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
 And those of shining worth, and heavenly race.
 Betwixt those regions, and our upper light,
 Deep forests and impenetrable night
 Possess the middle space. Th' infernal bounds 200
 Cocytus, with his fable waves furrounds:
 But, if so dire a love your soul invades,
 As twice below to view the trembling shades;
 If you so hard a toil will undertake,
 As twice to pass th' innavigable lake, 205
 Receive my counsel. In the neighbouring grove
 There stands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove
 Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
 Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
 One bough it bears; but, wondrous to behold, 210
 The ductile rind, and leaves, of radiant gold:
 This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
 And to fair Proserpine the present borne,

Ere leave be given to tempt the nether skies:
 The first thus rent, a second will arise, 215 }
 And the same metal the same room supplies.
 Look round the wood, with lifted eyes to see
 The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
 Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
 The willing metal will obey thy hand, 220
 Following with ease, if favour'd by thy fate,
 Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
 If not, no labour can the tree constrain,
 And strength of stubborn arms, and steel are vain.
 Besides, you know not, while you here attend, 225
 Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
 Breathless he lies, and his unbury'd ghost,
 Depriv'd of funeral rites, pollutes your host.
 Pay first his pious dues: and, for the dead,
 Two fable sheep around his hearse be led: 230
 Then, living turfs upon his body lay;
 This done, securely take the destin'd way,
 To find the regions destitute of day. }
 She said: and held her peace. Æneas went
 Sad from the cave, and full of discontent; 235 }
 Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.
 Achates, the companion of his breast,
 Goes grieving by his side with equal cares oppress'd.
 Walking they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd
 What friend the priestesses, by those words, design'd: 240
 But soon they found an object to deplore;
 Misenus lay extended on the shore.

Son

Son of the god of winds; none so renown'd,
 The warrior trumpet in the field to found:
 With breathing brags to kindle fierce alarms, 245
 And rouse to dare their fate, in honourable arms.
 He serv'd great Hector; and was ever near,
 Not with his trumpet only, but his spear,
 But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
 He chose Æneas, and he chose as well. 250
 Swoln with applause, and aiming still at more,
 He now provokes the sea-gods from the shore;
 With envy Triton heard the martial sound,
 And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd.
 Then cast his mangled carcase on the strand; 255
 The gazing crowd around the body stand.
 All weep, but most Æneas mourns his fate,
 And hastens to perform the funeral state.
 In altar-wise a stately pile they rear;
 The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air. 260
 An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd
 (The shady covert of the savage kind)
 The Trojans found: the sounding ax is ply'd:
 Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the towering pride
 Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke, 265
 And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.
 Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown
 Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
 Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
 And, by his pious labour, urges theirs. 270
 Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
 The ways to compass what his wish design'd,

He

He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
 And then, with vows, implor'd the queen of love:
 O may thy power, propitious still to me, 275
 Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
 In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
 Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death.
 Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight, 280
 Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
 Secure upon the grassy plain alight. }
 He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
 Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid;
 And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
 Whose glittering shadow gilds the sacred ground: 285
 And thou, great parent! with celestial care,
 In this distress, be present to my prayer.
 Thus having said, he stopp'd: with watchful sight
 Observing still the motions of their flight,
 What course they took, what happy signs they shew; }
 They fed, and, fluttering by degrees, withdrew
 Still farther from the place, but still in view: }
 Hopping, and flying, thus they led him on
 To the flow lake: whose baleful stench to shun,
 They wing'd their flight aloft; then stooping low,
 Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden bough.
 Through the green leaves the glittering shadows glow;
 As on the sacred oak, the wintery mistleto:
 Where the proud mother views her precious brood;
 And happier branches, which she never sow'd. 300
 Such was the glittering, such the ruddy rind,
 And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.

He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold,
 And rent away, with ease, the lingering gold:
 Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize. 305 }
 Mean time, the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,
 To dead Misenus pay his obsequies. }
 First from the ground a lofty pile they rear,
 Of pitch-trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:
 The fabric's front, with cypress twigs they strew, 310
 And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yeugh.
 The topmost part, his glittering arms adorn;
 Warm waters, then, in brazen cauldrons borne,
 Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint:
 And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint. 315
 With groans and cries Misenus they deplore:
 Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
 The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
 And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away }
 (Such reverend rites their fathers us'd to pay). 320 }
 Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,
 And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.
 These gifts, the greedy flames to dust devour;
 Then, on the living coals, red wine they pour:
 And last, the relicks by themselves dispose, 325
 Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.
 Old Chorineus compass'd thrice the crew,
 And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew;
 Which thrice he sprinkled round, and thrice aloud
 Invok'd the dead, and then dismiss'd the crowd. 330

But

But good Æneas order'd on the shore
A stately tomb; whose top a trumpet bore;
A soldier's fauchion, and a seaman's oar. }
Thus was his friend interr'd: and deathless fame
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name. 335

These rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,
Hastes to the nether world his destin'd way.
Deep was the cape; and downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;
And here th' access a gloomy grove defends; 340
And here th' unnavigable lake extends.
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
Such deadly stench from the depth arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies. 345
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake.
Four fable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
For sacrifice the pious hero brought;
The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns; 350
Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation burns,
Invoking Hecate hither to repair
(A powerful name in hell, and upper air).
The sacred priests with ready knives bereave
The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive 355
The streaming blood: a lamb to hell and night
(The fable wool without a streak of white)
Æneas offers: and, by fate's decree,
A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee.

With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills: 360
 Seven brawny bulls with his own hand he kills:
 Then, on the broiling entrails, oil he pours;
 Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours:
 Late, the nocturnal sacrifice begun;
 Nor ended, till the next returning sun. 365

'Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
 And howling dogs in glimmering light advance,
 Ere Hecate came: Far hence be souls profane,
 The Sibyl cry'd, and from the grove abstain.
 Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford, 370
 Assume thy courage, and unsheath thy sword.
 She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space,
 The prince pursu'd her steps with equal pace.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human fight,
 Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night, 375
 Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
 The mystic wonders of your silent state.

Obscure they went through dreary shades, that led
 Along the waste dominions of the dead:
 Thus wander travellers in woods by night, 380
 By the moon's doubtful and malignant light:
 When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
 And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
 Revengeful cares and sullen sorrows dwell; 385
 And pale diseases, and repining age;
 Want, fear, and famine's unresisted rage:
 Here toils, and death, and death's half-brother, sleep,
 Forms terrible to view, their centry keep:

With anxious pleasures of a guilty mind,
 Deep frauds before, and open force behind:
 The furies iron beds, and strife that shakes
 Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.
 Full in the midst of this infernal road,
 An elm displays her dusky arms abroad: 395
 The god of sleep there hides his heavy head,
 And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.
 Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more;
 Centaurs, and double shapes, besiege the door:
 Before the passage horrid Hydra stands, 400
 And Briareus with all his hundred hands:
 Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame,
 And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.
 The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,
 Though seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,
 Offering his brandish'd weapon at their face,
 Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,
 And told him what those empty phantoms were;
 Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
 Hence to deep Acheron they take their way, 410
 Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
 Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost:
 There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast;
 A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
 A length of beard descends; uncomb'd, unclean: 415
 His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire:
 A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.
 He spreads his canvas, with his pole he steers;
 The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.

He look'd in years; yet in his years were seen 420
 A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
 An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
 Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood,
 Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
 And mighty heroes more majestic shades, 425
 And youths, intomb'd before their fathers' eyes.
 With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries,
 Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods:
 Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
 And wing their hasty flight to happier lands: 430
 Such, and so thick, the shivering army stands;
 And press for passage with extended hands. }

Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:
 The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
 The hero, who beheld, with wondering eyes, 435
 The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,
 Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant?
 Why to the shore the thronging people bent?
 What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd?
 Why some were ferry'd o'er, and some refus'd? 440

Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,
 The Sibyl said, you see the Stygian floods,
 The sacred streams, which heaven's imperial state
 Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
 The ghosts rejected, are th' unhappy crew 445
 Depriv'd of sepulchres, and funeral due.
 The boatman Charon; those, the bury'd host,
 He ferries over to the farther coast,

Nor

Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves,
 With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.
 A hundred years they wander on the shore,
 At length, their penance done, are wasted o'er.
 The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd;
 Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.
 He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
 Their funeral honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet
 graves.

The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew;
 And the brave leader of the Lycian crew:
 Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas the tempests met;
 The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erfet. 460
 Amidst the spirits Palinurus press'd;
 Yet fresh from life; a new admitted guest.
 Who, while he steering, view'd the stars, and bore
 His course from Africk, to the Latian shore,
 Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view, 465
 And scarcely through the gloom the fullen shadow knew.
 Then thus the prince: What envious power, O friend,
 Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?
 For Phœbus, ever true in all he said,
 Has, in your fate alone, my faith betray'd. 470
 The god foretold, you should not die, before
 You reach'd, secure from seas, the Italian shore.
 Is this th' unerring power? The ghost reply'd,
 Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers ly'd;
 Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep: 475
 But while the stars, and course of heaven I keep,
 My weary'd eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep. }

I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd
 Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
 Now by the winds, and raging waves, I swear, 480
 Your safety, more than mine, was then my care:
 Left, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
 Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
 Three blustering nights, borne by the southern blast,
 I floated, and discover'd land at last: 485
 High on a mountain wave my head I bore;
 Forcing my strength, and gathering to the shore:
 Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
 The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
 While, cumber'd with my dropping cloaths, I lay, 490
 The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
 Stain'd with my blood th' unhospitable coast:
 And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are
 tost:
 Which O avert, by yon ethereal light
 Which I have lost, for this eternal night: 495
 Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
 By your dead fire, and by your living son,
 Redeem from this reproach my wandering ghost,
 Or with your navy seek the Velin coast;
 And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose: 500
 Or, if a nearer way your mother shows,
 Without whose aid, you durst not undertake
 This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake;
 Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
 'To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore. 505
 Scarce

Scarce had he said, the prophets began,
 What hopes delude thee, miserable man?
 Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd, to cross the floods,
 To view the furies, and infernal gods;
 And visit, without leave, the dark abodes? } 510
 Attend the term of long, revolving years:
 Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
 This comfort of thy dire misfortune take;
 The wrath of heaven, inflicted for thy sake,
 With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast, } 515
 Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
 And raise a tomb, with vows, and solemn prayer;
 And Palinurus' name the place shall bear.
 This calm'd his cares, sooth'd with his future fame,
 And pleas'd to hear his propagated name. } 520

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw,
 Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw:
 Observ'd their passage through the shady wood,
 And mark'd their near approaches to the flood:
 Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath; } 525
 Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
 In arms presum'st to tread, I charge thee stand,
 And tell thy name, and business in the land.
 Know this, the realm of night; the Stygian shore:
 My boat conveys no living bodies o'er: } 530
 Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear,
 Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear;
 Nor strong Alcides, men of mighty fame;
 And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.

In

In fetters one the barking porter ty'd, 535
 And took him trembling from his sovereign's side: }
 Two fought by force to seize his beauteous bride. }
 To whom the Sibyl thus: Compose thy mind:
 Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
 Still may the dog the wandering troops constrain 540
 Of airy ghosts; and vex the guilty train: }
 And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain. }
 The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
 Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love, }
 Is sent to seek his fire, in your Elysian grove. 545 }
 If neither piety, nor heaven's command,
 Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
 This fatal present shall prevail at least;
 Then shew'd the shining bough, conceal'd within her
 vest.

No more was needful, for the gloomy god 550
 Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod:
 Admir'd the destin'd offering to the queen
 (A venerable gift so rarely seen).
 His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land;
 The ghosts forsake their seats at his command: 555
 He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight,
 The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
 Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides:
 The pressing water pours within her sides.
 His passengers, at length, are wafted o'er; 560
 Expos'd in muddy weeds upon the miry shore.
 No sooner landed, in his den they found
 The triple porter of the Stygian sound,

Grim

Grim Cerberus; who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair. 565
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A sop in honey steep'd to charm the guard.
Which, mix'd with powerful drugs, she cast before
His greedy, grinding jaws, just op'd to roar:
With three enormous mouths he gapes, and straight,
With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way. 575
Before the gates, the cries of babes new born,
Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,
Assault his ears: then those whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause.
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review 580
The wrongful sentence, and award a new.
Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears,
And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
Round, in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls. 585
The next in place, and punishment, are they
Who prodigally throw their souls away;
Fools, who repining at their wretched state,
And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
With late repentance now they would retrieve 590
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live.
Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
To view the light of heaven, and breathe the vital air.
But

But fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
And, with nine circling streams, the captive soul inclose.

Not far from thence, the mournful fields appear;
So call'd, from lovers that inhabit there.

The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In secret solitude, and myrtle shades,
Make endless moans, and, pining with desire, 600
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.

Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphaë there,
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair. 605

There Laodamia, with Evadne moves:
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves.

Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man;
But ending in the sex she first began.
Not far from these Phænician Dido stood, 610
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood.

Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view
(Doubtful as he who runs through dusky night,
Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light); 615

With tears he first approach'd the fullen shade,
And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death,

And I, alas, the cause! By heaven, I vow, 620

And all the powers that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state:

Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate,

Those

Those gods, that fate, whose unresisted might
 Have sent me to these regions, void of light: 625 }
 Through the vast empire of eternal night.

Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
 My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
 Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows,
 'Tis the last interview that fate allows! 630

In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,
 With tears and prayers, and late repenting love:
 Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
 But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground:
 And what he says, and swears, regards no more, 635
 Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar.

But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
 Hid in the forest, and the shades of night.
 Then fought Sichæus, through the shady grove,
 Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.

Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
 And follow'd with his eyes the sitting shade.
 Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
 And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
 Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls }
 remain'd.

Tideus he met, with Meleager's race, }
 The pride of armies, and the soldiers grace;
 And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face. }
 Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a numerous train:
 All much lamented, all in battle slain. 650

Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,
 Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest:
 And

And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
 Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.
 The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend, 655
 And, with unwearied eyes, behold their friend.
 Delight to hover near, and long to know
 What business brought him to the realms below.

But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
 When his refulgent arms flash'd through the shady plain,
 Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,
 As when his thundering sword and pointed spear
 Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the
 routed rear. }

They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes;
 But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.
 Here Priam's son, Deiphobus he found,
 Whose face and limbs were one continued wound.
 Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
 Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.
 He scarcely knew him, striving to disown 670
 His blotted form, and blushing to be known.
 And therefore first began: O Teucer's race,
 Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
 What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this dire
 disgrace? }

'Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal night, 675
 Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight:
 Till, tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
 And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
 But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,
 A tomb and funeral honours I decreed: 680

Thrice

Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
 The place your armour and your name retains.
 Your body too I fought; and, had I found,
 Design'd for burial in your native ground.

The ghost reply'd: Your piety has paid 685
 All needful rites to rest my wandering shade:

But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
 To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.
 These are the monuments of Helen's love:

The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above. 690

You know in what deluding joys we past

The night, that was by heaven decreed our last.

For, when the fatal horse descending down,

Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town,

She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed, 695

And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led;

Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,

Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambuscade.

With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,

Unhappy I had laid me down to rest; 700

And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.

Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislay'd;

And, from beneath my head, my sword convey'd:

The door unlatch'd; and, with repeated calls,

Invites her former lord within my walls. 705

Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,

And with new treasons would redeem the past.

What need I more? Into the room they ran,

And meanly murder'd a defenceless man,

Ulysses,

Ulysses, basely born, first led the way: 710 }
 Avenging power! with justice if I pray,
 That fortune be their own another day! }

But answer you; and in your turn relate,
 What brought you, living to the Stygian state?
 Driven by the winds and errors of the sea, 715 }
 Or did you heaven's superior doom obey? }
 Or tell what other chance conducts your way?
 To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
 Tumults and torments of th' infernal seats?

While thus, in talk, the flying hours they pass, 720
 The sun had finish'd more than half his race:

And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent
 The little time of stay, which heaven had lent.

But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay;
 Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day: 725

'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides;
 The right, to Pluto's golden palace guides;

The left to that unhappy region tends, 730 }
 Which to the depth of Tartarus descends; }

The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends.

Then thus Deiphobus: O sacred maid!

Forbear to chide; and be your will obey'd:

Lo to the secret shadows I retire,

To pay my penance till my years expire.

Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd, 735

And born to better fates than I have found.

He said; and while he said, his steps he turn'd

To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.

The

The hero, looking on the left, espy'd
 A lofty tower, and strong on every side 740
 With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,
 Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds:
 And, press'd betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noise }
 resounds.

Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high
 With adamantine columns, threats the sky. 745
 Vain is the force of man, and heaven's as vain,
 To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.

Sublime on these a tower of steel is rear'd,
 And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward.
 Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day, 750
 Observant of the souls that pass the downward way:
 From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains
 Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chains.

The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,
 And ask'd his guide, from whence those yells arise?
 And what the crimes and what the tortures were,
 And loud laments that rent the liquid air?
 She thus reply'd: The chaste and holy race
 Are all forbidden this polluted place.

But Hecate, when she gave to rule the woods,
 Then led me trembling through those dire abodes, }
 And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.

These are the realms of unrelenting fate:
 And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state:
 He hears and judges each committed crime; 765
 Inquires into the manner, place, and time.

The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal:
 Loth to confess, unable to conceal:
 From the first moment of his vital breath,
 To this last hour of unrepenting death. 770
 Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the fury shakes
 The sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes: }
 And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes.
 Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal door:
 With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar. 775
 You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
 Commands the guard, what centries keep the post.
 More formidable Hydra stands within;
 Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
 The gaping gulph, low to the centre lies; 780
 And twice as deep as earth is distant from the skies.
 The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
 Here sing'd with lightning, roll within th' unfathom'd
 space.
 Here lie th' Alæan twins (I saw them both),
 Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth; 875
 Who dar'd in fight the thunderer to defy;
 Affect his heaven, and force him from the sky.
 Salmoneus, suffering cruel pains I found,
 For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
 Of mimic thunder, and the glittering blaze 190
 Of pointed lightnings, and their forked rays.
 Through Elis and the Grecian towns he flew:
 Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew
 He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
 Sought godlike worship from a servile train.

Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to pass
O'er hollow arches, of resounding brass;
To rival thunder, in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force.

But he, the king of heaven, obscure on high, 800
Bar'd his red arm, and launching from the sky
His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon strook.
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
From heaven; his nursing from the foodful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space.

A ravenous vulture in his open'd side,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd:
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast; 810
The growing liver still supply'd the feast.
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
'Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food remains.

Ixion and Pirithous I could name;
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame. 815
High o'er their heads a mouldering rock is plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at every blast.
They lie below, on golden beds display'd,
And genial feasts, with regal pomp, are made.

The queen of furies by their sides is set, 820
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat.
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears:
Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears.
Then they, who brothers better claim disown,
Expel their parents, and usurp the throne; 825

Defraud their clients, and to lucre fold,
 Sit brooding on unprofitable gold:
 Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
 To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend;
 Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train 830
 Of lustful youths, for foul adultery slain.
 Hosts of deserters, who their honour sold,
 And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold:
 All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
 Despairing pardon, and expecting pain. 835
 Ask not what pains; nor farther seek to know
 Their process, or the forms of law below.
 Some roll a mighty stone; some laid along,
 And, bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels
 are hung.

Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there, 840
 Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair:

And wretched Phlegias warns the world with cries
 (Could warning make the world more just or wise),
 Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging deities. }
 To tyrants others have their country sold, 845
 Imposing foreign lords, for foreign gold:
 Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made;
 Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.
 With incest some their daughters bed profan'd.
 All dar'd the worst of ills, and what they dar'd, attain'd.
 Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
 And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
 I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
 Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.

But

But let us haste our voyage to pursue ; 855
 The walls of Pluto's palace are in view :
 The gate, and iron arch above it, stands
 On anvils, labour'd by the Cyclops hands.
 Before our farther way the fates allow,
 Here must we fix on high the golden bough. 860
 She said ; and through the gloomy shades they pass,
 And chose the middle path : arriv'd at last,
 The prince, with living water, sprinkled o'er
 His limbs and body, then approach'd the door.
 Possess'd the porch, and on the front above 865
 He fix'd the fatal bough, requir'd by Pluto's love.
 These holy rites perform'd, they took their way,
 Where long-extended plains of pleasure lay.
 The verdant fields with those of heaven may vie ;
 With æther vested, and a purple sky : 870
 The blissful seats of happy souls below :
 Stars of their own, and their own suns they know.
 Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
 And, on the green, contend the wrestler's prize.
 Some, in heroic verse, divinely sing,
 Others in artful measures lead the ring.
 The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
 There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest.
 His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
 Strike seven distinguish'd notes, and seven at once they
 fill.

Here found they Teucer's old heroic race ;
 Born better times, and happier years to grace.

Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
 Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
 The chief beheld their chariots from afar, 885
 Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war:
 Their lances fix'd in earth, their steeds around,
 Free from their harness, graze the flowery ground.
 The love of horses which they had, alive,
 And care of chariots, after death survive. 890
 Some chearful souls, were feasting on the plain;
 Some did the song, and some the choir maintain:
 Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
 Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
 Here patriots live, who for their country's good, 895
 In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood;
 Priests of unblemish'd lives here made abode,
 And poets worthy their aspiring god:
 And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
 Who grac'd their age with new invented arts. 900
 Those who, to worth, their bounty did extend;
 And those who knew that bounty to commend.
 The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
 And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.

To these, the Sibyl thus her speech address'd; 905 }
 And first to him surrounded by the rest; }
 Towering his height, and ample was his breast: }
 Say, happy souls, divine Musæus say,
 Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
 To find the hero, for whose only sake 910
 We fought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter lake?
 To

To this the sacred poet thus reply'd,
 In no fix'd place the happy souls reside;
 In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
 By crystal streams, that murmur through the meads:
 But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend,
 The path conducts you to your journey's end.
 This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
 And shews them all the shining fields below;
 They wind the hill, and through the blissful mea-
 dows go.

920

But old Anchises, in a flowery vale,
 Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale.
 Those happy spirits, which, ordain'd by fate,
 For future being, and new bodies wait,
 With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious throng,
 In nature's order as they pass'd along.
 Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
 In peaceful senates, and successful war.
 He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
 Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
 Welcome, he said, the gods undoubted race,
 O long expected to my dear embrace;
 Once more 'tis given me to behold your face!
 The love and pious duty which you pay,
 Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
 'Tis true, computing times I now believ'd
 The happy day approach'd, nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
 What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,
 What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast?

930

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The happy day approach'd, nor are my hopes deceiv'd.

What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,

What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast?

How have I fear'd your fate! But fear'd it most 940
When love assail'd you on the Libyan coast.

To this, the filial duty thus replies:

Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes
Appear'd; and often urg'd this painful enterprize.

After long toiling on the Tyrrhene sea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.

But reach your hand, oh parent shade, nor shun
The dear embraces of your longing son!

He said, and falling tears his face bedew :

Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw: 950

And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.

Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan fees

A separate grove, through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through
the trees.

And just before the confines of the wood,

The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.

About the boughs an airy nation flew,

Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;

In summer's heat, on tops of lilies feed, 960

And creep within their bells, to fuck the balmy feed.

The winged army roams the field around ;

The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.

Æneas wondering stood: then ask'd the cause,

Which to the stream the crowding people draws. 965

Then thus the fire: The souls that throng the flood

Are those, to whom, by fate, are other bodies ow'd:
In

In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste;
 Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
 Long has my soul desir'd this time and place, 970
 To set before your sight your glorious race.
 That this presaging joy may fire your mind,
 To seek the shores by destiny design'd.
 O Father, can it be, that souls sublime,
 Return to visit our terrestrial clime? 975
 And that the generous mind, releas'd by death,
 Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?
 Anchises, then, in order thus begun
 To clear those wonders to his godlike son:
 Know first, that heaven and earth's compacted frame,
 And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
 And both the radiant lights, one common soul
 Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
 This active mind infus'd through all the space,
 Unites and mingles with the mighty mass. 985
 Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain;
 And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
 Th' æthereal vigour is in all the same,
 And every soul is fill'd with equal flame:
 As much as earthy limbs, and gross alloy 990
 Of mortal members, subject to decay,
 Blunt not the beams of heaven and edge of day.
 From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
 Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts:
 And grief and joy, nor can the groveling mind,
 In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
 Assert the native skies, or own its heavenly kind. }
 Nor

Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains:
 But long-contracted filth, e'en in the soul, remains.
 The relicks of inveterate vice they wear: 1000
 And spots of sin obscene in every face appear.
 For this are various penances injoin'd;
 And some are hung to bleach upon the wind;
 Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires, 1005
 Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires!
 All have their Manes, and those Manes bear:
 The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
 And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air. }
 Then are they happy, when, by length of time,
 The scurf is worn away of each committed crime.
 No speck is left of their habitual stains;
 But the pure æther of the soul remains.
 But when a thousand rolling years are past
 (So long their punishments and penance last);
 Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god, 1015
 Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood:
 In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
 Of their past labours, and their irksome years.
 That, unremembering of its former pain,
 The soul may suffer mortal flesh again. 1020
 Thus having said; the father spirit leads
 The priestests and his son through swarms of shades,
 And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
 The long procession of his progeny.
 Survey (pursu'd the fire) this airy throng; 1025
 As, offer'd to the view, they pass along.

These

These are th' Italian names, which fate will join
 With ours, and graft upon the Trojan line.
 Observe the youth who first appears in fight,
 And holds the nearest station to the light, 1030
 Already seems to snuff the vital air,
 And leans just forward on a shining spear;
 Silvius is he: thy last-begotten race,
 But first in order sent, to fill thy place.
 An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood: 1035
 Born in the covert of a shady wood:
 Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
 Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.
 In Alba he shall fix his royal seat:
 And, born a king, a race of kings beget. 1040
 Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
 Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.
 And second Silvius after these appears;
 Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears,
 For arms and justice equally renown'd: 1045
 Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
 How great they look, how vigorously they wield
 Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
 But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
 Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear: 1050
 Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia found;
 And raise Colatian towers on rocky ground.
 All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
 Though now they lie obscure, and lands without a
 name.

See

See Romulus the great, born to restore 1055
 The crown that once his injur'd grandfire wore.
 This prince, a priestess of your blood shall bear;
 And, like his fire, in arms he shall appear.
 Two rising crests his royal head adorn;
 Born from a god, himself to godhead born. 1060
 His fire, already, signs him for the skies,
 And marks the seat amidst the deities.
 Auspicious chief! thy race in times to come
 Shall spread the conquest of imperial Rome.
 Rome, whose ascending towers shall heaven invade;
 Involving earth and ocean in her shade.
 High as the mother of the gods in place;
 And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
 Then when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,
 With golden turrets on her temples crown'd, 1070
 A hundred gods her sweeping train supply;
 Her offspring all, and all command the sky.
 Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
 Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.

The mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour, 1075
 Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd power.
 But next behold the youth of form divine,
 Cæsar himself, exalted in his line;
 Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
 Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old; 1080 }
 Born to restore a better age of gold.
 Afric and India shall his power obey,
 He shall extend his propagated sway
 Beyond the solar year, without the starry way. }

Where

Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around: 1085
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.

At his fore-seen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.
Their fears behold the tempests from afar,
And threatening oracles denounce the war. 1090

Nile hears him knocking at his seven-fold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew fates.
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew;
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar, 1095
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.

Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nifus' top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins. 1100

And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour, and a crown in view?
But what's the man, who from afar appears,
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears?
His hoary head and holy vestments bring 1105
His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.

He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain:
Call'd from his mean abode, a sceptre to sustain.
Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds;
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds. 1110

He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
Disus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
By dint of sword, his crown he shall increase,
And scour his armour from the rust of peace,

Whom

Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air 1115
But vain within, and proudly popular.

Next view the Tarquin kings: th' avenging sword
Of Brutus justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.

He first renews the rods, and ax severe;
And gives the consuls royal robes to wear. 1120

His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy scourg'd, in open sight,
He dooms to death deserv'd: asserting public right.

Unhappy man, to break the pious laws 1125
Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!

Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:

The consul, not the father, sheds the blood. }
Behold Torquatus the same track pursue; 1130

And next, the two devoted Decii view.

The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'er-
come.

The pair you see in equal armour shine;
(Now, friends below, in close embraces join > 1135

But when they leave the shady realms of night,
And, cloath'd in bodies, breathe your upper light),

With mortal heat each other shall pursue:

What wars, what wounds, what slaughter, shall ensue.

From Alpine heights the father first descends; 1140 }

His daughter's husband in the plain attends:

His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends. }

Embrace

Embrace again, my sons; be foes no more:
 Nor stain your country with her children's gore.
 And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim; 1145
 Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name.
 Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
 And to the capitol his chariot guide;
 From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
 And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils, 1150
 On Argos shall impose the Roman laws:
 And, on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan cause:
 Shall drag in chains their Achillæan race;
 Shall vindicate his ancestors disgrace:
 And Pallas, for her violated place. 1155 }
 Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
 And conquering Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.
 Who can omit the Gracchi, who declare
 The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
 The double bane of Carthage? Who can see, 1160
 Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
 Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
 The Ploughman consul in his coarse attire!
 Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
 And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name, 1165
 Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
 And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
 Let others better mould the running mass
 Of medals, and inform the breathing bras;
 And, soften into flesh a marble face: 1170 }
 Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
 And when the stars descend, and when they rise.

But,

But, Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful sway,
 To rule mankind, and make the world obey;
 Disposing peace, and war, thy own majestic way. }
 To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free;
 These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.
 He paus'd: and while with wondering eyes they view'd
 The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
 See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils, 1180
 He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!
 He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
 Requires his courage, and his conquering arms,
 Shall more than once the Punic bands affright:
 Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight: 1185
 Then, to the capitol in triumph move,
 And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove.
 Æneas, here, beheld of form divine
 A godlike youth, in glittering armour shine;
 With great Marcellus keeping equal pace; 1190
 But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face:
 He saw, and, wondering, ask'd his airy guide,
 What, and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's
 side?
 His son, or one of his illustrious name,
 How like the former, and almost the same: 1195
 Observe the crowds that compass him around:
 All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
 But hovering mists around his brows are spread,
 And night, with fable shades, involves his head.
 Seek not to know (the ghost reply'd with tears) 1200
 The sorrows of thy sons in future years,

This

This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
 Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
 The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state;
 Were but their gifts as permanent as great. 1205
 What groans of men shall fill the Martian field!
 How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
 What funeral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
 When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
 No youth shall equal hopes of glory give: 1210
 No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
 The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast;
 Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!
 Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
 Undaunted worth, inviolable truth! 1215
 No foe unpunish'd in the fighting field,
 Shall dare thee foot to foot, with sword and shield:
 Much less, in arms oppose thy matchless force,
 When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
 Ah, couldst thou break through fate's severe decree,
 A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
 Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
 Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring:
 Let me with funeral flowers his body strow,
 This gift which parents to their children owe, 1225 }
 This unavailing gift, at least I may bestow!
 Thus having said, he led the hero round
 The confines of the blest Elysian ground,
 Which, when Anchises to his son had shown,
 And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne, 1230

He tells the future wars ordain'd by fate;
 The strength and customs of the Latian state:
 The prince, and people: and fore-arms his care
 With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.
 Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn; 1235
 Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn;
 True visions through transparent horn arise;
 Through polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.
 Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
 Anchises hither bends his steps at last. 1240
 Then, through the gate of ivory, he dismiss'd
 His valiant offspring, and divining guest.
 Straight to the ships Æneas took his way;
 Embark'd his men, and skim'd along the sea:
 Still coasting, till he gain'd Cajeta's bay. 1245
 At length on oozy ground his gallies moor:
 Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF THE

Æ N E I S.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alesto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name;
Cajeta still the place is called from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains, 5
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.
Now, when the prince her funeral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.

From land a gentle breeze arose by night,
 Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright, 10 }
 And the sea trembled with her silver light.
 Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run
 (Circe the rich, the daughter of the sun),
 A dangerous coast: the goddess wastes her days
 In joyous songs, the rocks rebound her lays: 15
 In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night,
 And cedar brands supply her father's light.
 From hence were heard (rebellowing to the main)
 The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
 The grunts of bristled boars; and groans of bears, 20
 And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors ears.
 These from their caverns, at the close of night,
 Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
 Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's power
 (That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour) 25
 With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
 Had alter'd, and in wicked shapes confin'd.
 Which monsters, lest the Trojans pious host
 Should bear or touch upon th' enchanted coast:
 Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night, 30
 With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.
 Supply'd with these, they skim the founding shore,
 And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.
 Now when the rosy morn began to rise,
 And weav'd her saffron streamer through the skies; 35
 When Thetis blush'd in purple, not her own,
 And from her face the breathing winds are blown,
 A sudden

A sudden silence fate upon the sea,
 And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.
 The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood, 40
 Which thick with shades and a brown horror stood:
 Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,
 With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force
 That drove the sand along, he took his way,
 And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea. 45
 About him, and above, and round the wood,
 The birds that haunt the borders of his flood;
 That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
 To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd,
 The captain gives command; the joyful train 50
 Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.

Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,
 And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.
 Relate what Latium was: her ancient kings:
 Declare the past, and present state of things: 55
 When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia fought;
 And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought,
 These are my theme, and how the war began,
 And how concluded by the godlike man.
 For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage, 60
 Which princes and their people did engage:
 And haughty souls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,
 In fighting fields pursu'd and found their fate:
 That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
 And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms. 65
 A larger scene of action is display'd,
 And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd
 The Latium sceptre, and his people blest'd:
 His father Faunus; a Laurentian dame 70
 His mother, fair Marica was her name.
 But Faunus came from Picus, Picus drew
 His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
 Thus King Latinus, in the third degree,
 Had Saturn author of his family. 75
 But this old peaceful prince, as heaven decreed,
 Was blest'd with no male issue to succeed:
 His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate:
 One only daughter heir'd the royal state.
 Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led, 80
 The neighbouring princes court her nuptial bed.
 Among the crowd, but far above the rest,
 Young Turnus to theauteous maid address'd.
 Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,
 Was first, and favour'd by the Latian queen: 85
 With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand;
 But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.
 Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood
 A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;
 Where rites divine were paid; whose holy hair 90
 Was kept, and cut with superstitious care.
 This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
 Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd:
 And last, in honour of his new abode,
 He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god, 95
 It happen'd once (a boding prodigy)
 A swarm of bees that cut the liquid sky,

Unknown

Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,
 Upon the topmast branch in clouds alight:
 There, with their clasping feet together clung, 100
 And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
 An ancient Augur prophesy'd from hence:
 Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince!
 From the same parts of heaven his navy stands,
 To the same parts on earth: his army lands; 105 }
 The town he conquers, and the tower commands.
 Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
 Before the gods, and stood beside her fire;
 Strange to relate, the flames involv'd the smoke
 Of incense, from the sacred altar broke: 110
 Caught her dishevel'd hair and rich attire;
 Her crowns and jewels crackled in the fire:
 From thence the fuming trail began to spread,
 And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
 This new portent the seer with wonder views; 115
 Then pausing thus, his prophecy renews:
 The nymph who scatters flaming fires around,
 Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown'd;
 But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
 War shall the country waste, and change the state. 120
 Latinus frighted with this dire oment,
 For counsel to his father Faunus went:
 And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy,
 Which near Albunea's sulphurous fountain lie.
 To those the Latian and the Sabine land 125
 Fly, when distress'd, and thence relief demand.

The priest on skins of offerings takes his ease;
 And nightly visions in his slumber sees:
 A swarm of thin ærial shapes appears,
 And, fluttering round his temples, deafs his ears: 130
 These he consults, the future fates to know,
 From powers above, and from the fiends below.
 Here, for the god's advice, Latinus flies,
 Offering a hundred sheep for sacrifice:
 Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd, 135
 He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.
 No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
 When, from above, a more than mortal sound
 Invades his ears: and thus the vision spoke:
 Seek not, my feed, in Latian bands to yoke 140
 Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
 A foreign son upon the shore descends,
 Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.
 His race in arms, and arts of peace renown'd,
 Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound: 145
 'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around.
 These answers in the silent night receiv'd,
 The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd:
 The fame through all the neighbouring nations flew,
 When now the Trojan navy was in view. 150
 Beneath a shady tree the hero spread
 His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;
 And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.
 They fate, and (not without the god's command)
 Their homely fare dispatch'd: the hungry band 155
 Invade

Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
 To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flower.
 Ascanius this observ'd, and, smiling said,
 See, we devour the plates on which we fed.
 The speech had omen, that the Trojan race 160
 Should find repose, and this the time and place.
 Æneas took the word, and thus replies:
 (Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes)
 All hail, O earth! all hail my household gods,
 Behold the destin'd place of your abodes! 165
 For thus Anchises prophesy'd of old,
 And this our fatal place of rest foretold.
 " When on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
 " By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat,
 " Then ease your weary Trojans will attend: 170
 " And the long labours of your voyage end.
 " Remember on that happy coast to build:
 " And with a trench inclose the fruitful field."
 This was that famine, this the fatal place,
 Which ends the wandering of our exil'd race. 175
 Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ
 To search the land, and where the cities lie,
 And what the men: but give this day to joy. }
 Now pour to Jove, and after Jove is blest,
 Call great Anchises to the genial feast: 180
 Crown high the goblets with a chearful draught;
 Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future thought.
 Thus having said, the hero bound his brows
 With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows:

Adoring

Adoring first the genius of the place, 185
 Then earth, the mother of the heavenly race;
 The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,
 And night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne:
 And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove;
 And last his fire below, and mother queen above. 190

Then heaven's high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud;
 And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.
 Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew:
 The time was come their city to renew:
 Then every brow with chearful green is crown'd, 195
 The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.

When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
 The scouts to several parts divide their way,
 To learn the natives names, their towns, explore
 The coast, and trendings of the crooked shore: 200
 Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus stands,
 Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.

The pious chief, who fought by peaceful ways
 To found his empire, and his town to raise,
 A hundred youths from all his train selects, 205
 And to the Latian court their course directs
 (The spacious palace where the prince resides):
 And all their heads with wreaths of olives hides.
 They go commission'd to require a peace;
 And carry presents to procure access. 210

Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs
 The new-elected feat, and draws the lines:
 The Trojans round the place a rampart cast,
 And palisades about the trenches plac'd.

Mean

Mean time the train, proceeding on their way, 215
 From far the town, and lofty towers survey:
 At length approach the walls: without the gate
 They see the boys and Latian youth debate
 The martial prizes on the dusty plain:
 Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein; 220
 Some bend the stubborn bough for victory:
 And some with darts their active sinews try.
 A posting messenger dispatch'd from hence,
 Of this fair troop, advis'd their aged prince;
 That foreign men, of mighty stature, came; 225
 Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name,
 The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
 His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.
 The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
 Supported by a hundred pillars stood! 230
 And round encompass'd with a rising wood.
 The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,
 Surpriz'd at once with reverence and delight.
 There kings receiv'd the marks of sovereign power:
 In state the monarch march'd, the lictors bore 235
 Their awful axes, and the rods before.
 Here the tribunal stood, the house of prayer;
 And here the sacred senators repair;
 All at large tables, in long order set,
 A ram their offering, and a ram their meat. 240
 Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
 Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandfires stood.
 Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high;
 And Italus, that led the colony:

And

And ancient Janus, with his double face, 245
 And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
 There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines;
 On a short pruning-hook his head reclines:
 And studiously surveys his generous wines. }

Then warlike kings, who for their country fought,
 And honourable wounds from battle brought.
 Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears,
 And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
 And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their }
 wars.

Above the rest, as chief of all the band. 255
 Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand;
 His other wav'd a long-divining wand. }

Girt in his gabin gown the hero fate:
 Yet could not with his art avoid his fate.
 For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain, 260
 Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain:
 Then mixing powerful herbs, with magic art,
 She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart.
 Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly
 With party-colour'd plumes, a chattering-pye. 265

In this high temple, on a chair of state,
 The seat of audience, old Latinus fate;
 Then gave admission to the Trojan train,
 And thus, with pleasing accents, he began:
 Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you own; 270
 Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown;
 Say what you seek, and whither were you bound?
 Were you by stress of weather cast a-ground?

Such

Such dangers of the sea are often seen,
 And oft befall to miserable men. 275
 Or come, your shipping in our ports to lay,
 Spent and disabled in so long a way?
 Say what you want; the Latians you shall find
 Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd;
 For since the time of Saturn's holy reign, 280
 His hospitable customs we retain.
 I call to mind (but time the tale has worn)
 Th' Arunci told; that Dardanus, though born
 On Latian plains, yet fought the Phrygian shore,
 And Samothracia, Samos call'd before: 285
 From Tuscan Coritum he claim'd his birth.
 But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
 From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
 A god, and as a god augments their sacrifice.
 He said. Ilioneus made this reply:
 O king, of Faunus' royal family! 290
 Nor wintry winds to Latium forc'd our way,
 Nor did the stars our wandering course betray.
 Willing we fought your shores, and hither bound,
 The port so long desir'd, at length we found. 295
 From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
 Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.
 The god began our line, who rules above,
 And as our race, our king descends from Jove:
 And hither are we come, by his command, 300
 To crave admission in your happy land.
 How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,
 Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd;
 What

What was the waste of war, what dire alarms
 Shook Asia's crown with European arms; 305
 Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
 Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea:
 And such as born beneath the burning sky,
 And sultry sun betwixt the tropics lie.
 From that dire deluge, through the watery waste, 310
 Such length of years, such various perils past:
 At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
 To beg what you without your want may spare; }
 The common water, and the common air. }
 Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,
 Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.
 Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
 Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
 Besides what endless honour you shall gain
 To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train. 320
 Now, by my sovereign, and his fate, I swear,
 Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war;
 Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
 And what we seek of you, of us requir'd.
 Despise not then, that in our hands we bear 325
 These holy boughs, and sue with words of prayer.
 Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,
 Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.
 To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;
 Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends. 230
 Where Tuscan Tiber rolls with rapid force,
 And where Numicus opes his holy source,

Besides,

Besides, our prince presents, with his request,
 Some small remains of what his fire possess'd.
 This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy,
 Anchises did in sacrifice employ;
 This royal robe, and this tiara wore
 Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore
 In full assemblies, and in solemn games;
 These purple vests were weav'd by Dardan dames. 340
 Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around
 His eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the ground.
 Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;
 Not by the sceptre mov'd, or kingly vest:
 But pondering future things of wondrous weight: 345
 Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate:
 On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind;
 And then resolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
 This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
 To share his sceptre, and Lavinia's bed. 350
 This was the race that sure portents foresaw
 To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
 At length he rais'd his chearful head and spoke:
 The powers, said he, the powers we both invoke,
 To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be, 355
 And firm our purpose with their augury.
 Have what you ask: your presents I receive;
 Land where, and when you please, with ample leave;
 Partake and use my kingdom as your own;
 It shall be yours, while I command the crown. 360
 And if my wish'd alliance please your king,
 Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring:

Then let him not a friend's embraces fear;
 The peace is made when I behold him here.
 Besides this answer, tell my royal guest, 365
 I add to his commands my own request:
 One only daughter heirs my crown and state,
 Whom, not our oracles, nor heaven, nor fate,
 Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
 With any native of th' Ausonian line. 370
 A foreign son-in-law shall come from far
 (Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war:
 Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
 And through the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.
 Himself to be the man the fates require, 375
 I firmly judge, and what I judge, desire.
 He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed;
 Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,
 Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd,
 Of these he chose the fairest and the best, 380
 To mount the Trojan troop; at his command,
 The steeds caparison'd with purple stand:
 With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
 And champ, betwixt their teeth, the foaming gold.
 Then to his absent guest the king decreed 385
 A pair of courfers born of heavenly breed:
 Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal fire;
 Whom Circe stole from her celestial fire;
 By substituting mares, produc'd on earth,
 Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
 These draw the chariot which Latinus sends; 391
 And the rich present to the prince commends.

Sublime

Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,
To their expecting lord with peace return.

But jealous Juno, from Pachymus' height, 395 }
As she from Argos took her airy flight,
Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful sight.
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train
Descend upon the shore, desert the main!

Design a town, and, with unhop'd success, 400
Th' embassadors return with promis'd peace.

Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus she said:

O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fate of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose! 405
Could they not fall unpity'd, on the plain,
But slain revive, and taken, 'scape again?

When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Through fires, and swords, and seas, they forc'd their
way.

Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend, 410
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end.

Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent,
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chace,
I through the seas pursued their exil'd race: 415

Engag'd the heavens, oppos'd the stormy main;
But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.
What have my Scylla's and my Syrtes done,
When these they overpass, and those they shun?

On Tiber's shores they land, secure of fate, 420
Triumphant o'er the storm's and Juno's hate.

Mars could in mutual blood the centaurs bathe,
 And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath:
 Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon:
 What great offence had either people done? 425
 But I, the consort of the thunderer,
 Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war:
 With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
 And by a mortal man at length am foil'd.
 If native power prevail not, shall I doubt 430
 To seek for needful succour from without?
 If Jove and heaven my just desires deny,
 Hell shall the power of Heaven and Jove supply.
 Grant that the fates have firm'd by their decree,
 The Trojan race to reign in Italy: 435
 At least I can defer the nuptial day,
 And, with protracted wars, the peace delay:
 With blood the dear alliance shall be bought;
 And both the people near destruction brought.
 So shall the son-in-law and father join, 440
 With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
 O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
 With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutilian blood!
 Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand,
 Another queen brings forth another brand; 445
 To burn with foreign fires her native land!
 A second Paris, differing but in name,
 Shall fire his country with a second flame.

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground
 With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound;

To

To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
 Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat,
 This fury fit for her intent she chose,
 One who delights in wars, and human woes,
 Ev'n Pluto hates his own mis-shapen race 455
 Her sister-furies fly her hideous face:
 So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
 So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
 Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite:
 O virgin daughter of eternal night, 460
 Give me this once thy labour, to sustain
 My right, and execute my just disdain.
 Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
 Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince:
 Expel from Italy that odious name, 465
 And let not Juno suffer in her fame.
 'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
 Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
 And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate. }
 Thy hand o'er towns the funeral torch displays, 470
 And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
 Now shake from out thy fruitful breast the seeds
 Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
 Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
 Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war. 475
 Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
 The fury sprang above the Stygian flood:
 And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,
 She to the Latian palace took her flight.

There fought the queen's apartments, stood before
 The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
 Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
 Fir'd with disdain for Turnus dispossess, }
 And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest. }
 From her black, bloody locks the fury shakes 485
 Her darling plague, the favourite of her snakes:
 With her full force she threw the poisonous dart,
 And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart:
 That thus envenom'd she might kindle rage,
 And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
 Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
 Betwixt her linen, and her naked limbs.
 His baleful breath inspiring as he glides,
 Now like a chain around her neck he rides;
 Now like a fillet to her head repairs, 495
 And, with her circling volumes, folds her hairs.
 At first the silent venom slid with ease,
 And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;
 Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
 In plaintive accents she began the war: 500
 And thus bespoke her husband: Shall, she said,
 A wandering prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
 If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
 Pity my tears, and pity her desert:
 I know, my dearest lord, the time will come, 505
 You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom:
 The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
 And bear the royal virgin far away!

A guest

A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
 In shew of friendship, fought the Spartan shore;
 And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore. }
 Think on a king's inviolable word:
 And think on Turnus, her once-plighted lord:
 To this false foreigner you give your throne,
 And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son. 515
 Resume your ancient care; and if the god,
 Your fire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
 Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
 Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
 Then if the line of Turnus you retrace; 520
 He springs from Inachus of Argive race.
 But when she saw her reason illy spent,
 And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
 She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
 Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast; 525
 She raves, she runs, with a distracted pace,
 And fills with horrid howls the public place.
 And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
 On the smooth pavement of an empty court,
 The wooden engine flies and whirls about, 530
 Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout,
 They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
 And lend their little souls at every stroke:
 Thus fares the queen, and thus her fury blows
 Amidst the crowds, and kindles as she goes. 535
 Not yet content, she strains her malice more,
 And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:

She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng
 Of madding matrons, bears the bride along:
 Wandering through woods and wilds, and devious
 ways,

540

And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
 She feign'd the rites of Bacchus! cry'd aloud,
 And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
 Evoe, O Bacchus! thus began the song,
 And Evoe! answer'd all the female throng:

345

O virgin! worthy thee alone, she cry'd;
 O worthy thee alone, the crew reply'd;
 For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
 And with the winding ivy wreaths her lance.

Like fury seiz'd the rest; the progress known,
 All seek the mountains and forsake the town:

550

All clad in skins of beasts the javelin bare,
 Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair:
 And shrieks and shoutings rend the suffering air.

}

The queen, herself, inspir'd with rage divine,
 Shook high above her head a flaming pine:

555

Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
 And sung, in Turnus' name, the nuptial song!

Io ye Latian dames, if any here

Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear;

560

If there be here, she said, who dare maintain

My right, nor think the name of mother vain,

Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,

And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.

Amata's breast the fury thus invades,

565

And fires with rage, amid the sylvan shades.

Then

Then when she found her venom spread so far,
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
Rais'd on her dusky wings she cleaves the skies,
And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies. 570

His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold:
Who fled her father's rage, and with a train
Of following Argives, through the stormy main,
Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to reign. }

'Twas Ardua once, now Ardea's name it bears
Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.

Here in his lofty palace Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in sleep: the fury laid aside 580
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods try'd }
The foulness of the infernal form to hide.

Propp'd on a staff, she takes the trembling mien,
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene:
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws, 585
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws:

Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
Old Calibe, who kept the sacred fane
Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began: 590
Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man. }

Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain,
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain?
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize?
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories? 595

The bride and sceptre which thy blood has bought,
 The king transfers, and foreign heirs are sought:
 Go now, deluded man, and seek again
 New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain.
 Repel the Tuscan foes, their city seize; 600
 Protect the Latians in luxurious ease.
 This dream all-powerful Juno sends; I bear
 Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.
 Haste, arm your Ardeans, issue to the plain,
 With faith to friend, assault the Trojan train: 605
 Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lie
 In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.
 The Latian king, unless he shall submit,
 Own his old promise, and his new forget;
 Let him, in arms, the power of Turnus prove, 610
 And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.
 For such is heaven's command. The youthful prince
 With scorn reply'd; and made this bold defence:
 You tell me, mother, what I knew before;
 The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore: 615
 I neither fear, nor will provoke, the war:
 My fate is Juno's most peculiar care,
 But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
 Of arms imagin'd, in your lonely cell:
 Go, be the temple and the gods your care; 620
 Permit the men the thought of peace and war.
 These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,
 And frighted Turnus trembled as she spoke.
 Her eyes grew stiffen'd and with sulphur burn,
 Her hideous looks, and hellish form return: 625

Her

Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,
And open all the furies of her face!

Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
She cast him backward as he strove to rise,
And, lingering, fought to frame some new replies. }

High on her head she rears two twisted snakes;
Her chain she rattles, and her whip she shakes;
And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks: }

Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
Of arms, imagin'd in her lonely cell: 635
Behold the fates' infernal minister;

War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear.

Thus having said, her smouldering torch impress'd
With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.

Aghast he wak'd, and, starting from his bed, 640
Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread:
Arms, arms, he cries, my sword and shield prepare;
He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.

So when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise: 645
Above their brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.

The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
He first commissions to the Latian land.

In threatening embassy: then rais'd the rest, 650
To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan guest:

To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace restore;

Himself alone, an equal match he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts. 655
The

The gods invoc'd, the Rutili prepare
 Their arms, and warm each other to the war.
 His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
 The rest his house, and his own fame engage.

While Turnus urges thus his enterprize, 660
 The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies:
 New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
 Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
 Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,
 With horns and hounds, a hunting match ordain, }
 And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
 The fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,
 And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
 'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
 High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies: 670
 From this light cause, th' infernal maid prepares
 The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.

The stately beast, the two Tyrrhedæ bred,
 Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
 Their father Tyrrheus did their fodder bring; 675
 Tyrrheus chief ranger to the Latian king:
 Their sister Sylvia cherish'd with her care
 The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
 To hang his budding horns: with ribbons ty'd
 His tender neck, and comb'd his filken hide; 680
 And bath'd his body. Patient of command,
 In time he grew, and growing us'd to hand.
 He waited at his master's board for food;
 'Then fought his savage kindred in the wood:

Where,

Where, gazing all the day, at night he came 685
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.

This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds;
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat

In the cool waters, and to quench his heat, 690
Ascanius, young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:

But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels through his panting sides.

The bleeding creature issues from the floods, 695 }
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes;
His old familiar hearth, and household gods. }

He falls, he fills the house with heavy groans;
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.

Young Sylvia beats her breast, and cries aloud 700
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood:

The churls assemble; for the fiend who lay
In the close woody covert urg'd their way.

One with a brand, yet burning from the flame;
Arm'd with a knotty club, another came: 705

Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.

Tyrreus, the foster-father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist:

But held his hand from the descending stroke, 710 }
And left his wedge within the cloven oak, }

To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.

And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,

Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,

Ascends

Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn, 715
 Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
 Adds all her breath; the rocks and woods around,
 And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.
 The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
 The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar, 720 }
 Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
 Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
 And strain their helpless infants to their breast.

The clowns, a boisterous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
 With furious haste to the loud summons flew. 725
 The powers of Troy, then issuing on the plain,
 With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
 Nor theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
 But a firm body of embattled men.

At first, while fortune favour'd neither side, 730
 The fight with clubs and burning brands was try'd:
 But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
 Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.
 A shining harvest either host displays,
 And shoots against the sun with equal rays. 735

Thus when a black-brow'd gulf begins to rise, }
 White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;
 Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies: }
 Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,
 The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown. 740

First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
 Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war:
 Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
 And stop'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.

Huge

Huge heaps of slain around the body rise; 745
 Among the rest, the rich Galefus lies:
 A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
 Amidst the madness of th' unruly train:
 Five herds, five bleating flocks, his pastures fill'd;
 His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd. 750
 Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,
 The fury bath'd them in each other's blood.
 Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
 And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies,
 To Juno thus she speaks: Behold, 'tis done; 755
 The blood already drawn, the war begun;
 The discord is complete, nor can they cease
 The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
 Now since the Latian and the Trojan brood
 Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood, 760
 Speak, and my power shall add this office more;
 The neighbouring nations of th' Ausonian shore
 Shall hear the dreadful rumour from afar,
 Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war.
 Then Juno thus: The grateful work is done; 765
 The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun;
 Frauds, fears, and fury, have possess'd the state,
 And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate:
 A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
 Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line: 770
 But thou with speed to night and hell repair,
 For not the gods nor angry Jove will bear
 Thy lawless wandering walks in upper air.

Leave

A solemn custom was observ'd of old,
 Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold:
 Their standard when, in fighting fields, they rear
 Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
 The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war:
 Or from the boasting Parthians would regain
 Their eagles lost in Carrhæ's bloody plain:
 Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear) 840
 And still are worship'd with religious fear,
 Before his temple stand: the dire abode,
 And the fear'd issues of the furious god,
 Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates,
 The wary guardian Janus doubly waits. 845
 Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,
 The Roman consul their decree declares,
 And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.
 The youth in military shouts arise,
 And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies. 850
 These rites, of old by sovereign princes us'd,
 Were the king's office, but the king refus'd:
 Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
 Of sacred peace, or loose th' imprison'd war:
 But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms, 855
 Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.
 Then heaven's imperious queen shot down from high;
 At her approach the brazen hinges fly;
 The gates are forc'd, and every falling bar,
 And, like a tempest, issues out the war. 860
 The peaceful cities of th' Ausonian shore,
 Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,

Are

Are all on fire; and some, with studious care,
 Their restive steeds in sandy plains prepare:
 Some their soft limbs in painful marches try, 865
 And war is all their wish, and arms the general cry.
 Part scour the rusty shields with seam, and part
 New grind the blunted ax, and point the dart:
 With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
 And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky. 870
 Five cities forge their arms: th' Atinian powers,
 Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty towers,
 Ardea the proud, the Crustumian town:
 All these of old were places of renown.
 Some hammer helmets for the fighting field; 875
 Some twine young fallows to support the shield;
 The croslet some, and some the cuishes mould,
 With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
 The rustic honours of the scythe and share,
 Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war. 880
 Old faulchions are new temper'd in the fires:
 The sounding trumpet every soul inspires.
 The word is given, with eager speed they lace
 The shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.
 The neighing steeds are to the chariots ty'd; 885
 The trusty weapon fits on every side.

And now the mighty labour is begun,
 Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
 Sing you the chiefs that sway th' Ausonian land,
 Their arms, and armies under their command: 890
 What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;
 What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.

For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.

Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain; 895
Scorn fate upon his brows, and four disdain:
Defying earth and heaven: Etruria lost,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
'The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen fire: 900
To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face;
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led:
His fire unworthy of so brave a son; 905
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.

Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
'The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field,
His father's hydra fills the ample shield. 910
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims;
The son of Hercules he justly seems,
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs. }
Of heavenly part, and part of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god. 915
For strong Alcides, after he had slain
'The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds, and thence in triumph led;
On Tuscan Tiber's flowery banks they fed.
'Then on Mount Aventine, the son of Jove 920
The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.

For

For arms his men long piles and javelins bore,
And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
Like Hercules himself, his son appears,
In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears; 925
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus like the god his father, homely drest,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin-brothers from fair Tibur came 930
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name);
Fierce Coras, and Catillus, void of fear,
Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in the front appear.
Like cloud-born centaurs, from the mountain's height,
With rapid course descending to the fight, 935
They rush along; the rattling woods give way;
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.

Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains, 940
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains. }
His own Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land:
Besides the succour which old Anian yields, 945
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia fat, and father Amasene,
A numerous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field; 950

But

But whirl from leathern strings huge balls of lead:
 And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head:
 The left foot naked, when they march to fight;
 But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.

Mefappus next (great Neptune was his fire), 955
 Secure from steel, and fated from the fire,
 In pomp appears; and with his ardour warms
 A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
 The just Faliscians he to battle brings.
 And those who live where lake Ciminia springs; 960
 And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
 Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands:
 All these in order march, and marching sing
 The warlike actions of their sea-born king,
 Like a long team of snowy swans on high, 965
 Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
 Which homeward from their watery pastures borne,
 They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.
 Not one who heard their music from afar,
 Would think these troops an army train'd to war: 970
 But flocks of fowl, that when the tempests roar,
 With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.

Then Clausus came, who led a numerous band
 Of troops embody'd, from the Sabine land:
 And in himself alone an army brought. 975
 'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot:
 The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
 To share the greatness of imperial Rome.
 He led the Cures forth of high renown,
 Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town; 980

And

And all th' Eretian powers: besides a band
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land:
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came.
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:

985 }

The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
And the cold Nursians come to close the rear:
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.

990

Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
When pale Orion sets in wintry rain;
Nor thicker harvest on rich Hermes rise,
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the skies;
Than stand these troops: their bucklers ring around;
Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid
ground.

995

High in his chariot then Halesus came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:
From Agamemnon born: to Turnus' aid,
A thousand men the youthful hero led;
Who till the Massick foil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Aruncans from their hilly ground:
And those who live by Sidicinian shores,
And where, with shoaly fords, Vulturnus roars;
Cales and Osea's old inhabitants,
And rough Saticulans inur'd to wants:

1000

1005

Light demi-lances from afar they throw, 1010
 Fasten'd with leather thongs, to gall the foe.
 Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear,
 And, on their warding arms, like bucklers bear.

Nor, Cēbalus, shalt thou be left unsung,
 From nymph Semethis and old Telon sprung: 1015
 Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd,

But that short isle th' ambitious youth disdain'd;
 And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway;
 Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea:
 O'er Batulum, and where Abella fees, 1020

From her high towers, the harvest of her trees.
 And these (as was the Teuton use of old)
 Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold;
 Sling weighty stones when from afar they fight:
 Their casques are cork, a covering thick and light.

Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens went,
 And led the mountain-troops that Nursia sent.
 The rude Equicolæ his rule obey'd;
 Hunting their sport, and plundering was their trade.
 In arms they plough'd, to battle still prepar'd: 1030
 Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard.

Umbro the priest, the proud Marrubians led, }
 By king Archippus sent to Turnus' aid;
 And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head. }
 His wand and holy words, the viper's rage, 1035
 And venom'd wound of serpents, could assuage.
 He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to steep
 Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.

But vain were Marſian herbs, and magic art,
 To cure the wound given by the Dardan dart. 1040
 Yet his untimely fate, th' Angitian woods
 In ſighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
 The ſon of fam'd Hippolytus was there;
 Fam'd as his fire, and as his mother fair.
 Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore, 1045
 And nurs'd his youth along the marſhy ſhore:
 Where great Diada's peaceful altars flame
 In fruitful fields, and Virbius was his name.
 Hippolytus, as old records have ſaid,
 Was by his ſtepdam ſought to ſhare her bed: 1050
 But when no female arts his mind could move,
 She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
 Torn by wild horſes on the ſandy ſhore,
 Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore;
 Glutting his father's eyes with guiltleſs gore. 1055 }
 But chaſte Diana, who his death deplor'd,
 With Æſculapian herbs his life reſtor'd.
 When Jove, who ſaw from high, with juſt diſdain,
 The dead inſpir'd with vital breath again,
 Struck to the centre with his flaming dart, 1060
 Th' unhappy founder of the god-like art.
 But Trivia kept in ſecret ſhades alone,
 Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown;
 And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove:
 Where then he liv'd obſcure, but ſafe from Jove. 1065
 For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood, }
 Are courſers driven, who ſhed their maſter's blood;
 Affrighted by the monſters of the flood,

His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd
 His father's art, and warrior steeds he rein'd. 1070
 Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
 High o'er the rest in arms the graceful Turnus rode:
 A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,
 On which, with belching flames, Chimæra burn'd:
 The more the kindled combat rises higher, 1075
 The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
 Fair Iö grac'd his shield, but Iö now
 With horns exalted stands, and seems to lowe:
 (A noble charge) her keeper by her side,
 To watch her walks, his hundred eyes apply'd. 1080
 And on the brims her fire, the watery god,
 Roll'd from a silver urn his crystal flood:
 A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields
 With swords and pointed spears, and clattering shields:
 Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands, 1085
 And those who plough the rich Satulian lands;
 Auruncan youth, and those Sacrana yields,
 And the proud Labicans, with painted shields.
 And those who near Numician streams reside,
 And those whom Tiber's holy forests hide; 1090
 Or Circe's hills from the main land divide:
 Where Ufens glide along the lowly lands,
 Or the black water of Pomptina stands.
 Last, from the Volscians fair, Camilla came;
 And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame: 1095
 Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
 She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.

Mix'd

Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago fought,
 Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought:
 Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain, 1100
 Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
 She swept the seas, and as she skim'd along,
 Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
 Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
 Where'er she passes, fix their wandering eyes: 1105
 Longing they look, and gaping at her sight,
 Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight.
 Her purple habit fits with such a grace
 On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face:
 Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd; 1110
 And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
 She shakes her myrtle javelin; and, behind,
 Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF THE
ÆNEID.

THE ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander, and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his own son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

WHEN Turnus had assembled all his powers;
His standard planted on Laurentum's towers;
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had given the signal of approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields, 5
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,
Trembling with rage, the Latian youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war,

Fierce

Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd;
 With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud. 10
 These, through the country took their wasteful course;
 The fields to forage, and to gather force.
 Then Venulus to Diomedes they send,
 To beg his aid Ausonia to defend:
 Declare the common danger, and inform 15
 The Grecian leader of the growing storm:
 Æneas landed on the Latian coast,
 With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host:
 Yet now inspir'd to conquest of the state;
 And claim'd a title from the gods and fate. 20
 What numerous nations in his quarrel came,
 And how they spread his formidable name:
 What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,
 If fortune favour'd his first enterprize,
 Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears, 25
 And common interest was involv'd in theirs.
 While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
 The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
 Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare, }
 This way and that he turns his anxious mind; 30
 Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd;
 Explores himself, in vain, in every part,
 And gives no rest to his distracted heart.

So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
 Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light, 35
 The glittering species here and there divide,
 And cast their dubious beams from side to side:

Now

Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the cieling flash the glaring day.

'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd asleep

40

The birds of air, and fishes of the deep;

And beast, and mortal men: the Trojan chief

Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress'd with grief,

And found in silent slumber late relief.

}

Then through the shadows of the poplar wood

45

Arose the father of the Roman flood:

An azure robe was o'er his body spread,

A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:

Thus, manifest to fight, the god appear'd,

And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd: 50

Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,

O long expected in this promis'd place,

Who, through the foes, hast borne thy banish'd gods,

Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes;

This is thy happy home! The clime where fate 55

Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.

Fear not, the war shall end in lasting peace;

And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.

And that this nightly vision may not seem

Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream, 60

A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,

All white herself, and white her thirty young.

When thirty rolling years have run their race,

Thy son, Ascanius, on this empty space

Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame; 65

Which from this omen shall receive the name.

Time

Time shall approve the truth. For what remains,
 And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
 With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
 Driven with Evander from th' Arcadian land, 70
 Have planted here; and plac'd on high their walls;
 Their town the founder Palanteum calls:
 Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandfire's name:
 But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
 With war infesting the new colony; 75
 These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
 To thy free passage I submit my streams:
 Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams:
 And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
 To Juno's power thy just devotion pay. 80
 With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:
 Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease:
 When thou return'st victorious from the war,
 Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
 The god am I, whose yellow water flows 85
 Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:
 Tiber my name: among the rolling floods
 Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
 This is my certain seat: in times to come,
 My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome. 90
 He said; and plung'd below, while yet he spoke,
 His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.
 He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
 With purple blushing and the day arise.
 Then, water in his hollow palm he took 95
 From Tiber's flood; and thus the powers bespoke:
 Laurentian

Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
 And father Tiber, in thy sacred bed
 Receive Æneas; and from danger keep.
 Whatever fount, whatever holy deep, 100
 Conceals thy watery stores; where'er they rise,
 And, bubbling from below, salute the skies,
 Thou king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
 Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
 For this thy kind compassion of our woes, 105
 Shall share my morning song, and evening vows.
 But, oh! be present to thy people's aid;
 And firm the gracious promise thou hast made.
 Thus having said, two gallies, from his stores,
 With care he chooses; mans, and fits with oars. 110
 Now on the shore the fatal swine is found:
 Wondrous to tell; she lay along the ground:
 Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
 She white herself, and white her thirty young;
 Æneas takes the mother, and her brood, 115
 And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.
 The following night, and the succeeding day,
 Propitious Tiber smooth'd his watery way:
 He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he stood:
 A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood. 120
 The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore:
 Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
 Shouts from the land give omen to their course,
 And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.
 The woods and waters wonder at the gleam 125
 Of shields, and painted ships, that stem the stream.
 One

One summer's night, and one whole day they pass
 Betwixt the green-wood shades, and cut the liquid glass.
 The fiery sun had finish'd half his race,
 Look'd back, and doubted in the middle space, 130
 When they from far beheld the rising towers,
 The tops of sheds, and shepherds lowly bowers:
 Thin as they stood, which then of homely clay,
 Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
 These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor) 135
 The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.
 'Twas on a solemn day: th' Arcadian states,
 The king and prince without the city gates,
 Then paid their offerings in a sacred grove
 To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove. 140
 Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies;
 And fat of entrails on his altar fries.

But when they saw the ships that stem'd the flood,
 And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,
 They rose with fear, and left th' unfinish'd feast: 145
 Till dauntless Pallas re-assur'd the rest
 To pay the rites. Himself, without delay,
 A javelin seiz'd, and singly took his way.
 Then gain'd a rising ground; and call'd from far:
 Resolve me, strangers, whence, and what you are; }
 Your business here, and bring you peace or war?
 High on the stern, Æneas took his stand,
 And held a branch of olive in his hand,
 While thus he spoke: The Phrygians arms you see,
 Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy. 155

By

By Latian foes, with war unjustly made:
 At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd,
 This message bear: the Trojans and their chief,
 Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.
 Struck with so great a name, and all on fire, 160
 The youth replies, Whatever you require,
 Your fame exacts: upon our shores descend,
 A welcome guest, and, what you wish, a friend.
 He said; and downward hasting to the strand,
 Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.
 Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke
 The silence first, and thus the king bespoke:
 Best of the Greeks, to whom, by fate's command,
 I bear these peaceful branches in my hand,
 Undaunted I approach you; though I know 170
 Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe:
 From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,
 And both the brother-kings your kindred claim,
 Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
 Your virtue, through the neighbouring nations blown,
 Our fathers mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
 Have led me hither, less by need than choice.
 Our founder Dardanus, as fame has sung,
 And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung:
 Electra from the loins of Atlas came; 180
 Atlas whose head sustains the starry frame.
 Your sire is Mercury; whom long before
 On cold Cyllene's top fair Maja bore.
 Maja the fair, on fame if we rely,
 Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky: 185

Thus

Thus from one common source our streams divide:
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian side.
Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news before,
Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
But come, without a pledge, my own ambassador.
The same Rutilians, who with arms pursue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.

Our host expell'd, what farther force can stay
The victor troops from universal sway?
Then will they stretch their power athwart the land;
And either sea from side to side command.
Receive our offer'd faith; and give us thine:
Ours is a generous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare.

200

He said; and while he spoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vast surprize,
Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his face,
Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:

O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father shine,
How I recall Anchises, how I see

205

His motions, mien, and all my friend in thee!
Long though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court design'd

210

A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
And through th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.

Then, past a boy, the callow down began
To shade my chin, and call me first a man.

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R

I saw

I saw the shining train, with vast delight, 215
 And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:
 But great Anchises, far above the rest,
 With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
 I long'd to join, in friendship's holy bands,
 Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands. 220
 I first accosted him: I sued, I fought,
 And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
 He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
 A Lycian quiver, and a Gnoffian bow;
 A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold, 225
 And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
 Which my son's coursers in obedience hold. }
 'The league you ask I offer, as your right:
 And when to-morrow's sun reveals the light,
 With swift supplies you shall be sent away: 230
 Now celebrate, with us, this solemn day;
 Whose holy rites admit no long delay. }
 Honour our annual feast; and take your seat
 With friendly welcome, at a homely treat.
 Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for fear) 335
 The youths replac'd; and soon restor'd the cheer.
 On fods of turf he set the soldiers round;
 A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
 Receiv'd the Trojan chief: and o'er the bed,
 A lion's shaggy hide for ornament they spread. 240
 The loaves were serv'd in canisters, the wine
 In bowls, the priest renew'd the rites divine:
 Broil'd entrails are their food; and beefs continued }
 chine.

But,

But, when the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest: 245
 These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
 From no vain fears, or superstition, spring;
 Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance;
 Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
 But sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense, 250
 The labours of a god we recompense.
 See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky,
 About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie:
 Such indigested ruin; bleak and bare,
 How desert now it stands, expos'd in air! 255
 'Twas once a robber's den; inclos'd around
 With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.
 The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
 This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
 The pavement ever foul with human gore; 260
 Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
 Vulcan this plague begot: and, like his fire,
 Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
 Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load:
 And brought the needful presence of a god. 265
 Th' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
 Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon slain;
 Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain. }
 His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
 Near Tiber's bank, to graze the shady grove. 270
 Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
 By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent.

The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
 Four oxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd:
 And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen, 275
 He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den:
 The tracts averse, a lying notice gave,
 And led the searcher backward from the cave:
 Mean time the herdsman hero shifts his place,
 To find fresh pasture, and untrodden grafs: 280
 The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around
 With bellowings, and the rocks restor'd the sound.
 One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
 Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
 Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook, 285
 And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.
 Swift as the winds, or Scythians arrows flight,
 He clomb, with eager haste, th' aërial height.
 Then first we saw the monster mend his pace:
 Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face, 290
 Confess'd the god's approach: trembling he springs,
 As terror had increas'd his feet with wings:
 Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he threw
 His body; on his back the door he drew.
 The door, a rib of living rock; with pains 295
 His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains.
 He broke the heavy links: the mountain clos'd,
 And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
 The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;
 The fierce avenger came with bounding haste: 300
 Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;
 And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
 He

He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
 With winged speed, the circuit of the ground.
 Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain, 305
 And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
 A pointed flinty rock, all bare, and black,
 Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
 Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
 Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.
 The leaning head hung threatening o'er the flood,
 And nodded to the left: the hero stood
 Averse, with planted feet, and, from the right,
 Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
 Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock 315
 Gave way: heaven echo'd at the rattling shock.
 Tumbling it chok'd the flood: on either side
 The banks leap backward, and the streams divide:
 The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread;
 And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed. 320
 The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight;
 The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
 So pent the vapours with a rumbling sound
 Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground:
 A sounding flaw succeeds: and, from on high, 325
 The gods with hate beheld the nether sky:
 The ghosts repine at violated night,
 And curse th' invading fun, and sicken at the sight.
 The graceless monster, caught in open day,
 Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away, 330
 Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
 His hollow palace with unmanly yells.

The hero stands above; and from afar
 Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.
 He, from his nostrils and huge mouth, expires 335
 Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires.
 Gathering, with each repeated blast, the night:
 To make uncertain aim, and erring fight.
 The wrathful god then plunges from above,
 And where in thickest waves the sparkles drove, 340
 Their lights; and wades through fumes, and gropes his
 way:

Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasp'd his prey.
 The monster, spewing fruitless flames, he found;
 He squeez'd his throat, he writh'd his neck around, }
 And in a knot his crippled members bound. 345
 Then, from their sockets, tore his burning eyes;
 Roll'd on a heap the breathless robber lies.
 The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day,
 And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
 The bulls redeem'd, breathe open air again: 350
 Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.
 The wondering neighbourhood, with glad surprize,
 Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,
 His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd }
 eyes.

From that auspicious day, with rites divine, 355
 We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
 Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows,
 As priests, were added the Pinarian house:
 Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,
 Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid. 360

For

For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
 Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown.
 Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood:
 And, with deep draughts, invoke our common god.
 This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd: 365
 And poplars, black and white, his temples bind.
 Then brims his ample bowl: with like design
 The rest invoke the god, with sprinkled wine.
 Mean time the sun descended from the skies;
 And the bright evening-star began to rise. 370
 And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
 In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led:
 Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
 As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands:
 Then with a second course the tables load; 375
 And with full chargers offer to the god.
 The Salii sing, and cense his altars round
 With Saban smoke; their heads with poplar bound.
 One choir of old, another of the young;
 To dance, and bear the burden of the song. 380
 The lay records the labour, and the praise,
 And all th' immortal acts of Hercules.
 First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
 The serpents strangled with his infant hands.
 Then, as in years and matchless force he grew, 385
 Th' Oechalian walls, and Trojan overthrew.
 Besides a thousand hazards they relate,
 Procur'd by Juno's, and Euristheus' hate.
 Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
 The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew. 390

Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood:
 Nor he the roaring terror of the wood.
 The triple porter of the Stygian feat,
 With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet:
 And, seiz'd with fear, forgot thy mangled meat. }
 Th' infernal waters trembled at the sight;
 Thee, god, no face of danger could affright;
 Not huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
 Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.
 Hail Jove's undoubted son! an added grace 400
 To heaven, and the great author of thy race,
 Receive the grateful offerings, which we pay,
 And smile propitious on thy solemn day.
 In numbers, thus, they sung: above the rest,
 The den, and death of Cacus crown the feast. 405
 The woods to hollow vales convey the sound;
 The vales to hills, and hills the notes rebound.
 The rites perform'd, the chearful train retire.
 Betwixt young Pallas, and his aged fire
 The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey; 410
 And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.
 The stranger cast around his curious eyes:
 New objects viewing still, with new surprize.
 With greedy joy enquires of various things:
 And acts and monuments of ancient kings. 415
 Then thus the founder of the Roman towers:
 These woods were first the seat of sylvan powers,
 Of nymphs and fawns, and savage men, who took
 Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
 Nor

Nor law they knew, nor manners, nor the care
 Of labouring oxen, nor the shining share:
 Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare. }
 Their exercise the chace: the running flood
 Supply'd their thirst; the trees supply'd their food.
 Then Saturn came, who fled the power of Jove, 425
 Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
 The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns he brought;
 And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught:
 And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
 From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway. 430
 With his mild empire peace and plenty came:
 And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
 A more degenerate and discolour'd age
 Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
 Th' Ausonians, then, and bold Sicanians came; 435
 And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
 Then kings, gigantic Tiberis, and the rest,
 With arbitrary sway, the land oppress'd.
 For Tiber's flood was Albula before;
 Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore. 440
 I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home,
 By fortune's power, and fate's resistless doom.
 Long tofs'd on seas, I sought this happy land:
 Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by heaven's
 command. 445
 Thus, walking on, he spoke: and shew'd the gate,
 Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;
 Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
 Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame:

Who

Who to her son foretold th' Æthenean race,
 Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place. 450
 Then shews the forest, which in after-times,
 Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
 A sacred refuge made: with this, the shrine
 Where Pan below the rocks had rites divine.
 Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest, 455
 Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
 Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads;
 Now roof'd with gold; then thatch'd with homely
 reeds.

A reverend fear (such superstition reigns
 Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains. 460
 Some god they knew, what god they could not tell,
 Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
 Th' Arcadians thought him Jove; and said they saw
 The mighty thunderer with majestic awe;
 Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around;
 And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
 Then saw two heaps of ruins; once they stood
 Two stately towns, on either side the flood.
 Saturnia's and Janicula's remains:
 And either place the founder's name retains. 470
 Discourfing thus together, they resort
 Where poor Evander kept his country court.
 They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall,
 Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl.
 Then, stooping, through the narrow gates they prefs'd,
 When thus the king address'd his Trojan guest:

Mean

Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
 Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
 Dare to be poor: accept our homely food
 Which feasted him; and emulate a god. 480
 Then underneath a lowly roof he led
 The weary prince; and laid him on a bed: }
 The stuffing leaves, with hides of bears o'erspread. }

Now night had shed her silver dews around,
 And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground, 485
 When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son,
 (New tumults rising, and new wars begun)
 Couch'd with her husband, in his golden bed,
 With these alluring words invokes his aid;
 And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move, 490
 Inspires each accent with the charms of love:
 While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian powers,
 To level with the ground the Trojan towers;
 I ask not aid th' unhappy to restore;
 Nor did the succour of thy skill implore; 495
 Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
 A sinking empire longer to sustain.
 Though I much ow'd to Priam's house; and more
 The danger of Æneas did deplore.

But now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree, 500
 His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
 With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
 O still propitious power that rules my heart!
 A mother kneels a suppliant for her son:
 By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won 505
 To

To forge impenetrable shields; and grace,
 With fated arms, a less illustrious race.
 Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
 Against the reliicks of the Phrygian kind:
 With fire and sword my people to destroy; 510
 And conquer Venus twice, in conquering Troy.
 She said; and straight her arms, of snowy hue,
 About her unresolving husband threw.
 Her soft embraces soon infuse desire:
 His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire; }
 And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
 Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
 Or forky lightnings flash along the skies.
 The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
 And conscious of her form, in secret smiles. 520
 Then thus, the power obnoxious to her charms,
 Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:
 Why seek you reasons for a cause so just:
 Or your own beauties, or my love distrust?
 Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand, 525
 Th' artificer and art you might command,
 To labour arms for Troy; nor Jove, nor Fate,
 Confin'd their empire to so short a date:
 And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
 My skill I promise, and my pains engage. 530
 Whatever melting metals can conspire,
 Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
 Is freely your's: your anxious fears remove:
 And think no task is difficult to love,

Trembling

Trembling he spoke: and, eager of her charms, 535
He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms;

Till in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.

Now when the night her middle race had rode,
And his first slumber had refresh'd the god; 540

The time when early housewives leave the bed;
When living embers on the hearth they spread;

Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise,
With yawning mouths, and with half-open'd eyes;

They ply the distaff by the twinkling light; 545
And to their daily labour add the night.

Thus frugally they earn their children's bread:
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed.

Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the forging power. 550

Sacred to Vulcan's name an isle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipara,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks; and deep below,
In hollow caves, the fires of Ætna glow.

The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal; 555
Loud strokes and hissings of tormented steel

Are heard around: the boiling waters roar;
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.

Hither, the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight. 560

On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointless thunder now there lies:
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:

These

These darts for angry Jove they daily cast; 565
 Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
 Three wrays of writhin rain, of fire three more,
 Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store
 As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame:
 And fears are added, and avenging flame. 570
 Inferior ministers for Mars repair
 His broken axle-trees and blunted war:
 And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
 To wake the lazy war, with trumpets loud alarms.
 The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold 575
 The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
 Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
 With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.
 My sons, said Vulcan, set your tasks aside;
 Your strength, and master-skill, must now be try'd.
 Arms for a hero forge: arms that require
 Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire.
 He said: they set their former work aside,
 And their new toils with eager haste divide.
 A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold, 585
 And deadly steel in the large furnace roll'd;
 Of this their artful hands a shield prepare;
 Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
 Seven orbs within a spacious round they close!
 One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows. 590
 The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
 The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
 By turns their arms advance, in equal time:
 By turns their hands descend, and hammers chime.
 They

They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs:
 The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.
 While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
 Their labours thus, and ply th' Æolian forge,
 The chearful morn salutes Evander's eyes;
 And songs of chirping birds invite to rise. 600
 He leaves his lowly bed; his buskins meet
 Above his ancles; sandals sheath his feet:
 He sets his trusty sword upon his side;
 And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide,
 Two menial dogs before their master press'd: 605
 Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
 Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace;
 But meets Æneas in the middle space.
 Young Pallas did his fathers steps attend;
 And true Achates waited on his friend. 610
 They join their hands: a secret feat they choose;
 Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews.
 Undaunted prince, I never can believe
 The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
 Command th' assistance of a faithful friend: 615
 But feeble are the succours I can send.
 Our narrow kingdom, here the Tiber bounds;
 That other side the Latian state surrounds;
 Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds. }
 But mighty nations I prepare to join 620
 Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
 You come, as by your better genius sent;
 And fortune seems to favour your intent.

Not

Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building and of high renown; 625
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race;
Who gave the name of Cære to the place
Once Agyllina call'd: it flourish'd long
In pride of wealth, and warlike people strong:
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour, 630
Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary power.
What words can paint those execrable times;
The subjects sufferings, and the tyrant's crimes!
That blood, those murders, O ye gods! replace
On his own head, and on his impious race: 635
The living, and the dead, at his command
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand:
Till, hok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
The lingering wretches pin'd away, and dy'd.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more; 640
The people's patience try'd, no longer bore
The raging monster: but with arms beset
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends. 645
He cleaves the crowd; and, favour'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
With arms their king to punishment require:
Their numerous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
My counsel shall submit to your command.
Their navy swarms upon the coast: they cry
To hoist their anchors; but the gods deny.

An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
 With those foreboding words restrains their hate: 655
 Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower
 Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their power,
 Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
 To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;
 Know this; no native of our land may lead 660
 This powerful people: seek a foreign head.

Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide;
 And wait, with longing looks, their promis'd guide.
 Torchan, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
 There crown, and every regal ornament: 665
 The people join their own with his desire;
 And all, my conduct, as their king, require.
 But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
 And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,
 And a soul conscious of its own decay, 670
 Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
 My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne;
 And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son;
 And half a native: but in you combine
 A manly vigour, and a foreign line. 675
 Where fate and smiling fortune shew the way,
 Pursue the ready path to sovereign sway.
 The staff of my declining days, my son,
 Shall make your good or ill success his own.
 In fighting fields from you shall learn to dare: 680
 And serve the hard apprenticeship of war.
 Your matchless courage and your conduct view;
 And early shall begin t' admire and copy you.

Besides, two hundred horse he shall command:
 Though few, a warlike and well-chosen band. 685
 These in my name are list'd: and my son
 As many more has added in his own.
 Scarce had he said: Achates and his guest,
 With down-cast eyes, their silent grief express:
 Who, short of succours, and in deep despair, 690
 Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
 But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
 To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud.
 Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky,
 And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
 Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear:
 And, in a heaven serene, refulgent arms appear;
 Reddening the skies, and glittering all around,
 The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.
 The rest stood trembling, struck with awe divine. 700
 Æneas only conscious to the sign,
 Presag'd th' event; and joyful view'd, above,
 Th' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love.
 Then, to th' Arcadian king: This prodigy
 (Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me. 705
 Heaven calls me to the war: th' expected sign
 Is given of promis'd aids, and arms divine.
 My goddess-mother, whose indulgent care
 Foresaw the dangers of the growing war,
 This omen gave; when bright Vulcanian arms, 710
 Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
 Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd
 Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.

Turnus

Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn:
 And corpse and swords, and shields on Tiber borne,
 Shall choke his flood: now found the loud alarms,
 And Latian troops prepare your perjur'd arms.

He said, and, rising from his homely throne,
 The solemn rites of Hercules begun:

And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires: 720
 Then chearful to his household gods retires.

There offers chosen sheep: th' Arcadian king
 And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.
 Next of his men, and ships, he makes review,
 Draws out the best and ablest of the crew. 725

Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
 To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
 Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
 Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.

A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest, 730
 The king himself presents his royal guest.

A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
 Precious with studded works, and paws of gold.
 Fame through the little city spreads aloud
 Th' intended march, amid the fearful crowd: 735

The matrons beat their breasts; dissolve in tears;
 And double their devotion in their fears.

The war at hand appears with more affright:
 And rises every moment to the fight.

Then, old Evander, with a close embrace, 740
 Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his
 face.

Would heaven, said he, my strength and youth recall,
 Such as I was beneath Preneste's wall,
 Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
 And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire; 745
 When Herilus in single fight I slew,
 Whom with three lives Feronia did endue:
 And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore;
 Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more:
 Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms, 750
 Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms:
 Nor proud Mezentius thus unpunish'd boast,
 His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.
 Ye gods! and mighty Jove, in pity bring
 Relief, and hear a father, and a king. 755
 If fate and you reserve those eyes to see
 My son return with peace and victory;
 If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's fight;
 If we shall meet again with more delight;
 Then draw my life in length, let me sustain, 760
 In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
 But if your hard decrees, which, O! I dread,
 Have doom'd to death his undeserving head,
 This, O this very moment, let me die;
 While hopes and fears in equal balance lie. 765
 While yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
 I strain him close within these aged arms:
 Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!
 He said, and swooning, sunk upon the ground:
 His servants bore him off; and softly laid 770
 His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.

The

The horsemen march; the gates are open'd wide;
 Æneas at their head, Achates by his side.
 Next these the Trojan leaders rode along,
 Last, follows in the rear, th' Arcadian throng. 775
 Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;
 Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
 So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head
 The star, by whom the lights of heaven are led:
 Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dew; 780
 Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.
 The trembling wives, the walls and turrets crowd;
 And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud:
 Which winds disperse by fits; and shew from far
 The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war. 785
 The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
 O'er healthy plains pursue the ready way.
 Repeated peals of shouts are heard around:
 The neighing courfers answer to the sound;
 And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground. 790
 A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
 Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town;
 Incompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
 Which add a holy horror to the grove.
 The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood, 795
 That sacred forest to Sylvanus vow'd:
 The guardian of their flocks and fields; they pay
 Their due devotions on his annual day.
 Not far from hence, along the river's side,
 In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide! 800

By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
 Æneas cast his wondering eyes around;
 And all the Tyrrhene army had in fight,
 Stretch'd on the spacious plains from left to right.
 Thither his warlike train the Trojan led: 805
 Refresh'd his men, and weary horses fed.

Mean-time the mother-goddeſs, crown'd with
 charms,
 Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
 Within a winding vale ſhe finds her ſon,
 On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone. 810
 She ſhews her heavenly form without diſguiſe,
 And gives herſelf to his deſiring eyes.
 Behold, ſhe ſaid, perform'd in every part,
 My promiſe made; and Vulcan's labour'd art.
 Now ſeek, ſecure, the Latian enemy; 815
 And haughty Turnus to the field deſy.
 She ſaid: and having firſt her ſon embrac'd,
 The radiant arms beneath an oak ſhe plac'd.
 Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy fight
 Around the work, and gaz'd with vaſt delight. 820
 He liſts, he turns, he poiſes, and admires
 The creſted helm, that vomits radiant fires:
 His hands the fatal ſword and corſlet hold:
 One keen with temper'd ſteel, one ſtiff with gold.
 Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright: 825
 So ſhines a cloud, when edg'd with adverſe light.
 He ſhakes the pointed ſpear: and longs to try
 The plaited cuiſhes on his manly thigh:

But

But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
 And Roman triumphs rising on the gold. 830
 For these, emboss'd, the heavenly smith had wrought
 (Not in the rolls of future time untaught)
 The wars in order, and the race divine
 Of warriors, issuing from the Julian line.
 The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens: 835
 There, by the wolf, was laid the martial twins:
 Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung;
 The foster-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
 They suck'd secure, while bending back her head,
 She lick'd their tender limbs; and form'd them as they
 fed.

Not far from hence new Rome appears, with games
 Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
 The pit resounds with shrieks: a war succeeds,
 For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
 Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend: 845
 The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
 Weary'd with tedious war, at length they cease;
 And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
 The friendly chiefs, before Jove's altar stand;
 Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand: 850
 A fatted sow for sacrifice is led;
 With imprecations on the perjurd head.
 Near this the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
 Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green;
 By 'Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood; 855
 And his torn limbs are left, the vultures' food.

There Porfenna to Rome proud Tarquin brings;
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.

One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights:

The Roman youth assert their native rights. 860

Before the town the Tuscan army lies:

To win by famine, or by fraud surprize.

Their king, half threatening, half disdain'g, stood:

While Cocles broke the bridge; and stemm'd the flood.

The captive maids there tempt the raging tide: 865

Spac'd from their chains, with Clelia for their guide,

High on a rock heroic Manlius stood;

To guard the temple, and the temple's god.

Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold

The palace thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with
gold. 870

The silver goose before the shining gate

There flew; and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.

She told the Gauls approach: th' approaching Gauls,

Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.

The gold, dissembled well their golden hair: 875

And golden chains on their white necks, they wear.

Gold are their vests: long Alpine spears they wield:

And their left arm sustains a length of shield.

Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance:

And naked through the streets the mad Luperci dance

In caps of wool. The targets dropt from heaven:

Here modest matrons in soft litters driven,

To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear:

And odorous gums in their chaste hands they bear.

Far

Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen: 885

Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd Cataline:

Hung on a rock the traitor; and around

The furies hissing from the nether ground.

Apart from these, the happy souls he draws,

And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws. 890

Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea:

But foaming surges, there, in silver play.

The dancing dolphins, with their tails, divide

The glittering waves, and cut the precious tide.

Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage 895

Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.

Actium surveys the well-disputed prize:

Leucate's watery plain with foamy billows fries.

Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,

Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight: 900

His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;

And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.

Agrippa seconds him, with prosperous gales;

And, with propitious gods, his foes assails.

A naval crown, that binds his manly brows, 905

The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.

Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings

Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings.

Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,

Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war. 910

And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,

His ill fate follows him; th' Egyptian wife.

Moving they fight: with oars, and forked prows,

The froth is gather'd; and the water glows.

It

It seems as if the Cyclades again 915
 Were rooted up, and jostled in the main;
 Or floating mountains, floating mountains meet:
 Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
 Fire-balls are thrown; and pointed javelins fly:
 The fields of Neptune take a purple dye. 920
 The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
 With cymbals tofs'd her fainting soldiers warms.
 Fool as she was; who had not yet divin'd
 Her cruel fate; nor saw the snakes behind.
 Her country gods, the monsters of the sky, 925
 Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.
 The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain;
 Nor longer dares oppose th' æthereal train.
 Mars, in the middle of the shining shield,
 Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field. 930
 The Diræ soufe from heaven, with swift descent:
 And Discord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
 Divides the peace: her steps Bellona treads,
 And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
 This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height, 935
 Pours down his arrows: at whose winged flight
 The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield:
 And soft Sabæans quit the watery field.
 The fatal mistress hoists her filken sails:
 And, shrinking from the sight, invokes the gales.
 Aghast she looks; and heaves her breast for breath:
 Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
 The god had figur'd her, as driven along
 By winds and waves, and scudding through the throng.

Just

Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
 His arms, and ample bosom, to the tide,
 And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast;
 In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
 The victor, to the god his thanks express'd:
 And Rome triumphant, with his presence blest'd.
 Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
 With spoils and altars every temple grac'd.
 Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
 The fields resound with shouts, the streets with
 praise,
 The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
 All altars flame: before each altar lies,
 Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
 Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne;
 Before Apollo's porch, of Parian stone:
 Accepts the presents vow'd for victory;
 And hangs the monumental crown on high.
 Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
 Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
 Here Mulciber assigns the proper place
 For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
 Then ranks the Thracians in the second row;
 And Scythians, expert in dart and bow.
 And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides:
 And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides.
 And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
 The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind;
 And Morini, the last of human kind.

945

960

965

These

These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought. 975
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace;
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

THE
NINTH BOOK

OF THE

Æ N E I S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, fires some of his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recal Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,
 The various Iris Juno sends with haste,
 To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
 The secret shade of his great grandfire fought.
 Retir'd alone she found the daring man: 5
 And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began:
 What none of all the gods could grant thy vows;
 That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows!

Æneas

Æneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince,
 Has left the Trojan camp without defence; 10
 And, short of succours there, employs his pains
 In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains:
 Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs,
 Unite thy forces, and attack their lines.
 This said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight, 15
 And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.

The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,
 And thus invokes the goddess as she flies:
 Iris, the grace of heaven, what power divine
 Has sent thee down, through dusky clouds to shine? 20
 See they divide! immortal day appears;
 And glittering planets dancing in their spheres!
 With joy, these happy omens I obey;
 And follow to the war, the god that leads the way.

Thus having said, as by the brook he stood, 25
 He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;
 Then, with his hands, the drops to heaven he throws,
 And loads the powers above with offer'd vows.

Now march the bold confederates through the plain;
 Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining train: 30
 Messapus leads the van; and in the rear,
 The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
 In the main battle, with his flaming crest,
 The mighty Turnus towers above the rest:
 Silent they move; majestically flow,
 Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow. 35
 The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far;
 And the dark menace of the distant war.

Cæcus from the rampire saw it rise,
 Blackening the fields, and thickening through the skies.
 Then, to his fellows, thus aloud he calls:
 What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?
 Arm, arm, and man the works: prepare your spears
 And pointed darts; the Latian host appears!
 Thus warn'd, they shut their gates; with shouts ascend
 The bulwarks, and, secure, their foes attend.
 For their wise general, with foreseeing care,
 Had charg'd them, not to tempt the doubtful war:
 Nor, though provok'd, in open fields advance;
 But close within their lines attend their chance: 50
 Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command;
 And sourly wait in arms the hostile band.
 The fiery Turnus flew before the rest,
 A pye-ball'd steed of Thracian strain he press'd;
 His helm of massy gold; and crimson was his crest. }
 With twenty horse to second his designs,
 An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.

Is there, he said, in arms who bravely dare
 His leader's honour, and his danger, share;
 Then, spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw, 60
 In sign of war; applauding shouts ensue.

Amaz'd to find a dastard race that run
 Behind the rampires, and the battle shun,
 He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
 And stops at every post; and every passage tries. 65
 So roams the nightly wolf about the fold,
 Wet with descending showers, and stiff with cold;

He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain;
 His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain:
 And, impotent of anger, finds no way
 In his distended paws to grasp the prey.
 The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs
 Securely swig the dug beneath the dams.
 Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,
 Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain:
 Surveys each passage with a piercing sight;
 To force his foes in equal field to fight.
 Thus, while he gazes round, at length he spies
 Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies;
 Close underneath the walls: the washing tide
 Secures from all approach this weaker side.
 He takes the wish'd occasion; fills his hand
 With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand:
 Urg'd by his presence, every soul is warm'd,
 And every hand with kindled fire is arm'd.
 From the fir'd pines the scattering sparkles fly;
 Fat vapours mix'd with flames involve the sky.
 What power, O Muses, could avert the flame
 Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name!
 Tell: for the fact, through length of time obscure,
 Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.

'Tis said that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,
 And fell'd his timber from Mount Ida's height,
 The grandam goddess then approach'd her son,
 And with a mother's majesty begun:
 Grant me, she said, the sole request I bring,
 Since conquer'd heaven has own'd you for its king:

On

On Ida's brows, for ages past, there stood,
 With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood:
 And on the summit rose a sacred grove, 100
 Where I was worship'd with religious love;
 These woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
 I gave the Trojan prince to speed his flight.
 Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
 Let neither winds o'erfet, nor waves intomb, 105
 The floating forests of the sacred pine;
 But let it be their safety to be mine.
 Then thus reply'd her awful son; who rolls
 The radiant stars, and heaven and earth controls:
 How dare you, mother, endless date demand, 110
 For vessels moulded by a mortal hand?
 What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,
 Of safety certain, on th' uncertain tide?
 Yet what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
 The chief is landed on the Latian shore, 115
 Whatever ships escape the raging storms,
 At my command shall change their fading forms
 To nymphs divine; and plow the watery way,
 Like Dotis and the daughters of the sea.

To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore, 120
 The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary shore;
 And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
 And the black regions of his brother god: }
 He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod. }

And now, at length, the number'd hours were come,
 Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,

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T

When

When the great mother of the gods was free
 To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.
 First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung,
 A light that sing'd the heavens, and shot along: 130
 Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
 Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs:
 And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
 Both hosts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.
 O Trojan race, your needful aid forbear; 135
 And know my ships are my peculiar care.
 With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
 With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
 Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,
 Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,
 Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,
 And swim the seas, at Cybele's command.
 No sooner had the goddesses ceas'd to speak,
 When lo, th' obedient ships their hausers break;
 And, strange to tell, like dolphins in the main, 145
 They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:
 As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
 As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
 The foes surpriz'd with wonder, stood aghast,
 Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste; 150
 Old Tiber roar'd; and raising up his head,
 Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
 Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock;
 And with these words his trembling troops bespoke:
 These monsters for the Trojan's fate are meant, 155
 And are by Jove for black presages sent,

He takes the cowards last relief away;
 For fly they cannot; and, constrain'd to stay,
 Must yield, unfought, a base inglorious prey. }
 The liquid half of all the globe is lost; 160
 Heaven shuts the seas, and we secure the coast.
 Theirs is no more than that small spot of ground,
 Which myriads of our martial men surround.
 Their fates I fear not; or vain oracles;
 'Twas given to Venus, they should cross the seas; 165
 And land secure upon the Latian plains:
 Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.
 'Tis in the fate of Turnus to destroy,
 With sword and fire, the faithless race of Troy.
 Shall such affronts as these alone inflame 170
 The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
 My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,
 And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.
 Was't not enough, that, punish'd for the crime,
 They fell; but will they fall a second time? 175
 One would have thought they paid enough before,
 To curse the costly sex; and durst offend no more.
 Can they securely trust their feeble wall,
 A slight partition, a thin interval,
 Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, though built
 By hands divine, yet, perish'd by their guilt?
 Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
 To force from out their lines these dastard bands.
 Less than a thousand ships will end this war;
 Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare. 185

Let all the Tuscans all th' Arcadians join,
 Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate my design.
 Let them not fear the treasons of the night;
 The robb'd palladium, the pretended flight:
 Our onset shall be made in open light.

}
 190

No wooden engine shall their town betray,
 Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.
 No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
 Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.
 Now, since the sun is rolling to the west,
 Give me the silent night to needful rest:
 Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare:
 The morn shall end the small remains of war.

195

The post of honour to Messapus falls,
 To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls;
 To pitch the fires at distances around,
 And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.
 Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand:
 And twice seven hundred horse their chiefs command:
 All clad in shining arms the works invest;
 Each with a radiant helm, and waving crest.
 Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy ground;
 They laugh, they sing, the jolly bowls go round:
 With lights and chearful fires renew the day;
 And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.

200

205

210

The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld;
 And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd:
 Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore;
 Join works to works with bridges; tower to tower:

Thus

Thus all things needful for defence abound;
 Mnestheus and brave Seresthus walk the round:
 Commission'd by their absent prince to share
 The common danger, and divide the care,
 The soldiers draw their lots; and, as they fall,
 By turns relieve each other on the wall. 220

Nigh were the foes their utmost guards advance
 To watch the gate, was warlike Nisus' chance.
 His father Hyrticus of noble blood;
 His mother was a huntress of the wood;
 And sent him to the wars; well could he bear 225
 His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear:
 But, better skill'd unerring shafts to send,
 Beside him stood Euryalus his friend.
 Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
 No fairer face, or sweeter air could boast. 230
 Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun;
 One was their care, and their delight was one.
 One common hazard in the war they shar'd;
 And now were both, by choice, upon the guard.

Then Nisus, thus: Or do the gods inspire 235
 This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
 A generous ardour boils within my breast,
 Eager of action, enemy to rest;
 This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
 To leave a memorable name behind. 240
 Thou seest the foe secure. how faintly shine
 Their scatter'd fires! the most in sleep supine
 Along the ground, an easy conquest lie;
 The wakeful few the flaming flaggon ply:

All hush around. Now hear what I revolve; 245
 A thought unripe, and scarcely yet resolve.
 Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
 By message both would hasten his return:
 If they confer what I demand on thee
 (For fame is recompence enough for me), 250
 Methinks beneath yon hill, I have espy'd
 A way that safely will my passage guide.
 Euryalus stood listening while he spoke;
 With love of praise, and noble envy struck;
 Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind: 255 }
 All this alone, and leaving me behind, }
 Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
 Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
 Or send thee unassisted to the field?
 Not so my father taught my childhood arms; 260
 Born in a siege, and bred among alarms;
 Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
 Nor of the heaven-born hero I attend.
 The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim;
 And think it over-fold to purchase fame. 265
 Then Nisus, thus: Alas! thy tender years
 Would minister new matter to my fears:
 So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
 Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
 Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust) 270
 This thy request is cruel and unjust.
 But if some chance, as many chances are,
 And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war;

If

If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
 And spare thy life; I would not perish all. 275
 Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date;
 Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate:
 To bear my mangled body from the foe;
 Or buy it back, and funeral rites bestow.
 Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny, 280
 Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
 O let me not the widow's tears renew;
 Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue;
 Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
 Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily, 285
 Her age committing to the seas and wind,
 When every weary matron staid behind.
 To this Euryalus: You plead in vain,
 And but protract the cause you cannot gain:
 No more delays, but haste. With that he wakes 290
 The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
 The guard reliev'd, the generous couple went
 To find the council at the royal tent.
 All creatures else forgot their daily care;
 And sleep, the common gift of nature, share: 295
 Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful fate
 In nightly council for th' endanger'd state.
 They vote a message to their absent chief;
 Shew their distress, and beg a swift relief.
 Amid the camp a silent feat they chose, 300
 Remote their clamour, and secure from foes,
 On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
 Their right reclin'd upon the bending spear.

Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
 And beg admission, eager to be heard; 305 }
 Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
 Ascanius bids them be conducted in;
 Ordering the more experienc'd to begin.
 Then Nisus thus: Ye fathers, lend your ears,
 Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years. 310
 The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
 Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine:
 And where the smoke in cloudy vapours flies,
 Covering the plain, and curling to the skies,
 Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide, 315 }
 Close by the sea, a passage we have spy'd,
 Which will our way to great Æneas guide.
 Expect each hour to see him safe again,
 Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
 Snatch we the lucky minute while we may: 320
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
 For, hunting in the vales, we both have seen
 The rising turrets, and the stream between:
 And know the winding course, with every ford.
 He ceas'd: and old Alethes took the word. 325
 Our country gods, in whom our trust we place
 Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race:
 While we behold such dauntless worth appear
 In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear.
 Then into tears of joy the father broke; 330 }
 Each in his longing arms by turns he took:
 Panted, and paus'd; and thus again he spoke: }
 Ye

Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
In recompence of such desert, decree?
The greatest sure, and best you can receive, 335
The gods, and your own conscous worth, will give.
The rest our grateful general will bestow;
And young Ascanius till his manhood owe.

And I, whose welfare in my father lies,
Ascanius adds, by the great deities, 340
By my dear country, by my household-gods,
By hoary Vesta's rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both (on you my fortune stands,
That and my faith I plight into your hands):
Make me but happy in his safe return, 345
Whose wonted presence I can only mourn,
Your common gift shall two large goblets be,
Of silver, wrought with curious imagery;
And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,
My conquering fire at sack'd Arisba gain'd. 350
And more, two tripods cast in antique mould,
With two great talents of the finest gold:
Beside a costly bowl, ingrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave when first she gave her heart.
But if in conquer'd Italy we reign, 355
When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain,
Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,
That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,
And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share;
Twelve labouring slaves, twelve handmaids young
and fair, }
And clad in rich attire, and train'd with care,

And

And last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
 And a large portion of the king's domains.
 But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
 No fate my vow'd affection shall divide 365
 From thee, heroic youth; be wholly mine:
 Take full possession; all my soul is thine.
 One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both attend;
 My life's companion, and my bosom friend;
 My peace shall be committed to thy care, 370
 And to thy conduct my concerns in war.

Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd:
 Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
 The same shall be my age, as now my youth;
 No time shall find me wanting to my truth. 375

This only from your goodness let me gain
 (And this ungranted, all rewards are vain):
 Of Priam's royal race my mother came,
 And sure the best that ever bore the name:
 Whom neither Troy, nor Sicily could hold 380
 From me departing, but, o'erspent, and old,
 My fate she follow'd; ignorant of this,
 Whatever danger, neither parting kifs,
 Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave;
 And, in this only act of all my life deceive. 385
 By this right hand, and conscious night, I swear,
 My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.
 Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place
 (Permit me to presume so great a grace).
 Support her age, forsaken and distress'd; 390
 That hope alone will fortify my breast

Against

Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears.

He said: the mov'd assistants melt in tears.

Then thus Ascanius (wonder-struck to see

That image of his filial piety):

395

So great beginnings, in so green an age,

Exact the faith, which I again engage.

Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim

Creüsa had; and only want the name.

Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,

400

'Tis merit to have borne a son so brave.

Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,

(My father us'd it) what returning here

Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,

That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share. 405

He said; and, weeping while he spoke the word,

From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,

Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,

And in an ivory scabbard sheath'd the blade:

This was his gift: great Mnestheus gave his friend

A lion's hide, his body to defend:

And good Alethes furnish'd him beside,

With his own trusty helm, of temper try'd.

Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait

Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate. 415

With prayers and vows, above the rest appears

Ascanius, manly far beyond his years.

And messages committed to their care,

Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd; then took their way

Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;

To

To many fatal, ere themselves were slain:
 They found the careless host dispers'd upon the plain,
 Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore:
 Unharnas'd chariots stand along the shore: 425
 Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
 A medley of debauch and war they lie.
 Observing Nisus shew'd his friend the fight;
 Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.
 Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd; 430
 There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
 And look around, while I securely go,
 And hew a passage through the sleeping foe.
 Softly he spoke; then, striding, took his way,
 With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes lay;
 His head rais'd high, on tapestry beneath,
 And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath:
 A king and prophet by king Turnus lov'd;
 But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd;
 Him, and his sleeping slaves, he slew. Then spies 440
 Where Rhemus, with his rich retinue, lies:
 His armour-bearer first, and next he kills
 His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels:
 And his lov'd horses: last invades their lord;
 Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword: 445
 The gasping head flies off; a purple flood
 Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood:
 Which, by the spurning heels, dispers'd around,
 The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.
 Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the strong, 450
 He slew; and then Serranus fair and young.

From

From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
And puff'd the fummy god from out his breast:
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play;
More lucky had it lasted till the day.

455

The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold;
And tears the peaceful flocks; with silent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employs
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys:
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhætus flew.

460

Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,
But Rhætus, wakeful, and observing all,
Behind a spacious jar he flink'd for fear:
The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.

465

For, as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson dy'd.
The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood:
The purple soul comes floating in the flood.

470

Now where Messapus quarter'd they arrive;
The fires were fainting there, and just alive.
The warrior-horses tied in order fed;
Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said,

475

Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;
And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
Foe to nocturnal thefts: no more, my friend,
Here let our glutted execution end:

A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made:
The bold Euryalus, though loth, obey'd.

480

Of

Of arms, and arras, and of plate they find
 A precious load; but these they leave behind.
 Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay
 To make the rich caparison his prey, 485
 Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
 Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
 The girdle belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
 'This present Cedicus the rich bestow'd
 On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd: 490
 And absent, join'd in hospitable ties;
 He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize:
 Till by the conquering Ardean troops oppress'd,
 He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.
 These glittering spoils (now made the victor's gain)
 He to his body suits; but suits in vain.
 Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,
 And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
 Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
 They leave the camp, and take the ready way. 500
 But far they had not pass'd, before they spy'd
 Three hundred horse with Volscens for their guide.
 The queen a legion to king Turnus sent,
 But the swift horse the slower foot prevent:
 And now, advancing, fought the leader's tent. 505
 They saw the pair; for through the doubtful shade
 His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
 On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
 'Tis not for nought, cry'd Volscens, from the crowd,
 These men go there; then rais'd his voice aloud: 510
Stand,

Stand, stand: why thus in arms, and whither bent:
 From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?
 Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
 To neighbouring woods, and trust themselves to night.
 The speedy horse all passages belay, 515
 And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way;
 And watch each entrance of the winding wood;
 Black was the forest, thick with beech it stood;
 Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
 Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were worn.
 The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
 And fear misled the younger from his way.
 But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
 And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd:
 And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd, 525
 Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd.
 Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,
 And mis'd his friend, and cast his eyes around:
 Ah wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind
 Th' unhappy youth: where shall I hope to find? 530
 Or what way take! Again he ventures back:
 And treads the mazes of his former track.
 He winds the wood, and listening hears the noise
 Of trampling courfers, and the rider's voice.
 The sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd 535
 The foes inclosing, and his friend pursu'd:
 Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain,
 The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
 What should he next attempt? What arms employ?
 What fruitless force to free the captive boy: 540
 Or

Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,
With odds oppress, in such unequal strife?
Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he took;
And casting on the moon a mournful look,
Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night, 545
Fair queen, he said, direct my dart aright:
If e'er my pious father for my sake,
Did grateful offerings on thy altars make;
Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
And hung the holy roofs with savage spoils,
Give me to scatter these. Then from his ear
He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling spear,
The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood, 555
And in his body left the broken wood.
He staggers round; his eye-balls roll in death,
And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
All stand amaz'd; a second javelin flies
With equal strength, and quivers through the skies:
This through thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,
Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound:
Nor knew to fix revenge: But thou, he cries, 565
Shalt pay for both, and at the prisoner flies
With his drawn sword. Then struck with deep despair,
That cruel fight the lover could not bear:
But from his covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew: 570
Me,

Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your swords alone
On me; the fact confess'd, the fault my own.
He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth;
Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth!
His only crime (if friendship can offend) 575
Is too much love to his unhappy friend.

Too late he speaks; the sword, which fury guides,
Driven with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.
Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning wound
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
Like a fair flower by the keen share oppress'd:
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.

Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd, 585
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd:

Volsens he seeks: on him alone he bends;
Borne back, and bor'd, by his surrounding friends,
Onward he press'd; and kept him still in fight;
Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might: 590
'Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and through his weazen
broke:

Dying he flew; and, staggering on the plain,
With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain:
Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell; 595
Content in death to be reveng'd so well.

O happy friends! for, if my verse can give
Immortal life, your fame shall ever live:

Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies;
And spread where'er the Roman eagle flies! 600

The conquering party first divide the prey,
Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.

Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest they found: 605 }
Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround:
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground. }

All knew the helmet which Messapus lost;
But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.
Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed; 610
And, with the dawn of day, the skies o'erspread.
Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.

When early Turnus, wakening with the light,
All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight. 615
His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd;
And his own ardour in their souls inspir'd.

This done, to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Nisus, and his friend he shows,
Rais'd high on pointed spears: a ghastly fight; 620
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.

Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls:
They line their trenches, and they man their walls:
In front extended to the left they stood:
Safe was the right surrounded by the flood. 625
But casting from their towers a frightful view,
They saw the faces which too well they knew;

Though then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er
 With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.
 Soon hasty fame, through the sad city bears 630
 The mournful message to the mother's ears:
 An icy cold benumbs her limbs: she shakes:
 Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.
 She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
 Nor fears the flying darts: she rends her hair, 635 }
 And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
 Thus then, my lov'd Euryalus appears!
 Thus looks the prop of my declining years!
 Was 't on this face my famish'd eyes I fed!
 Ah how unlike the living is the dead! 640
 And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
 Not one kind kiss from a departing son!
 No look, no last adieu before he went,
 In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!
 Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay, 645
 To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
 Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
 To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies:
 To call about his corpse his crying friends,
 Or spread the mantle (made for other ends) 650
 On his dear body, which I wove with care,
 Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour spare.
 Where shall I find his corpse? What earth sustains
 His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?
 For this, alas! I left my needful ease, 655
 Expos'd my life to winds, and winter seas!

If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
 Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:
 Or if they fail, thou Jove conclude my woe,
 And send me thunder-struck to shades below! 660

Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans ears,
 Unman their courage, and augment their fears:
 Nor young Ascanius could the fight sustain,
 Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain:
 But Actor and Idæus, jointly sent, 665
 To bear the madding mother to her tent.
 And now the trumpets, terribly from far,
 With rattling clangor, rouse the sleepy war.
 The soldiers shouts succeed the brazen sounds
 And heaven, from pole to pole, their noise rebounds.
 The Volscians bear their shields upon their head, 671
 And, rushing forward, form a moving shed;
 These fill the ditch; those pull the bulwarks down:
 Some raise the ladders; others scale the town.
 But where void spaces on the walls appear, 675
 Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.
 With poles and missive weapons, from afar,
 The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
 Taught by their ten years siege defensive fight,
 They roll down ribs of rocks, and unresisted weight:
 To break the penthouse with the ponderous blow;
 Which yet the patient Volscians undergo.
 But could not bear th' unequal combat long;
 For where the Trojans find the thickest throng,
 The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way, 685
 And their crush'd heads became an easy prey.

They

They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage;
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and slings, and with the distant bow. 690

Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
But brave Messapus, Neptune's warlike son,
Broke down the palisades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls to scale the town. 695 }

Calliope begin: ye sacred nine,
Inspire your poet in his high design;
To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made:
What souls he sent below the Stygian shade:
What fame the soldiers with their captain share, 700
And the vast circuit of the fatal war.
For you in singing martial facts excel;
You best remember; and alone can tell.

There stood a tower, amazing to the sight,
Built up of beams; and of stupendous height; 705
Art, and the nature of the place, conspir'd
To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italians join;
The wary Trojans obviate their design:
With weighty stones o'erwhelm'd their troops below,
Shoot through the loop-holes, and sharp javelins throw.
Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thundering hand,
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It stuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high;
The planks were season'd, and the timber dry. 715

Contagion caught the posts: it spread along,
 Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd throng.
 The Trojans fled; the fire pursu'd amain,
 Still gathering fast upon the trembling train;
 Till, crowding to the corners of the wall, 720
 Down the defence, and the defenders fall.
 The mighty flaw makes heaven itself resound,
 The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground.
 The tower that follow'd on the fallen crew,
 Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it slew:
 Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;
 All the same equal ruin underwent.

Young Lycus and Helenor only 'scape;
 Sav'd how they know not, from the steepy leap.
 Helenor, elder of the two; by birth, 730
 On one side royal, one a son of earth,
 Whom, to the Lydian king, Lycimnia bare,
 And sent her boasted bastard to the war
 A privilege which none but freemen share). }
 Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield, 735
 No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.
 Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,
 And, rising, found himself amidst his foes.
 Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way;
 Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay: 740
 And like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds
 Of eager huntsmen, and invading hounds,
 Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
 And bounds aloft against the pointed spears:

So

So dares the youth, secure of death, and throws 745
His dying body on his thickest foes.

But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidst the war:
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And snatches at the beam he first can find. 750

Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to reach.
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey
(His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind): 755

Fool, said the chief, though fleetier than the wind,
Could'st thou presume to 'scape when I pursue?
He said, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling dastard: at the tug he falls,
Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking walls.
Thus on some silver swan, or timorous hare, 761
Jove's bird comes fousing down from upper air;
Her crooked talons trusts the fearful fray:
Then out of fight she soars, and wings her way.
So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb, 765
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.

Then rushing onward, with a barbarous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.
The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw. 770

Hilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.

Two more young Liger and Afylas flew; 775 }
 To bend the bow young Liger better knew :
 Afylas best the pointed javelin threw.
 Brave Cæneas laid Ortygius on the plain;
 The victor Cæneas was by Turnus slain.
 By the same hand, Clonius and Itys fall, 780
 Sagar and Ida, standing on the wall.
 From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found;
 Hurt by Themilla first; but slight the wound;
 His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,
 He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part: 785
 The second shaft came swift and unesp'y'd,
 And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his side:
 Transfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart;
 The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the dart.
 The son of Arcens shone amid the rest, 790
 In glittering armour and a purple vest.
 Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love,
 Bred by his father in the Martian grove:
 Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
 And sent in arms to purchase early fame. 795
 Him when he spy'd from far, the Thuscan king
 Laid by the lance, and took him to the sling:
 Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and threw:
 The heated lead half melted as it flew:
 It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain; 800
 The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the plain.
 Then young Ascanius, who before this day
 Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,

First

First bent in martial strife the twanging bow ;
 And exercis'd against a human foe. 805
 With this bereft Numanus of his life,
 Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.
 Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
 Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with a
 a stride, }
 In these insulting terms the Trojans he defy'd: 810
 Twice conquer'd cowards, now your shame is shown,
 Coop'd up a second time within your town!
 Who dare not issue forth in open field,
 But hold your walls before you for a shield.
 Thus threat you war, thus our alliance force! 815
 What gods, what madness hither steer'd your course!
 You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,
 Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.
 Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
 We bear our new-born infants to the flood; 820
 There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
 With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
 They wake before the day to range the wood,
 Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.
 No sports but what belong to war they know, 825
 To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.
 Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
 Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
 From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,
 They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town. 830
 No part of life from toils of war is free;
 No change in age, or difference in degree.

We

We plough, and till in arms; our oxen feel,
 Instead of goads, the spur, and pointed steel:
 Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain; 835
 Ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
 The body, not the mind: nor can control
 Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.

Our helms defend the young, disguise the grey:
 We live by plunder, and delight in prey. 840

Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;
 In sloth you glory, and in dances join.
 Your vests have sweeping sleeves: with female pride
 Your turbans underneath your chins are ty'd.

Go Phrygians, to your Dindymus agen; 845

Go, less than women, in the shapes of men;
 Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the mother's rites,
 Where with unequal sound the flute invites.

Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's shade;
 Relinquish the war to men, who know the martial trade.

This foul reproach Ascanius could not hear 851
 With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.

At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,
 And almost join'd the horns of the tough eugh.

But first, before the throne of Jove he stood: 855

And thus with lifted hands invoc'd the god:

My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed;

An annual offering in thy grove shall bleed:

A snow-white steer before thy altar led,

Who like his mother bears aloft his head, 860

But with his threatening brows, and bellowing stands,

And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands.

Jove

Jove bow'd the heavens, and lent a gracious ear,
 And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.
 Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies 865
 The feather'd death, and hisses through the skies.
 The steel through both his temples forc'd the way:
 Extended on the ground Numanus lay.
 Go now, vain boaster, and true valour scorn;
 The Phrygians, twice subdued, yet make this third
 return. 870

Ascanius said no more: the Trojans shake
 The heavens with shouting, and new vigour take.
 Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,
 To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
 And thus the beardless victor, he bespoke aloud: 875 }
 Advance, illustrious youth; increase in fame,
 And wide from east to west extend thy name.
 Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall owe
 To thee, a race of demigods below.
 This is the way to heaven: the powers divine, 880
 From this beginning date the Julian line.
 To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
 The conquer'd war is due: and the vast world is theirs.
 Troy is too narrow for thy name. He said,
 And, plunging downward, shot his radiant head; 885
 Dispell'd the breathing air that broke his flight,
 Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal fight.
 Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,
 Now left to rule Ascanius, by his fire;
 His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs, 890 }
 His mien, his habit, and his arms he wears;
 And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his years: }
 Suffice

Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,
 The warlike prize thou hast already won:
 The god of archers gives thy youth a part 895
 Of his own praise; nor envies equal art.
 Now tempt the war no more. He said, and flew
 Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.
 The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know;
 And hear the twanging of his heavenly bow. 900
 Then duteous force they use, and Phœbus' name,
 To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
 Undaunted they themselves no danger shun:
 From wall to wall the shouts and clamours run:
 They bend their bows; they whirl their slings around:
 Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground;
 And helms, and shields, and rattling arms resound. }
 The combat thickens like the storm that flies
 From westward, when the showery kids arise:
 Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main, 910
 When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain:
 Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
 And with an armed winter strew the ground.
 Pand'rus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,
 Whom Hieras to bold Alcanor bare 915
 On Ida's top, two youths of height and size,
 Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise;
 Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,
 And of their own accord invite the war.
 With fates averse, against their king's command, 920
 Arm'd on the right and on the left they stand,

And

And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,
 And waving crests above their heads appear.
 Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
 Lift up to heaven their leafy heads unshorn; 925
 And overpress'd with nature's heavy load,
 Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod.

In flows a tide of Latians, when they see
 The gate set open, and the passage free.
 Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus rushing on, 930
 Equicolas, who in bright armour shone,
 And Hæmon first, but soon repuls'd they fly,
 Or in the well-defended pass they die.

These with success are fir'd, and those with rage;
 And each, on equal terms at length, engage. 935
 Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,
 The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.

Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
 When suddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought;
 The foes had left the fastness of their place, 940
 Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chase.
 He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
 Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.
 The first he met, Antiphates the brave,
 But base-begotten on a Theban slave; 945
 Sarpedon's son he slew: the deadly dart
 Found passage through his breast, and pierc'd his
 heart.

Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel stood;
 Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.

Aphidnus

Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
 And Meropes, and the gigantic size
 Of Bitias, threatening with his ardent eyes.
 Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd,
 A dart were lost within that roomy breast,
 But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong;
 Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along;
 Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force withhold;
 Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.
 Down sunk the monster-bulk, and press'd the ground:
 His arms and clattering shield on the vast body found.
 Not with less ruin, than the Bajan mole
 (Rais'd on the seas the surges to control),
 At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
 Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
 Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
 Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud arise.
 The frightened billows roll, and seek the shores:
 Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:
 Typhœus thrown beneath, by Jove's command,
 Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
 Soon shifts his weary side, and, scarce awake,
 With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.

The warrior-god the Latian troops inspir'd;
 New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd,
 But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright:
 Then black despair precipitates their flight.

When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
 The town with fear, and wild confusion fill'd.

950

955

965

970

975

He

He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands; and adds his shoulders to the
weight. 980

Some happier friends within the walls inclos'd;
The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd.
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T' admit young Turnus, and include the war.
He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold; 985
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.

Too late his blazing buckler they descry;
And sparkling fires that shot from either eye:
His mighty members, and his ample breast,
His rattling armour, and his crimson crest. 990

Far from that hated face the Trojans fly;
All but the fool who fought his destiny.
Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town 995
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:

'Tis hostile earth you tread; of hope bereft,
No means of safe return by flight are left,
To whom, with countenance calm, and soul sedate,
Thus Turnus: Then begin; and try thy fate: 1000
My message to the ghost of Priam bear,
Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there.

A lance of tough ground-ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew;
With his full force he whirl'd it first around; 1005
But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound:

Imperial

Imperial Juno turn'd the course before,
And fix'd the wandering weapon in the door.

But hope not thou, said Turnus, when I strike,
To shun thy fate; our force is not alike: 1010
Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god:
Then, rising, on his utmost stretch he stood;
And aim'd from high: the full descending blow
Cleaves the broad front, and beardless cheeks in two:
Down sinks the giant, with a thundering sound,
His ponderous limbs oppress the trembling ground;
Blood, brains, and foam, gush from the gaping }
wound.

Scalp, face, and shoulders, the keen steel divides;
And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate: 1020
And had the victor then secur'd the gate,
And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,
One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,
Push on his fury to pursue the crowd; 1025
Hamstring'd behind, unhappy Gyges dy'd;
Then Phalaris is added to his side:
The pointed javelins from the dead he drew,
And their friends arms against their fellows threw.
Strong Halys stands in vain; weak Phlegys flies;
Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall
(Engag'd against the foes, who scal'd the wall):
But whom they fear'd without, they found within:
At last, though late, by Linceus he was seen: 1035
He

He calls new succours, and assaults the prince;
 But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
 Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,
 And at one blow the bold aggressor slew.
 He joints the neck; and with a stroke so strong, 1040
 The helm flies off; and bears the head along.
 Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,
 In darts envenom'd, and in poison skill'd.
 Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,
 And Cretus, whom the Muses held so dear: 1045
 He fought with courage, and he sung the fight:
 Arms were his business, verses his delight.

The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
 Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.
 Bold Mneitheus rallies first the broken train, 1050
 Whom brave Seresthus and his troop sustain.
 To save the living, and revenge the dead,
 Against one warrior's arm all Troy they led.
 O, void of sense and courage, Mneitheus cry'd,
 Where can you hope your coward heads to hide? 1055
 Ah, where beyond these rampires can you run!
 One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you shun!
 Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,
 And pass unpunish'd from a numerous host?
 Forfaking honour, and renouncing fame, 1060
 Your gods, your country, and your king, you shame.

This just reproach their virtue does excite,
 They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.

Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield;
 But with slow paces measures back the field; 1065

And inches to the walls, where Tiber's tide,
 Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.
 The more he loses, they advance the more;
 And tread in every step he trod before:
 They shout, they bear him back, and whom by might
 They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.

As, compass'd with a wood of spears around,
 The lordly lion still maintains his ground;
 Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
 Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane:
 He loses while in vain he presses on,
 Nor will his courage let him dare to run;
 So Turnus fares, and, unresolv'd of flight,
 Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.
 Yet twice, enrag'd, the combat he renews, 1080
 Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues:
 But now they swarm; and, with fresh troops supply'd,
 Come rolling on, and rush from every side.
 Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,
 Dares with new strength suffice th' exhausted store.
 For Jove, with four commands, sent Iris down,
 To force th' invader from th' affrighted town.

With labour spent, no longer can he wield
 The heavy faulchion, or sustain the shield:
 O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling,
 The weapons round his hollow temples ring:
 His golden helm gives way: with stony blows
 Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows,
 His crest is rash'd away; his ample shield
 Is falsify'd, and round with javelins fill'd.

The foe now faint; the Trojans overwhelm:
And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.
Sick sweat succeeds, he drops at every pore,
With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er.
Shorter and shorter every gasp he takes, 1100
And vain efforts and hurtless blows he makes.
Arm'd as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
The yellow god the welcome burden bore,
And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore: 1105
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast;
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

T H E
T E N T H B O O K

O F T H E

Æ N E I S.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return, there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lausus, and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth: the different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

THE gates of heaven unfold; Jove summons all
 The gods to council in the common hall.
 Sublimely seated, he surveys from far
 The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war;
 And all th' inferior world: from first to last 5
 The sovereign senate in degrees are plac'd.

Then thus th' almighty fire began: Ye gods,
 Natives, or denizens, of blest abodes;

From

From whence these murmurs, and this change of mind,
This backward fate from what was first design'd? 10

Why this protracted war? When my commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands.

What fear or hopes on either part divides

Our heavens, and arms our powers on different sides?

A lawful time of war at length will come 15 }

(Nor need your haste anticipate the doom)

When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome: }

Shall force the rigid rocks, and Alpine chains;

And like a flood come pouring on the plains:

Then is your time for faction and debate, 20

For partial favour, and permitted hate.

Let now your immature dissension cease:

Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace.

Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:

But lovely Venus thus replies at large: 25

O power immense, eternal energy!

(For to what else protection can we fly?)

Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare

In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?

How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train, 30

In shining arms triumphant on the plain?

Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend;

And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:

The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erflows,

With a red deluge, their increasing moats. 35

Æneas, ignorant, and far from thence,

Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.

This endless outrage shall they still sustain?
 Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd, and fired again?
 A second siege my banish'd issue fears, 40
 And a new Diomede in arms appears.
 One more audacious mortal will be found;
 And I thy daughter wait another wound.
 Yet if, with fates averse, without thy leave,
 The Latian lands my progeny receive, 45
 Bear they the pains of violated law,
 And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
 But if the gods their sure success foretel,
 If those of heaven consent with those of hell,
 To promise Italy; who dare debate 50
 The power of Jove, or fix another fate?
 What should I tell of tempests on the main,
 Of Æolus usurping Neptune's reign?
 Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat,
 T' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet. 55
 Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
 Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
 That new example wanted yet above:
 An act that well became the wife of Jove.
 Aleto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames 60
 The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.
 Imperial sway no more exalts my mind
 (Such hopes I had indeed, while heaven was kind);
 Now let my happier foes possess my place,
 Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race; 65 }
 And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace. }
 Since

Since you can spare, from all your wide command,
 No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
 Which may my wandering fugitives receive
 (Since haughty Juno will not give you leave); 70
 Then, father (if I still may use that name)
 By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,
 I beg you, let Ascanius by my care,
 Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war:
 Inglorious let him live, without a crown; 75 }
 The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
 Struggling with fate; but let me save the son. }
 Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian towers;
 In those recesses, and those sacred bowers,
 Obscurely let him rest; his right resign 80
 To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.
 Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy,
 Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
 What profits it my son, to 'scape the fire,
 Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his fire; 85
 To pass the perils of the seas and wind;
 Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;
 To reach th' Italian shores: if, after all,
 Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall?
 Much better had he curb'd his high desires, 90
 And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.
 To Simois' banks the fugitives restore,
 And give them back to war, and all the woes before.
 Deep indignation swell'd Sâturnia's heart:
 And must I own, she said, my secret smart? 95

What with more decency were in silence kept,
 And but for this unjust reproach had slept.
 Did god, or man, your favourite son advise,
 With war unhop'd the Latians to surprize?
 By fate you boast, and by the gods decree, 100
 He left his native land for Italy:
 Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more
 Than Heaven, inspir'd, he sought a foreign shore!
 Did I persuade to trust his second Troy
 To the raw conduct of a beardless boy? 105
 With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
 And through the waves a wandering voyage takes?
 When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
 The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?
 Did I or Iris give this mad advice? 110
 Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
 You think it hard, the Latians should destroy
 With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy:
 Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
 Their native air, nor take a foreign law: 115
 That Turnus is permitted still to live,
 To whom his birth a god and goddess give:
 But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line,
 To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join.
 Realms not your own, among your clans divide, 120
 And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride:
 Petition, while you public arms prepare;
 Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war.
 'Twas given to you, your darling son to shrowd,
 To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd; 125 }
 And for a man obtend an empty cloud.

From

From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
But 'tis my crime, the Queen of Heaven offends,
If she presume to save her suffering friends. 130

Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
You say is absent: absent let him be.

Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian towers,
The soft recesses, and the sacred bowers.

Why do you then these needless arms prepare, 135
And thus provoke a people prone to war?

Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?

Was I the cause of mischief, or the man,
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began? 140

Think on whose faith th' adulterous youth rely'd:

Who promis'd, who procur'd, the Spartan bride?

When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,

To purge the world of the perfidious kind;

Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate: 145

Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.

Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause;

Just as they favour, or dislike, the cause:

So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,

In whispers first their tender voices try: 150

Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,

And storms to trembling mariners presage.

Then thus to both reply'd th' imperial god,

Who shakes Heaven's axles with his awful nod.

When he begins, the silent senate stand 155

With reverence, listening to the dread command:

The

The clouds dispel; the winds their breath restrain;
And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main).

Cœlestials! your attentive ears incline;
Since, said the god, the Trojans must not join 160
In wish'd alliance with the Latian line;
Since endless jarrings, and immortal hate,
Tend but to discompose our happy state;
The war henceforward be resign'd to Fate,
Each to his proper fortune stand or fall, 165
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.

Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.
Let these assault, if Fortune be their friend;
And if she favours those, let those defend: 170
The Fates will find their way. The Thunderer said;
And shook the sacred honours of his head;
Attesting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:
Trembled the poles of Heav'n; and earth confess'd
the nod: 175

This end the sessions had: the senate rise,
And to his palace wait their sovereign through the skies.

Mean time, intent upon their siege, the foes
Within their walls the Trojan host inclose:
They wound, they kill, they watch at every gate: 180
Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.

Th' Æneans wish in vain their wonted chief,
Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief;
Thin on the towers they stand; and ev'n those few,
A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew: 185

Yet in the face of danger some there stood:
 The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
 Asius and Acmon: both th' Assaraci;
 Young Hæmon, and, though young, resolv'd to die.
 With these were Clarus and Thymetes join'd; 190
 Tibris and Castor, both of Lycian kind.

From Acmon's hands a rolling stone there came,
 So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's name!
 Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone,
 His brother Mnestheus could not more have done; }
 Or the great father of th' intrepid son.

Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows send;
 And some with darts, and some with stones defend.
 Amid the press appears the beauteous boy,
 The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy. 200

His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare,
 In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair;
 His forehead circled with a diadem;
 Distinguish'd from the crowd he shines a gem,
 Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd ivory set, 205
 Amidst the meaner foil of fable jet.

Nor Ismarus was wanting to the war,
 Directing pointed arrows from afar,
 And death with poison arm'd: in Lydia born
 Where plenteous harvests the fat fields adorn: 210
 Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,
 And leaves a rich manure of golden sands,
 There Capys, author of the Capuan name:
 And there was Mnestheus too increas'd in fame, }
 Since Turnus from the camp he cast with shame. 215

Thus

Thus mortal war was wag'd on either side.
 Mean time the hero cuts the nightly tide:
 For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
 He fought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;
 Expos'd the cause of coming to the chief; 220
 His name and country told, and ask'd relief:
 Propos'd the terms; his own small strength declar'd,
 What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd:
 What Turnus, bold and violent, design'd;
 Then shew'd the slippery state of human kind, 225
 And fickle Fortune; warn'd him to beware:
 And to his wholesome counsel added prayer.
 Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs:
 And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins.

They soon set sail; nor now the Fates withstand; 230
 Their forces trust'd with a foreign hand.

Æneas leads; upon his stern appear
 Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida bear;
 Ida, to wandering Trojans ever dear. }
 Under their grateful shade Æneas fate, 235
 Revolving war's events, and various fate.
 His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,
 And oft' of winds inquir'd, and of the tide:
 Oft' of the stars, and of their watery way;
 And what he suffer'd both by land and sea. 240

Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring:
 The Tuscan leaders, and their army sing;
 Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:
 Their arms, their numbers, and their names, declare.

A thou-

A thousand youths brave Mafficus obey, 245
 Born in the Tiger, through the foaming sea;
 From Asium brought, and Cofa, by his care;
 For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts they bear.
 Fierce Abas next, his men bright armour wore;
 His stern, Apollo's golden statue bore. 250

Six hundred Populonea sent along,
 All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.
 Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
 An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.
 Asylas on his prow the third appears. 255
 Who heaven interprets, and the wandering stars;
 From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,
 And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.
 A thousand spears in warlike order stand,
 Sent by the Pisans under his command. 260

Fair Astur follows in the watery field,
 Proud of his manag'd horse, and painted shield,
 Gravisca, noisom from the neighbouring fen,
 And his own Cœre, sent three hundred men:
 With those which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave; 265
 All bred in arms, unanimous and brave.

Thou, Muse, the name of Cinyras renew;
 And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few:
 Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,
 And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan. 270
 Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry,
 Whose forms and fortunes in his ensigns fly.
 For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phaeton,
 And sung his loss in poplar groves alone;

Beneath

Beneath the sister shades to sooth his grief:
 Heaven heard his song, and hasten'd his relief;
 And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,
 And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
 His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:

275

Upon his stern a brawny Centaur stood,
 Who heav'd a rock, and threatening still to throw,
 With lifted hands, alarm'd the seas below:
 They seem to fear the formidable fight,
 And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.

280

Ocnus was next, who led his native train
 Of hardy warriors through the watery plain,
 The son of Manto, by the Tuscan stream,
 From whence the Mantuan town derives the name,
 An ancient city, but of mix'd descent,
 Three several tribes compose the government:
 Four towns are under each; but all obey
 The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.

285

290

Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
 Whom Mincius from his fire Benacus bore;
 (Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd
 o'er.

295

These grave Auletes leads. A hundred sweep,
 With stretching oars, at once the glassy deep:
 Him, and his martial train, the Triton bears,
 High on his poop the sea-green god appears:
 Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound,
 And at the blast the billows dance around.

300

A hairy man above the waste he shows,
 A porpoise tail beneath his belly grows;

And

And ends a fish: his breast the waves divides,
And froth and foam augment the murmuring tides. 305
Full thirty ships transport the chosen train,
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.

Now was the world forsaken by the sun,
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes, 310
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.

A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own gallies, hewn from Ida's wood:
But now as many nymphs the sea they sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep. 315

They know him from afar; and in a ring
Inclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast.
Her right hand stops the stern, her left divides 320

The curling ocean, and corrects the tides:
She spoke for all the choir; and thus began
With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man:
Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born! awake,
Spread every sail, pursue your watery track; 325
And haste your course. Your navy once were we,

From Ida's height descending to the sea:
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.

Then loos'd from shore we fled his fires profane 330 }
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain); }
And since have fought you through the Tuscan main. }

The

The mighty mother chang'd our forms to these,
 And gave us life immortal in the seas.
 But young Ascanius, in his camp distress'd, 335
 By your insulting foes is hardly press'd ;
 Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host,
 Advance in order on the Latian coast :
 To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,
 Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines. 340
 Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,
 First arm thy foldiers for th' ensuing fight ;
 Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,
 And bear aloft th' impenetrable shield.
 To-morrow's fun, unless my skill be vain, 345
 Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain.
 Parting, she spoke ; and, with immortal force,
 Push'd on the vessel in her watery course,
 (For well she knew the way) impell'd behind,
 The ship flew forward, and outstript the wind. 350
 The rest make up : unknowing of the cause,
 The chief admires their speed, and happy omens
 draws.

Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heaven his eyes :
 Hear thou, great mother of the deities,
 With turrets crown'd, (on Ida's holy hill, 355
 Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will).
 Firm thy own omens, lead us on to fight,
 And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.

He said no more. And now renewing day
 Had chac'd the shadows of the night away. 360
 He

He charg'd the soldiers with preventing care,
 Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
 Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bade them hope the
 war.

Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below,
 His camp encompass'd, and th' inclosing foe. 365
 His blazing shield embrac'd, he held on high;
 The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.
 Hope arms their courage: from their towers they throw
 Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
 Thus, at the signal given, the cranes arise 370
 Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd;
 Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd;
 The seas with swelling canvass cover'd o'er;
 And the swift ships descending on the shore. 375
 The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,
 The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,
 And dart diffusive fires around the field;
 And the keen glittering of the golden shield.
 Thus threatening comets, when by night they rise, 380
 Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:
 So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights,
 Pale human-kind with plagues and with dry famine
 frights.

Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind, is bent
 To man the shores, and hinder their descent: 385
 And thus awakes the courage of his friends.
 What you so long have wish'd, kind fortune sends:

In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:
 You find, and find him at advantage now.
 Yours is the day, you need but only dare: 390
 Your swords will make you masters of the war.
 Your fires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,
 And dearest wives, are all within your hands.
 Be mindful of the race from whence you came;
 And emulate in arms your father's fame. 395
 Now take the time, while staggering yet they stand
 With feet unfirm; and prepossess the strand:
 Fortune befriends the bold. No more he said,
 But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:
 Then these elects, the landing to prevent; 400
 And those he leaves, to keep the city pent.

Mean time the Trojan sends his troops ashore:
 Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
 With labouring oars they bear along the strand,
 Where the tide languishes, and leap a-land. 405
 Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,
 And where no ford he finds, no water fries,
 Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,
 But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore:
 That course he steer'd, and thus he gave command,
 Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:
 Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound
 This hated foil, and furrow hostile ground.
 Let me securely land, I ask no more,
 Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore. 415
 This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends,
 They tug at every oar; and every stretcher bends:

They run their ships aground, the vessels knock,
(Thus forc'd ashore) and tremble with the shock.
Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood, 420
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.

She breaks her back, the loosen'd sides give way,
And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.

Their broken oars and floating planks withstand
Their passage, while they labour to the land; 425 }
And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain sand. }

Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,
Advancing to the margin of the sea.

The trumpets found: Æneas first assail'd

The clowns new-rais'd and raw; and soon prevail'd. 430

Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight:

Great Theron large of limbs, of giant height.

He first in open fields defy'd the prince,

But armour scal'd with gold was no defence

Against the fated sword, which open'd wide 435

His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.

Next, Lycas fell; who, not like others born,

Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn:

Sacred, O Phœbus! from his birth to thee,

For his beginning life from biting steel was free. 440

Nor far from him was Gyas laid along,

Of monstrous bulk; with Cisseus fierce and strong;

Vain bulk and strength; for when the chief assail'd,

Nor valour, nor Herculean arms, avail'd;

Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go 445

With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.

The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his death,
 Æneas writh'd his dart, and stopp'd his bawling breath.
 Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
 Who courted Clytius in his beardless bloom, 450
 And fought with lust obscene polluted joys:
 The Trojan sword had cur'd his love of boys,
 Had not his seven bold brethren stopp'd the course
 Of the fierce champion, with united force.
 Seven darts are thrown at once, and some rebound 455
 From his bright shield, some on his helmet found:
 The rest had reach'd him, but his mother's care
 Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.

The prince then call'd Achates, to supply
 The spears that knew the way to victory. 460
 Those fatal weapons, which, inur'd to blood,
 In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:
 Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain
 Against our foes, on this contended plain,
 He said: then seiz'd a mighty spear, and threw; 465
 Which, wing'd with fate, through Mæon's buckler flew;
 Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:
 He stagger'd with intolerable smart.

Alcanor saw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
 His helping hand, his brother to sustain. 470
 A second spear, which kept the former course,
 From the same hand, and sent with equal force,
 His right arm pierc'd, and, holding on, bereft
 His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.
 Then Numitor, from his dead brother, drew 475
 Th' ill-omen'd spear, and at the Trojan threw:

Preventing

Preventing Fate directs the lance awry,
Which, glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.

In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came,
And from afar at Dryops took his aim. 480

The spear flew hissing through the middle space,
And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face:
It stopp'd at once the passage of his wind,
And the free soul to flitting air resign'd:
His forehead was the first that struck the ground; 485
Life-blood and life rush'd mingled through the wound.

He slew three brothers of the Borean race,
And three, whom Ismarus, their native place, }
Had sent to war, but all the sons of Thrace. }
Halesus next, the bold Aurunci leads; 490

The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,
Conspicuous on his horse: on either hand
These fight to keep, and those to win the land.
With mutual blood th' Ausonian soil is dy'd,
While on its borders each their claim decide. 495

As wintery winds, contending in the sky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try:
They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heaven
Stands without motion, and the tide undriven:
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield; 500
They long suspend the fortune of the field.

Both armies thus perform what courage can:
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.

But in another part, th' Arcadian horse,
With ill-success engage the Latin force, 505
Y 3 For

For where th' impetuous torrent, rushing down,
 Huge craggy stones, and rooted trees had thrown,
 'They left their coursers, and, unus'd to fight
 On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.
 Pallas, who with disdain and grief had view'd 510
 His foes pursuing, and his friends pursu'd,
 Us'd threatnings mix'd with prayers, his last resource;
 With these to move their minds, with those to fire their
 force.

Which way, companions! whither would you run?
 By you yourselves, and mighty battles won; 515
 By my great fire, by his establish'd name,
 And early promise of my future fame;
 By my youth emulous of equal right,
 To share his honours, shun ignoble flight.
 Trust not your feet; your hands must hew your way
 Through yon black body, and that thick array:
 'Tis through that forward path that we must come:
 There lies our way, and that our passage home.
 Nor powers above, nor destinies below,
 Oppress our arms; with equal strength we go; 525
 With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
 See on what foot we stand: a scanty shore;
 The sea behind, our enemies before:
 No passage left, unless we swim the main;
 Or, forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain. 530
 This said, he strode with eager haste along,
 And bore amidst the thickest of the throng,
 Lagos, the first he met, with fate to foe,
 Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight to throw;

Stooping,

Stooping, the spear descended on his chine,
Just where the bone distinguish'd either loin:
It stuck so fast, so deeply bury'd lay,
That scarce the victor forc'd the steel away.

Hisbon came on, but while he mov'd too slow
To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow; 540
For, warding his at once, at once he press'd;
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.
Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,
Who stain'd his stepdam's bed with impious lust.
And after him the Daunian twins were slain, 545
Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian plain:
So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,
As caus'd an error in their parents' eyes.

Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
The nice distinction, and their fate divides. 550
For Thimbrus' head was lopp'd: and Laris' hand,
Dismember'd, fought its owner on the strand:
The trembling fingers yet the fauchion strain,
And threaten still th' intended stroke in vain.

Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came: }
Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame, }
And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame. }
Then with a casual blow was Rhæteus slain,
Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain!
The flying spear was after Ilus sent, 560
But Rhæteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From Teuthras and from Tyrus while he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead.

Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground.

565

As, when in summer welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighbouring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;
The pastor, pleas'd with his dire victory,

570

Beholds the fatiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:
So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite;
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.

575

Halefus came, fierce with desire of blood
(But first collected in his arms he stood);
Advancing then he ply'd the spear so well,
Ladon, Demodochus, and Pheres, fell:
Around his head he tofs'd his glittering brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat: then hurl'd a stone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
It struck beneath the space of either eye,
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
Deep skill'd in future fates, Halefus' fire
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But, when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire Destiny laid hold upon the son,
And haul'd him to the war: to find beneath
Th' Evandrian spear a memorable death,

580

585

590

Pallas

Pallas th' encounter seeks; but, ere he throws,
To Tuscan Tiber thus address'd his vows:
O sacred stream, direct my flying dart, 595

And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart:
His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear.
Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his prayer;
For, while his shield protects a friend distress'd,
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast. 600

But Lausus, no small portion of the war,
Permits not panick fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight;
But by his own example cheers the fight.
Fierce Abas first he slew; Abas, the stay 605
Of Trojan hopes, and hindrance of the day.

The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain,
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.
To the rude shock of war both armies came,
The leaders equal, and their strength the same. 610
The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield
Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.

Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there,
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by Fate forbid to breathe their native air. }
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands,
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.

Mean time Juturna warns the Daunian chief
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.
With his driven chariot he divides the crowd, 620
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:

Let

Let none presume his needleſs aid to join;
 Retire, and clear the field, the fight is mine:
 To this right hand is Pallas only due:
 Oh were his father here my juſt revenge to view! 625
 From the forbidden ſpace his men retir'd,
 Pallas their awe and his ſtern words admir'd,
 Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wondering fight,
 Struck with his haughty mien, and towering height.
 Then to the king; your empty vaunts forbear; 630
 Succeſs I hope, and Fate I cannot fear.
 Alive or dead, I ſhall deſerve a name:
 Jove is impartial, and to both the ſame.
 He ſaid, and to the void advanc'd his pace;
 Pale horror ſate on each Arcadian face. 635
 Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
 Addreſs'd himſelf on foot to ſingle fight.
 And, as a lion, when he ſpies from far
 A bull that ſeems to meditate the war,
 Bending his neck, and ſpurning back the ſand, 640
 Runs roaring downward from his hilly ſtand:
 Imagine eager Turnus not more ſlow,
 To ruſh from high on his unequal foe.

Young Pallas, when he ſaw the chief advance
 Within due diſtance of his flying lance, 645
 Prepares to charge him firſt, reſolv'd to try
 If Fortune would his want of force ſupply;
 And thus to Heaven and Hercules addreſs'd:
 Alcides, once on earth Evander's gueſt,
 His ſon adjures you by thoſe holy rites, 650
 That hospitable board, thoſe genial nights;

Affiſt

Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
 And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
 His ravish'd spoils. 'Twas heard, the vain request;
 Alcides mourn'd; and stifled sighs within his breast.
 Then Jove, to sooth his sorrow, thus began:
 Short bounds of life are set to mortal man;
 'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span. }
 So many sons of gods in bloody fight,
 Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light: 660
 My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe,
 Nor I, his mighty fire, could ward the blow.
 Ev'n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath;
 And stands already on the verge of death.
 'This said, the god permits the fatal fight, 665
 But from the Latian fields averts his fight.

Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw;
 And, having thrown, his shining fauchion drew:
 The steel just graz'd along the shoulder joint,
 And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point. 670
 Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,
 And pois'd his pointed spear before he threw:
 Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,
 See now, said he, whose arm is better strung.
 The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd 675
 By plates of iron, which o'er the shield were laid:
 Through folded brags and tough bull-hides it pass'd,
 His croset pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.
 In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood,
 The soul comes issuing with the vital blood: 680
 He

He falls; his arms upon his body found;
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.

Turnus bestrode the corpse: Arcadians hear,
Said he; my message to your master bear:
Such as the fire deserv'd, the son I send: 685
It costs him dear to be the Phrygians' friend.

The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow,
Unask'd, to rest his wandering ghost below.
He said, and trampled down with all the force
Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corpse: 690
Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid;
The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made:
Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to fight,
All, in the compass of one mournful night,
Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light. 695 }

In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore
Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.
O mortals! blind in fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain, 700
Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain:
Shall wish the fatal belt were far away;
And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

The sad Arcadians from th' unhappy field,
Bear back the breathless body on a shield. 705
O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd
With praises to thy fire, at once deplor'd.
One day first sent thee to the fighting field,
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd;
One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy shield. }

This

This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,
But sad spectators, to the hero came :
His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,
Unless reliev'd by his victorious hand.

He whirls his sword around, without delay, 715
And hews through adverse foes an ample way ;
To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud :
Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd
To large deserts, are present to his eyes ;
His plighted hand, and hospitable ties. 720

Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
He took in fight, and living victims led,
To please the ghost of Pallas ; and expire
In sacrifice, before his funeral fire.
At Magus next he threw : he stoop'd below 725
The flying spear, and shun'd the promis'd blow.
Then, creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd :
By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,
O spare my life, and send me back to see
My longing fire, and tender progeny. 730

A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,
In silver ingots, and in bars of gold :
All these, and sums besides, which see no day,
The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.
If I survive, shall Troy the less prevail? 735

A single soul's too light to turn the scale.
He said. The hero sternly thus reply'd :
Thy bars, and ingots, and the sums beside,
Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke
All rules of war, by one relentless stroke, 740
When

When Pallas fell: so deems, nor deems alone,
 My father's shadow, but my living son.
 Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,
 He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left:
 Then with his right-hand, whilst his neck he wreath'd,
 Up to the hilts his shining fauchion sheath'd.

Apollo's priest, Hæmonides, was near,
 His holy fillets on his front appear;
 Glittering in arms he shone amidst the crowd;
 Much of his god, more of his purple proud: 750
 Him the fierce Trojan follow'd through the field,
 The holy coward fell: and, forc'd to yield,
 The prince stood o'er the priest; and at one blow
 Sent him an offering to the shades below.
 His arms Sereſthus on his shoulders bears, 755
 Design'd a trophy to the god of wars.

Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight;
 And umbro born upon the mountain's height.
 The champion cheers his troops t' encounter those;
 And seeks revenge himself on other foes. 760
 At Anxur's shield he drove, and at the blow
 Both shield and arm to ground together go.
 Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,
 And thought he wore impenetrable arms;
 So made by mutter'd spells: and from the spheres 765
 Had life secur'd in vain, for length of years.
 Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
 A nymph his mother, and his fire a god.
 Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince;
 With his portended lance he makes defence: 770
 Bears

Bears back his feeble foe ; then, pressing on,
 Arrests his better hand, and drags him down.
 Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and as he lay,
 Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
 Mows off his head ; the trunk a moment stood, 775
 Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.

The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain ;
 Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain :
 Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
 Far from thy mother, and thy native home : 780
 Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of prey ;
 Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea.

On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,
 Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van,
 They fled for fear ; with these he chac'd along, 785 }
 Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong, }
 Both great in arms, and both were fair and young : }
 Camers was son to Volscens lately slain,
 In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,
 And in Amycla fix'd his silent easy reign. 790 }

And as Ægean, when with heaven he strove,
 Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove ;
 Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
 Defy'd the forky lightning from afar :
 At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires, 795
 And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires :
 In his right-hand as many swords he wields,
 And takes the thunder on as many shields :
 With strength like his the Trojan hero stood, }
 And soon the fields with falling crops were strow'd, }
 When once his fauchion found the taste of blood.

With

With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
 Against Niphæus, whom four coursers drew.
 They, when they see the fiery chief advance,
 And pushing at their chests his pointed lance, 805
 Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,
 They drew their master headlong from the chair:
 They stare, they start, nor stop their course, before
 They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.

Now Lucagus and Liger scour the plains, 810
 With two white steeds, but Liger holds the reins,
 And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains. }
 Bold brethren both, the former wav'd in air
 His flaming sword; Æneas couch'd his spear, }
 Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear. 815
 Then Liger thus. Thy confidence is vain
 To 'scape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:
 Nor these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,
 Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:
 Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's shield: 820
 Thy fatal hour is come; and this the field.
 Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
 Return'd his answer with his flying spear.
 As Lucagus to lash his horses bends,
 Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends, 825
 Prepar'd for flight, the fatal dart arrives,
 And through the border of his buckler drives;
 Pass'd through, and pierc'd his groin; the deadly wound,
 Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground.
 Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful spight; 830
 Blame not the slowness of your steeds in flight;

Vain

Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat:
But you yourself forsake your empty feat.
He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd rein
(For Liger lay already on the plain 835
By the same shock); then, stretching out his hands,
'The recreant thus his wretched life demands:
Now by thyself, O more than mortal man!
By her and him from whom thy breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee spare 840
This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's prayer.
Thus much he spoke; and more he would have said,
But the stern hero turn'd aside his head,
And cut him short: I hear another man,
You talk'd not thus before the fight began; 845
Now take your turn: and, as a brother should,
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood:
Then through his breast his fatal sword he sent,
And the soul issued at the gaping vent.
As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground, 850
Thus rag'd the prince, and scatter'd deaths around:
At length Ascanius, and the Trojan train,
Broke from the camp, so long besieg'd in vain.
Meantime the king of gods and mortal man
Held conference with his queen, and thus began: 855
My sister-goddes, and well-pleasing wife,
Still think you Venus' aid supports the strife;
Sustains her 'Trojans, or themselves alone
With inborn valour force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd! 860
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid,

To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
 Soft in her tone, submissively replies.
 Why, O my sovereign lord, whose frown I fear,
 And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear; 865
 Why urge you thus my grief? when if I still
 (As once I was) were mistress of your will,
 From your almighty power, your pleasing wife
 Might gain the grace of lengthening Turnus' life;
 Securely snatch him from the fatal fight; 870
 And give him to his aged father's fight.
 Now let him perish, since you hold it good,
 And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
 Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
 And in the fourth degree from god Pilumnus came!
 Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
 And offers daily incense at your shrine.

Then shortly thus the sovereign god reply'd;
 Since in my power and goodness you confide;
 If for a little space, a lengthen'd span, 880
 You beg reprieve for this expiring man:
 I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence,
 From instant fate, and can so far dispense.
 But if some secret meaning lies beneath,
 To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd death: 885
 Or if a farther thought you entertain,
 To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain.

To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes:
 And what if that request your tongue denies,
 Your heart should grant; and not a short reprieve, 890
 But length of certain life to Turnus give?

Now

Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,
If my presaging soul divines with truth,
Which, O! I wish might err through causeless fears,
And you (for you have power) prolong his years. 895

Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she flies,
And drives a storm before her through the skies.
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
Of air condens'd, a spectre soon she made, 900

And what Æneas was, such seem'd the shade.
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
His head aloft, a plummy crest he wore:
This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,
And that sustain'd an imitated shield: 905

With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground;
Nor wanted voice bely'd, nor vaunting sound
(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night).

The spectre seems the Daunian chief to dare, 910
And flourishes his empty sword in air:

At this advancing Turnus hurl'd his spear;
The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed. 915

Whither, O coward, (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he spoke to wind, and chac'd a cloud;)

Why thus forsake your bride! Receive from me
The fated land you fought so long by sea.
He said, and, brandishing at once his blade, 920
With eager pace pursu'd the flying shade.

By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,
 Which from old Clusium king Ofinius bore:
 The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;
 For shelter there the trembling shadow bent, 925 }
 And skip'd, and sculk'd, and under hatches went. }
 Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste,
 Ascends the plank, and to the galley pass'd.
 Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand
 The haulfers cuts, and shoots the ship from land. 930
 With wind in poop, the vessel ploughs the sea,
 And measures back with speed her former way.
 Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,
 And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.

The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud, 935
 And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.
 Too late young Turnus the delusion found,
 Far on the sea, still making from the ground.
 Then, thankless for a life redeem'd by shame,
 With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame, 940
 Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd,
 His hands and haggard eyes to heaven he cast.
 O Jove! he cry'd, for what offence have I
 Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy?
 Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I borne, 945
 How, and with what reproach shall I return!
 Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
 Or see Laurentum's lofty towers again?
 What will they say of their deserting chief?
 'The war was mine, I fly from their relief: 950
 I led

I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;
 And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
 Here, over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie,
 There scatter'd o'er the fields ignobly fly.
 Gape wide, O earth! and draw me down alive, 955 }
 Or, oh, ye pitying winds! a wretch relieve;
 On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive: }
 Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert shore,
 Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more;
 Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious Fame, 960
 Left she should follow, and my flight proclaim!

Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates revolv'd,
 The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.
 And now the sword, and now the sea took place:
 That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace. 965
 Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,
 By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain:
 Thrice he the sword assay'd, and thrice the flood;
 But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withstood:
 And thrice repress'd his rage: strong gales supply'd,
 And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide.
 At length she lands him on his native shores,
 And to his father's longing arms restores.

Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd,
 Succeeding Turnus, with his ardor warm'd 975
 His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful flight,
 Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
 Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire,
 Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire

Of wish'd revenge: on him, and him alone, 980
 All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
 He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,
 To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd;
 From his proud summit looking down, disdains
 Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains. 985
 Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
 Then Latagus; and Palmus as he fled:
 At Latagus a weighty stone he flung,
 His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
 But Palmus from behind receives his wound, 990
 Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
 His crest and armour, from his body torn,
 Thy shoulders, Laufus, and thy head adorn.
 Evas and Mymas, both of Troy, he slew,
 Mymas his birth from fair Theano drew: 995
 Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
 The queen produc'd young Paris to his fire.
 But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain;
 Unthinking Mymus, on the Latian plain;
 And as a savage boar on mountains bred, 1000
 With forest mast and fattening marshes fed;
 When once he sees himself in toils inclos'd,
 By huntsmen and their eager hounds oppos'd,
 He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war;
 Th' invaders dart their javelins from afar; 1005
 All keep aloof, and safely shout around,
 But none presumes to give a nearer wound.
 He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,
 And shakes a grove of lances from his side:

Not

Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd 1010
And just revenge, against the tyrant fir'd;
Their darts with clamour at a distance drive,
And only keep the languish'd war alive.

From Coritus came Acron to the fight,
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummated night.
Mezentius sees him through the squadrons ride,
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gamesome goat who frisks about the folds,
Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain; 1020
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane;
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws,
The prey lies panting underneath his paws;
He fills his famish'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore:
So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes,
And first unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy ground,
The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies broken in the
wound.

Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd 1030
Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursu'd:
Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,
But running gain'd th' advantage of the ground.
Then, turning short, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace. 1035
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,

And rested lance: and thus aloud he cries,
 Lo here the champion of my rebels lies.
 The fields around with Iö Pæan ring, 1040
 And peals of shouts applaud the conquering king.
 At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
 Thus faintly spoke, and prophecy'd in death:
 Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain;
 Like death attends thee on this fatal plain. 1045
 Then, sourly smiling, thus the king reply'd:
 For what belongs to me, let Jove provide;
 But die thou first, whatever chance ensue.
 He said, and from the wound the weapon drew:
 A hovering mist came swimming o'er his sight, 1050
 And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

By Cadicus, Alcatous was slain;
 Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain:
 Orses the strong to greater strength must yield:
 He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd. 1055
 Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,
 Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.
 But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,
 Who threw his master as he made a bound;
 The chief, alighting, stuck him to the ground. 1060
 Then Clonius hand in hand, on foot assails,
 The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.

Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride,
 To single fight the boldest foe defy'd;
 Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame, 1065
 And not bely'd his mighty father's fame.

Salius

Salus to death the great Antronius sent,
But the same fate the victor underwent;
Slain by Nealcēs' hand, well skill'd to throw
The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow. 1070

Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:
Victors, and vanquish'd, in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The gods from heaven survey the fatal strife, 1075
And mourn the miseries of human life.

Above the rest two goddesses appear
Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there:
Amidst the crowd infernal Atē shakes
Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes. 1080

Once more the proud Mezentius with disdain
Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain:
Where towering in the midmost ranks he stood,
Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood:
When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves, 1085
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves.
Or like a mountain-ash, whose roots are spread,
Deep fix'd in earth, in clouds he hides his head.

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntless undertook the doubtful war. 1090
Collected in his strength, and like a rock,
Pois'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.
He stood, and, measuring first with careful eyes
The space his spear could reach, aloud he cries;
My strong right-hand, and sword, assist my stroke;
(Those only gods Mezentius will invoke)

His

His armour, from the Trojan pirate torn,
 By my triumphant Laufus shall be worn.
 He said, and with his utmost force he threw
 The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew, 1100
 Reach'd the celestial shield that stopp'd the course;
 But glancing thence, the yet-unbroken force
 Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
 The sides and bowels fam'd Anthores fix'd.
 Anthores had from Argos travel'd far, 1105
 Alcides' friend, and brother of the war:
 'Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,
 And in Evander's palace sought repose:
 Now falling by another wound, his eyes
 He cast to heaven, on Argos thinks, and dies. 1110

The pious Trojan then his javelin sent.
 The shield gave way: through treble plates it went
 Of solid brass, of linen trebly roll'd,
 And three bull-hides which round the buckler roll'd.
 All these it pass'd, resistless in the course, 1115
 Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.
 The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood;
 The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
 His fauchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
 And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd. 1120

His father's peril Laufus view'd with grief,
 He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief:
 And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I must
 To thy immortal memory be just;
 And sing an act so noble and so new, 1125
 Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.

Pain'd

Pain'd with his wound, and useleſs for the fight,
 The father fought to ſave himſelf by flight:
 Incumber'd, ſlow he dragg'd the ſpear along, 1130
 Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.

The pious youth, reſolv'd on death, below
 The liſted ſword ſprings forth, to face the foe;
 Protects his parent, and prevents the blow. }

Shouts of applauſe ran ringing through the field,
 To ſee the ſon the vanquiſh'd father ſhield: 1135

All fir'd with generous indignation ſtrive;
 And, with a ſtorm of darts, at diſtance drive
 The Trojan chief: who, held at bay from far,
 On his Vulcanian orb ſuſtain'd the war.

As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind, 1140

The ploughman, paſſenger, and labouring hind,
 For ſhelter to the neighbouring covert fly;
 Or hous'd, or ſafe in hollow caverns lie;

But, that o'erblown, when heaven above them ſmiles,
 Return to travel, and renew their toils; 1145

Æneas, thus o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry ſide,

The ſtorm of darts, undaunted, did abide;

And thus to Lauſus loud with friendly threatening
 cry'd: }

Why wilt thou ruſh to certain death, and rage

In raſh attempts, beyond thy tender age, 1150

Betray'd by pious love? Nor thus forborn

The youth deſiſts, but with inſulting ſcorn

Provokes the lingering prince, whoſe patience, tir'd,

Gave place, and all his breaſt with fury fir'd.

For

For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd sheers; 1155
 And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
 Which full descending, with a frightful sway,
 Through shield and corslet forc'd th' impetuous way,
 And buried deep in his fair bosom lay. }

The purple streams through the thin armour strove,
 And drench'd th' embroider'd coat his mother wove;
 And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
 Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,
 The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead; 1165
 He griev'd, he wept, the sight an image brought
 Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought!
 Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said,
 Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
 To love so great, to such transcendent store 1170
 Of early worth, and sure presage of more!
 Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:
 Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword!
 And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
 Inviolatè, and sacred to the slain! 1175
 Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
 To rest thy soul, at least if shadows know,
 Or have a sense of human things below. }
 There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,
 'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell. 1180
 With this his distant friends he beckons near,
 Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
 Himself assist to lift him from the ground,
 With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out the
 wound.

Mean time his father, now no father, stood, 1185

And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:

Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,

His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.

A bough his brazen helmet did sustain,

His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain:

1190

A chosen train of youth around him stand,

His drooping head was rested on his hand:

His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought,

And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.

Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,

1195

He much enquir'd, and many a message sent

To warn him from the field: alas! in vain;

Behold his mournful followers bear him slain:

O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,

And drew a bloody trail along the ground.

1200

Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd

The dire event with a foreboding mind.

With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head,

Then both his lifted hands to heaven he spread;

Last the dear corpse embracing, thus he said: 1205

What joys, alas! could this frail being give,

That I have been so covetous to live?

To see my son, and such a son, resign

His life a ransom for preserving mine?

And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?

1210

How much too dear has that redemption cost!

'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel;

This is a wound to deep for time to heal.

My

My guilt thy growing virtues did defame,
 My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name. 1215
 Chac'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd,
 For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:
 I ow'd my people these, and from their hate
 With less resentment could have born my fate.
 And yet I live, and yet sustain the fight 1220
 Of hated men, and of more hated light:
 But will not long. With that he rais'd from ground
 His fainting limbs that stagger'd with his wound.
 Yet with a mind resolv'd, and unappal'd
 With pains or perils, for his courser call'd: 1225
 Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himself did dress }
 With daily care, and mounted with success; }
 His aid in arms, his ornament in peace. }

Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,
 The steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke: 1230
 O Rhæbus, we have liv'd too long for me
 (If life and long were terms that could agree);
 'This day thou either shalt bring back the head
 And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead;
 'This day thou either shalt revenge my woe 1235
 For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe;
 Or, if inexorable Fate deny
 Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die:
 For, after such a lord, I rest secure, 1239
 'Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load, endure.
 He said: and straight th' officious courser kneels
 To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills

With

With pointed javelins: on his head he lac'd
 His glittering helm, which terribly was grac'd
 With waving horse-hair, nodding from afar; 1245
 Then spurr'd his thundering steed amidst the war.
 Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,
 Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
 Of inborn worth, his labouring soul oppress'd,
 Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast. 1250
 Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name,
 The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.
 Great Jove, he said, and the far-shooting god,
 Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good.
 He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear, 1255
 And threaten'd with his long protended spear.

To whom Mezentius thus: Thy vaunts are vain,
 My Lausus lies extended on the plain:
 He's lost! thy conquest is already won,
 The wretched fire is murder'd in the son. 1260
 Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy,
 Forbear thy threats, my business is to die;
 But first receive this parting legacy. }
 He said: and straight a whirling dart he sent:
 Another after, and another went. 1265
 Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,
 And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield: }
 Thrice rode he round, and thrice Æneas wheel'd,
 Turn'd as he turn'd; the golden orb withstood
 The strokes; and bore about an iron wood. 1270
 Impatient of delay, and weary grown,
 Still to defend, and to defend alone:

To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
 Urg'd and o'erlabour'd in unequal fight:
 At length resolv'd, he throws with all his force 1275
 Full at the temples of the warrior-horse.
 Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring spear
 Made way, and stood transfix'd through either ear.
 Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpriz'd with fright,
 The wounded steed curvets; and, rais'd upright, 1280
 Lights on his feet before; his hoofs behind
 Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.
 Down comes the rider headlong from his height,
 His horse came after with unwieldy weight;
 And, floundering forward, pitching on his head, 1285
 His lord's incumber'd shoulder overlaid,
 From either host the mingled shouts and cries
 Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies.
 Æneas, hastening, wav'd his fatal sword
 High o'er his head, with this reproachful word: 1290
 Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain
 Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain?
 Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies,
 With scarce recover'd fight, he thus replies:
 Why these insulting words, this waste of breath, 1295
 To souls undaunted, and secure of death?
 'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die,
 Nor came I here with hope of victory.
 Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design:
 As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine. 1300
 My dying son contracted no such band;
 The gift is hateful from his murderer's hand,

For this, this only favour let me sue:
 If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,
 Refuse it not: but let my body have 1305
 The last retreat of human-kind, a grave.
 Too well I know th' insulting people's hate;
 Protect me from their vengeance after fate:
 This refuge for my poor remains provide,
 And lay my much-lov'd Lausus by my side. 1310 }
 He said, and to the throat his sword apply'd.
 The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,
 And the disdainful soul came rushing through the
 wound.



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